



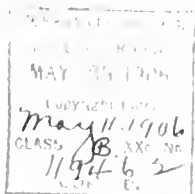
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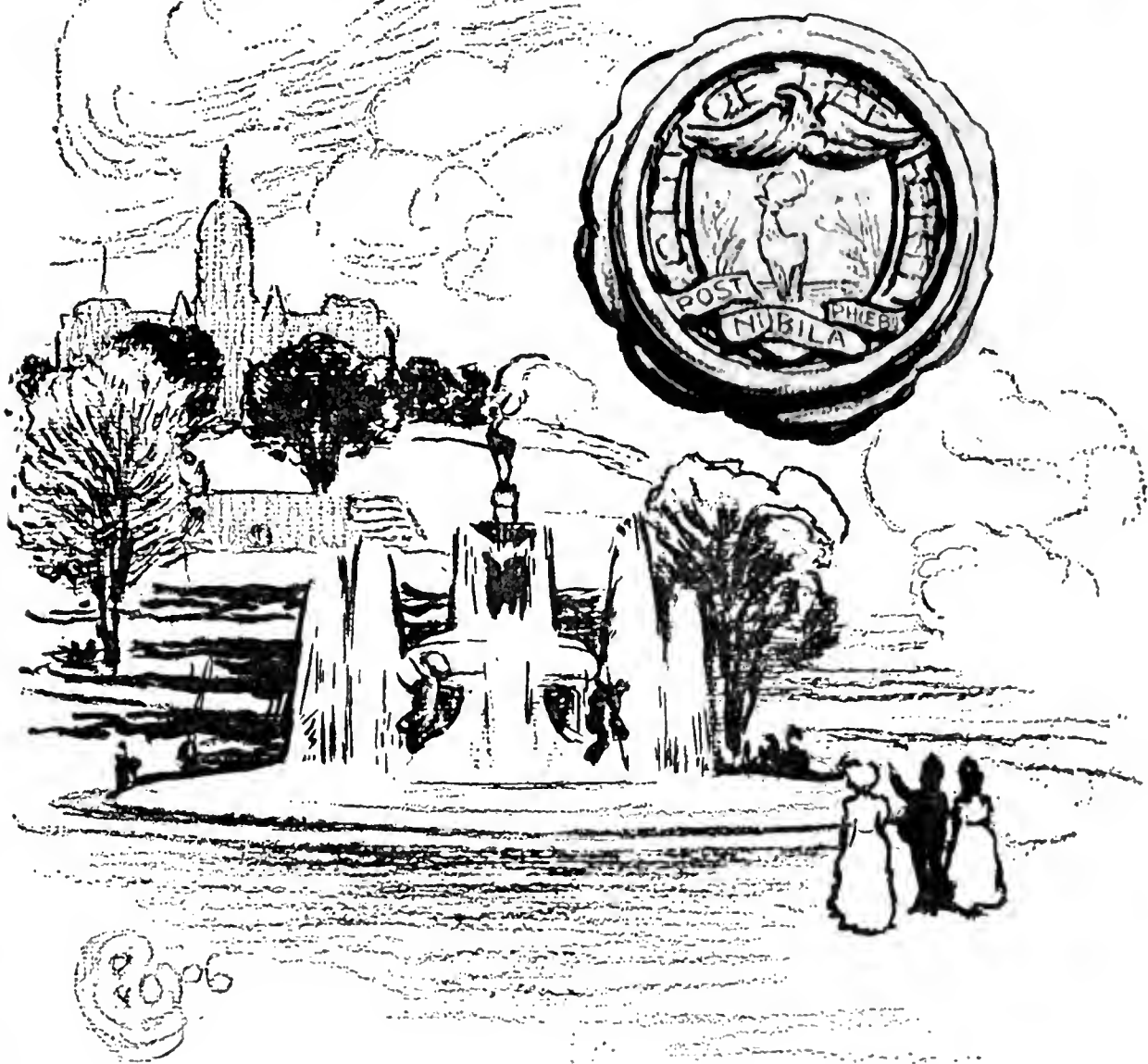
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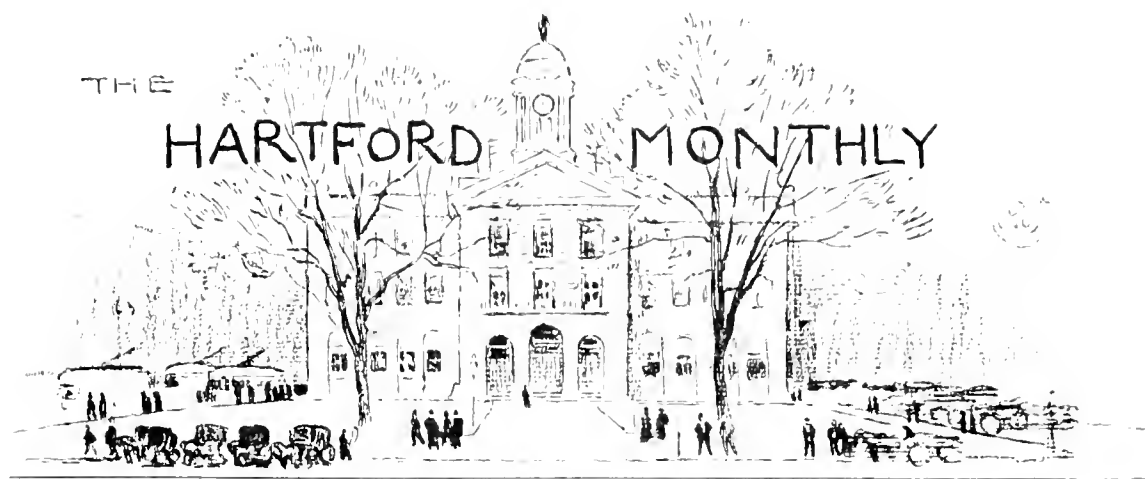


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A MAGAZINE devoted to
the GOOD things, the
brightest and the
best, in our city and
its suburbs 



SOME SPECIAL FEATURES

of the

June Number.

ILLUSTRATIONS (DRAWINGS) BY JAMES BRITTON

Frontispiece.—"Hoot, Toot! The Freshet's Come!"

BY JAMES BRITTON

The Citizens and the City.—Bright and Pleasing Experiences of Mayoralty Life

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Illustrated

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The Public Schools of Hartford.—Interesting Facts about an Excellent School System. Illustrated

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A City-Country Club's Work.—Story of the First Club organized under the new plan, now attracting wide attention, by which City and Country People enjoy Summer Pastime together while Cooperating in Village Betterment. Illustrated

"Where Sparkling Waters Frolic."—Full Page Picture of one of New England's Most Beautiful Waterfalls

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES R. NASON

The People and the Parks.—Country Freedom and Rural Influences for Ideal City Parks. Illustrated

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"Its Bright Lights Shine for Many."—What the Y. M. C. A. is doing. Illustrated

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In The Churches. In The Athenaeum. The Camera Club of Hartford. In The Theatres. The Get-Together Club. "For Public Safety and Protection." Fraternities, Clubs and Associations. In The Shopping District. West Hartford. East Hartford. "Some Good Business Tips," etc., etc.

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"Hoot, Toot! The Freshet's Come!!"

Illustration by James Britton, for "The Fairies of Bonnie Dell"



THE CITIZENS AND THE CITY.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By WILLIAM F. HENNEY, Mayor

“THE Hartford Monthly” is described in its prospectus as “a magazine devoted to the good things, the brightest and the best, in our city and suburbs.” A magazine conducted on such lines is certainly entitled to a cordial welcome. I have been asked to give expression to any views or experiences tending to reveal the brighter side of the mayoralty of our city and the duties connected with municipal management.

Visitors to Hartford have often remarked upon the unanimity and harmony exhibited by the city authorities in the management of its affairs, and I have been asked whether there is anything in our city charter radically different from the provisions of the charters of other cities which would account for this result. I am very sure that nothing of this kind will be found in our charter. The reason must be sought in the disposition and local characteristics of our people.

Few cities, I think, can be found where so deep an interest is taken by the citizens in municipal affairs, and still fewer which exhibit such an abounding pride in all that is strong and attractive in the municipality and such a disinterested loyalty to the highest good of the community. While the mayor of such a city will have many cares and will feel keenly the burden of responsibility, yet his compensations are to be found in the generous moral support of his fellow-citizens, which may always be relied on, and in the genuine kindness which prompts them to give him a large share in their social life.

Hartford stands today on the threshold of a great future. With a citizenship remarkable for its intelligence, ability and culture, and blest with that “New England conscience” whose product is a steady and unflinching integrity, no pains have been spared to secure strength and character in its industrial and financial organizations, and to render it beautiful and attractive as a city of homes.

A reputation for sterling honesty and square dealing in its commercial, industrial and financial enterprises, constitutes a valuable asset in its business inventory, while a great body of skilled artisans whose like cannot be produced by any other city in the country, is sure to attract many strong and growing enterprises which are largely dependent for their success upon a high order of mechanical skill.

The department stores of Hartford are the best in the state and are drawing their patronage, not from

the city alone, but from all the territory ‘round about. Increased trolley facilities, improved transportation service, handsomer and more comfortable cars, and shorter time, tend to bind all the surrounding communities closer and closer to Hartford and to make of it a great trade center, capable of supplying the needs of a large territory.

I am inclined to think that the next ten years will witness marked changes in two directions at least: first, in a rapid and frequent interurban trolley service between Hartford and surrounding towns, and second, in the enlargement and growth of great stores of a metropolitan standard to meet the patronage which the trolleys will bring to their doors.

The great bridge over the Connecticut, destined to be “a thing of beauty” and “a joy forever,” has a material aspect as well, for it is certain to build up and develop all the communities east of the river, and to bring them frequently to Hartford to trade. All these things mean a constantly increasing population, bringing to our municipal life its contribution of brains and character and its burden of the helpless and dependent. In the development of our city we may rejoice in the gain of an increased population without fearing the corresponding burden, for Hartford has ever been preeminent in its charities.

One of the pleasantest duties devolving upon the mayor is that of attending the functions of benevolent and fraternal organizations. The value of the disinterested work of these societies is inestimable. The amounts disbursed by them in any year in aid of unfortunate members is astonishing. The means of very many connected with these orders are very limited, and yet at their annual dinners we find them rejoicing at what they have been able to do in the past and laying plans for more extensive and expensive work in the future. Many a little family has been rescued from disaster by the timely aid rendered by these organizations.

The city as a corporation spends great sums annually in the administration of its public charities, and the recipients of such help must sometimes feel keenly their dependent condition. No such humiliation attaches to the assistance given by these fraternal orders. They merely discharge a duty which they owe to members in misfortune by virtue of their organic law.

The charitable work of a community reveals its heart. There is no limit to this work in our city, and its value is beyond estimate. Every means that a high standard of civilization can suggest to aid the unfortunate and afflicted is employed in the charitable work of our citizens. The organizations

ing this work are too numerous to be mentioned, and the mere recital of their names would occupy space beyond the limits of this article. I may refer, however, to a single one as typical of all.

The Visiting Nurse association was the outgrowth of a conference held by a few ladies engaged in charitable work, who spent a great deal of time in visiting the poor and the sick and felt that an organization was necessary to provide these unfortunates with intelligent care. They at once formed an association under the above title, employed a capable and energetic nurse, and she began her duties at once. This was in April, 1901.

During the first year this visiting nurse made over 1,000 visits and cared for 111 patients. Her work was done chiefly among the poor on the East Side and in cases where the patient required about an hour's intelligent care during the day to make the whole day comfortable. Usually some one was found in the household visited eager for instruction and capable of understanding it, and by teaching these the visiting nurse was creating a corps of valuable assistants in the very families where nursing was needed. A small fee for her services was required, if the family could pay for them, otherwise they were without charge. The objects of this association are most commendable and it is bound to be a most wholesome factor in the lives of our sick and unfortunate.

It is but one of the many examples of the noble and kindly disposition of our people. Did space permit, I might mention many other things which make the citizens of Hartford, not only a "most peculiar people," but a most delightful one. The quickness of their sympathy, and their generosity in responding to an appeal, was recently proven in their large contribution to the San Francisco Relief Fund, an incident which will be memorable in the city's history.

For these and a hundred other things that will readily suggest themselves to anyone familiar with our municipal life, with all its trials and burdens and responsibility, it is well worth any man's while to be mayor of Hartford.

~~~~~  
 Old past, let go and drop 't the sea,  
 Till fathomless waters cover thee!  
 For I am living, but thou art dead;  
 Then drawest back, I strive ahead  
 The way to find.

Sidney Lanier

## THE DIGNITY OF POLITICS.

**I**N a national campaign now of historical renown, at a great political meeting in New York, we heard Joseph Roswell Hawley, of Connecticut, journalist, soldier, senator and above all, always a patriot, give a scathing rebuke to a prominent man at that time affectedly making itself conspicuous by denying politics as unworthy of the participation.

I forgot or forgot himself a master of eloquence, and the only bit of eloquent expression he had to commend in denunciations given in the dictionary of the English language was in the definition of the word politics. Then with impressive strength of

voice and bearing he read the following from Webster's Dictionary:

"Politics. 1. The science of government; that part of ethics which has to do with the regulation and government of a nation or state, the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity, the defense of its existence and rights against foreign control or conquest, the augmentation of its strength and resources, and the protection of its citizens in their rights, with the preservation and improvement of their morals."

In dignity and grace of diction and in loftiness and breadth of sentiment this definition of politics reminds one of the Declaration of Independence. It is worthy of being carried as an ideal and a guide in the mind of every citizen of our republic.

In the light of this definition, for a person, or a public association or a periodical, whether the periodical assumes to be religious or honestly classes itself among the secular, to announce that it is non-political is to confess that it is non-patriotic and non-essential to the public welfare of any enterprising community. It is the province of many periodicals to be partisan; it may be the duty of some. It is the province of many to be non-partisan; it is the duty of all to be political in this higher sense.

In the case of this newcomer among periodicals, after presenting the above definition of politics, it would not confess to being in that sense non-political, but it will be wholly so in every other respect. In simple but earnest ways, non-partisan and non-sectarian, it will work as best it can for the "peace and prosperity" of the communities whose support and cooperation it seeks.

## Integer Vitae.

Left to himself, the laggard lingers long;  
 He soothes his life with somnolence or song  
 Or anything that helps him to forget;  
 He will not do the deed—not yet, not yet!

~~~~~  
 But if an impulse come, a new wave sweep
 Across the sordid shallows of his sleep,
 Fulfilling him with desperate desire,
 Then, he o'erflows; his ignominious ire

Foams into action, and with froth and fume
 He hurries to the irrevocable doom
 That shall make known his honor or his shame
 And give him all he cares to have—a name

~~~~~  
 Not so the man who labors in his lot  
 With strenuous endeavor, thinking not  
 Of name or fame or fortune, toward some goal  
 Meet for a manly and a resolute soul

~~~~~  
 Because it is not selfish; him no fears
 Of men's disdain or women's wily tears
 Can sever from his seeking of the right,
 Though it be far, though it be out of sight

~~~~~  
 Found or not found, he knows the goal is there—  
 Firm in its place, accessible and fair;  
 He may not reach it, but his faithful feet  
 At least have made a path for others to complete.

—Arthur Munby in *The London Spectator*.

## THE PEOPLE AND THE PARKS.

Written for The Hartford Monthly

By GEORGE A. PARKER, Superintendent of Hartford Parks

**I**T takes more than a house, no matter how skilfully designed, costly or well finished, to make a home. It takes more than a piece of land, no matter how beautiful it naturally is, or how well designed or elaborately planted, for a park to fulfill its function in municipal life.

Primarily a park is not a lot of open land within a city, even though there can be no park without such land. It is the people who use the land that constitute the park and not the land they use; just as it is the people who live in a city that determine the city and not the buildings and streets which are located there. New York would not be a city if

combination with the landscape which determine whether it is a park or not, and not the land alone.

Of course, unused land set aside for park purposes has a prospective value as park property, the same as vacant lots have prospective value to their owners.

I have written thus to begin with, for I wanted to establish another view point of Hartford parks than by the acre. For several years I have tried earnestly to solve the park problem by acreage, to determine what acres might be provided, and while that is a factor of the problem, it is not the main factor. Wherever marriage has united two lives as one and little ones are growing up, there is the home, no



"BESIDE THE STILL WATERS" COLT PARK, HARTFORD.

Photo for The Hartford Monthly by Akers.

every human being was to leave it, even though all the buildings and everything else were left intact; it would be but a city corpse.

Not that a city can exist without buildings, but I want to emphasize the fact that the buildings are the shell and the people are the city. Also that a park, unless used, is a dead thing, and not in its primary sense a park at all, no matter how divinely beautiful it may have been made. Without people there can be no parks. If this were not true, then before there were any cities the world was one great park and most of it still remains so.

A park is land within a city where people may have the freedom and influences of the country; where one can go and have such things soak into him. And only so far as it is thus used does it differ from other vacant, unused, unprofitable land which may be within the city; and so in the end, it is the people in

matter what kind of roof covers them or what walls surround them. The uniting love is the essential factor of the home and comfortable and beautiful surroundings are only pleasant adjuncts. So, wherever people find within city limits country freedom and country influences, there is the park; although the more truly beautiful those things are, so much the better for the people. But, the scenes themselves however beautiful do not make the park, any more than a house however grand makes the home.

Apparently the strongest attractions for the great mass of people in our cities are other people and the outdoor places frequented the most by them are our streets, for there they meet the most people. At the same time there usually is a purpose for going on the street; a special incentive for going there. But the street is purely urban with an artificial floor and artificial sides; overhead there is the sky,

is cramped and conging, but the range of the forehead goes above the second floor without raising the head. And so, anything in order to attract notice above that height, must be more or less spectacular. Now, if urban scenes and influences can make that which is best of the human body, soul and heart, then the whole problem might be solved by widening our streets into convenient promenades, but experience has proven in the past, and it probably will remain true in the future, that purely urban conditions cannot produce that which is best in mankind; that only through country freedom and country influences can the best in him be developed. Therefore, parks are absolutely essential to city life, if those who are born and bred in the city are to be kept from degenerating.

My preface has been so long that there is little space left to say much of Hartford parks specifically; but it has become so unsatisfactory to me to say that the Hartford park system consists of so many acres and has such a ratio of area to population or valuation, and has cost such an amount, and has such a rank when compared with other cities, that I wanted to set up another yard stick to measure our parks by, especially as I believe it is a better one. It is not of so much importance whether we are doing more or less than some other city; the important matter is what we are actually doing for our own people. It is much better, it seems to me, to range up our parks as measured by the people who use them, rather than by acres and cost.

But first let me say this much on the old lines, that Hartford when compared with all the other cities of the United States may well be proud of her rank among them. For in all those matters by which parks of cities have formerly been compared with each other, Hartford ranks very near the head of the list. She has one of the best, if not the best, of park department organizations. It stands par excellence, the envy of other cities, and has been adopted by them, as far as politicians will allow; and for economical management of its park work, Hartford for ten years has stood at the head of the list under the superintendency of Mr. Wirth.

Also in regard to the number of people who use the parks Hartford stands well above the average, being excelled only by the great cities where the throngs are so great and the parks are so located that the people are squeezed out of the streets into them.

If in what I may write regarding Hartford parks, my pen becomes garrulous because they are not more used, it is not because I do not realize that comparatively the Hartford park system stands high, but it is because I believe that our parks can be used more than they are now to the advantage of the people for whose benefit they are maintained.

## A RAPIDLY GROWING TRADE CENTER.



WITHIN fifteen miles of Hartford's shopping district are twenty-three cities and towns. Their aggregate population in 1890 was 141,600. It increased in ten years to 191,000.

Hartford's population in 1890 was 53,200; in 1900 it had increased to 79,800; fifty per cent in ten years.

New Britain's increase during the same period was also about fifty per cent, its population in 1890 being 19,000 and 28,200 in 1900.

Hartford and New Britain, should they grow during the present decade as they did during the last, would have in 1910 a combined population of 162,000.

The aggregate population of twenty-one places within a radius of fifteen miles of Hartford's shopping district, exclusive of Hartford and New Britain, was 70,600 in 1890 and 82,900 in 1900; an average increase of seventeen and a half per cent. The increase in West Hartford was over sixty-five per cent.

The same proportionate increase in these twenty-one places, exclusive of Hartford and New Britain, during the present decade, would give to them in 1910 a combined population of 97,400. In only two of these towns was there a decrease during the ten years previous to 1900, and that very small, amounting in the two to less than 200.

Of the twenty-three cities and towns cited eighteen are in Hartford County. All but one of these eighteen increased in population during the ten years previous to 1900. The exception was a small town of about 1,000 inhabitants.

In accordance with the above facts and conservative estimates there should be within four years, if there is not already, a population of considerably over a quarter of a million within fifteen miles of Hartford's shopping district; the greater part of it by far within ten miles.

As important and growing manufacturing industries, of remarkable variety, are located in many of these places and as the locality is in one of the most profitable and promising agricultural sections of New England, it is reasonable to predict an increase of population for Hartford and nearby places greatly in excess of any figures here given.

A glance at a map of Hartford and its surroundings is sufficient to show the remarkably desirable and fortunate location of its shopping district. It is very conveniently located for residents of the city and immediate suburbs and peculiarly so for a thrifty outlying section, having good electric and steam connections with the capital city. These connections are sure to be largely increased in the near future by the carrying out, in part at least, of new and comprehensive plans now under consideration.

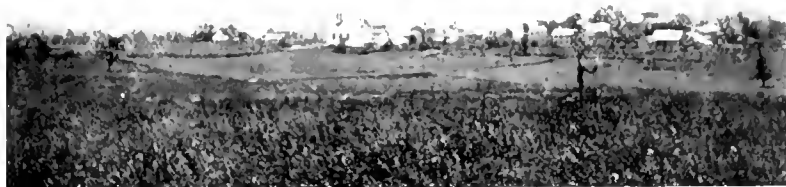
The actualities of Hartford as a shopping and marketing center are great; the possibilities and probabilities are far greater, even beyond what may now seem to many but visionary prophecies. Here, indeed, are soundly based and surely promising opportunities for the exercise of the best business talent and the brightest spirit of enterprise.

## Nickel-Plated High Dutch.

I dond vould die in sbring-time,  
Ven der crass bekins to shrouet,  
Und ven der leetle dickey birds  
Bekins to vly about.

I dond vould die in vinter,  
Ven der shnows zo shently vall,  
Und if mine shoice I gets to have,  
I dond vould die at all.

—Selected.



## A CITY-COUNTRY CLUB'S WORK.

Written for The Hartford Monthly

By EDWARD ASAHEL WRIGHT

It never find out what thoroughly delightful and mutually helpful summer companions we can make of ourselves, our country hosts and we, until we have heartily cooperated a little in work and play. Fighting shy of one another habitually, even at the most simple and natural points of contact, be it either through silly urban superciliousness or uncouth rural diffidence, is the common experience; but it is neither a pretty nor a profitable feature of summer life in the country.

A new form of summer club, originating in the little hill town of Middlefield, up in the Berkshire Hills section of western Massachusetts, has well demonstrated the possibilities of cooperation between city and country people. From very modest beginnings the ideas of this organization have developed and attracted attention until the city-country club plan, as it is called, has achieved far more than local fame. The principles upon which it is based are simple and practical; its methods of work inexpensive and pleasant.

Here are some of the things the city-country club has done in the town of its origin. Middlefield is typical of a large number of New England hill towns that have greatly needed encouragement and help in social as well as industrial matters. It has natural advantages of a kind very attractive to those seeking summer rest and recreation on high elevations in the most rustic of rural places, such places as are likely to be invaded neither by formal fashion nor the maddening crowd of popular resort seekers.

The village of about a dozen buildings is located on the crest of a long ridge from 1700 to 1800 feet above the level of the sea. To reach it from the railroad station requires an uphill stage ride of an interesting hour. There is no trolley line within nine miles of it. It is striking in its uneven and rocky features to a degree that makes it peculiarly attractive to lovers of the rugged style of beauty; it might be called picturesque rather than pretty.

The views in every direction are superb, including high hills and deep valleys near and far. The outlying portions of the town, where old time and modern farmhouses are scattered about, contain many romantic spots and varied natural attractions of water-fall, glen and forest. These views and out-

lying attractions, and the general healthfulness of the locality are what have drawn to this isolated little place the summer visitors who originated the city-country club.

The condition of the town when the club commenced its work, a little over four years ago, was that of a general disheartenment socially and industrially. The village itself had reached a stage of dereliction that might well justify the expectation that it must dwindle soon and completely to a forlorn "Sweet Auburn" of the hilltop.

One of its two churches had recently been struck by lightning and wholly destroyed. Bitter local dissension in unwarranted abundance, combined with scarcity of funds seemed to preclude its ever being rebuilt. The roads were sadly neglected; the roadsides and many of the adjacent private properties still more so. In line, the most promising feature of this field for club village improvement work was to be found in the abundance of opportunities for it offered in all directions.

The town at the time the club was organized had no important reputation as a summering place, though a very few city people were just discovering the desirability of the locality for ample summer rest at small expense. These were boarding in farmhouses. There was no hotel and no prospect of having one. For recreation the guests were dependent upon their own personal resources; upon their ability to enjoy nature and the simple diversions of a more or less hospitable farmhouse life.

When the club was formed there were possibly twenty-five or thirty city people in the town, more or less of the time in the summer, who might be considered of suitable ages for club membership, that is, from fifteen years of age upwards. The native population, young and old, was only about 350.

The city people were the first to propose a club. At the time their chief incentive was to obtain land privileges for golf links and what little financial assistance they could in starting athletic sports in a modest way. The country people were invited very generally to the preliminary meeting. They manifested but slight interest in the plans for sports or in anything that increased their exercise, already abundantly enforced by farm and farmhouse duties.

The first step toward cooperation was taken when the city element proposed making village improvement work an important feature of the club. This

was done by establishing a strong village improvement committee, made up as equally as possible of city and country people, the chairman of which is usually a local resident.

A most striking illustration of the great benefit a good spirit of cooperation can be to a small rural community is to be found in the matter of rebuilding and maintaining a church in this town of city-country club fame. When the Congregational church was burned, as mentioned, there was left in the village a Baptist church building in fairly good condition. While the latter church was undoubtedly the stronger of the two in working membership, it had not maintained worship in its building for several years. It promptly and generously gave the free use of its building to the other organization and the two united cordially in sustaining church services under the ministrations of a Congregational clergyman.

Later, when it was desired to have a more modern church edifice, the Baptists practically gave their

club membership were several bright city clergymen and working laymen of different denominations, who assisted in church work in various ways. During a long period when the church was without a pastor these clergymen frequently occupied the pulpit and conducted other services gratuitously.

When the church building was completed the club took up the matter of improving and beautifying the surroundings. It removed, with some outside assistance, a number of unsightly buildings in the immediate vicinity, at a cost of about \$400, and united with a few townspeople in a "bee" for grading the church grounds.

During its first four years the club put a new spirit and life into the community, not only by talking social betterment, but also by actually doing many things of very practical value to the local taxpayers. Results of village improvement work, together with plans for providing still more important public conveniences, influenced several city people



A CITY-COUNTRY CLUB PICNIC—OLD-HOME WEEK.

building to the Congregationalists, a merely nominal money consideration entering into the transaction, probably for a legal transfer, and it was removed and placed on the old site of the burned Congregational building. With this as a basis there was reconstructed a creditable church edifice in which regular services are supported by people of several different denominations, nominally under Congregational official management. The new edifice is truly an example of church unity, for in its construction were used parts of a Baptist, a Congregational and a Methodist church. In construction and maintenance it is a composite picture of cooperation.

While the city-country club would not claim that this particular case of cooperation was its own work, still the spirit and work of the club had much to do with it. The church arrangements were greatly influenced by the city people, some of whom made liberal contributions to the building fund. In the

to build summer residences and to purchase properties for summer occupancy in different parts of the town; while the same causes have led many more of a very desirable class of summer visitors to locate there for long and successive seasons.

The first president of the club, a highly educated young clergyman and college professor of good business ability, coming from Chicago, opened and successfully managed, with his two brothers, a modest hotel and store in the village last summer. Since the club started its work more real estate has been purchased for residence building in the village and its outskirts than the combined records of twenty or more years will show.

Through the direct work of the club and under its influence the roads have been put in better condition, roadsides cleared of rubbish, public and private grounds beautified in simple and inexpensive but effective ways, old buildings repaired and repainted,



and, while it is still an unpretentious and a decidedly rustic spot, the appearance of the village and of the town generally has been improved beyond what four years ago would have seemed to the disheartened townspeople as among the possibilities.

The town in the past had been very negligent in the matter of providing public watering places by the roadside for man and beast. The club has succeeded in remedying this to a very creditable extent and in doing so has formed of spring, brook, trough and pump some pretty attractions which are appreciated by visitors and townspeople alike, not only for their usefulness but also for their rustic beauty.

Last season the club appointed a standing committee to look after some important matters which came under the head of public works. Having village improvements well in hand and having developed a spirit of willing cooperation among the townspeople while demonstrating to them the value of what might be considered chiefly aesthetical, the club felt it could now undertake to lead the town as a whole up to the point of uniting with the club in providing for some very practical needs. The club two years before had been the means of establishing a telephone service in the village, the town previously having had no connection with the outer world by either telephone or telegraph.

This committee of public works will look into the matter of securing a running water supply for the village and undertake to establish a system of protection from fire. Last summer the city people were surprised and shocked to learn that there was not so much as a ladder nor even a water pail in the village devoted to public use in case of fire. They were informed at one of the club's business and social meetings that when the church alluded to was struck by lightning the fire started at the top of the tall steeple and burned slowly downward until it reached the main building. The fire occurred in daytime and a crowd of able bodied men quickly gathered. It was said that if a ladder of reasonable length and a single pail of water had been available there was ample time in which the building could have been saved. As it was they could simply stand around and see it totally destroyed.

Strange as it may seem, similar conditions of laxity and carelessness are not uncommon in small towns. A plan under consideration by the city-country club committee, or at least parts of the plan, could be profitably considered in many places having a small village, widely removed school buildings and scattered farmhouses.

The plan includes having an extension ladder, a portable chemical fire extinguisher or hand grenades and half-a-dozen water pails placed in the most central building, public or private, in each school district or settlement. With the private and public telephones now in quite general use in rural communities, a few simple appliances, even an ordinary ladder and a few pails kept constantly filled with water, would greatly lessen the fire risk, now one of the terrors of rural life.

In addition to its village improvement and kindred work, the city-country club has provided a delightful and helpful variety of social entertainments and out-of-door sports. It originated during its first year, and successfully carried out one of the first Old-Home Week celebrations ever held in Massachusetts.

It has filled each summer season with choice dramatic, literary, musical and social entertainments, both bringing out latent country talent and pleasantly exercising city accomplishments. It has laid out golf links near the village and has opened to the public a good tennis court on what might be called the village common. It has furnished music for church services when desired in the summer and has had a



"AMONG THE CLOUDS."

Summer Residence of Mr. Thomas Martin of Hartford.

piano bought and placed in the town hall for the free use of the public, under club regulation. Lady members from the city have become active and valuable workers in the local ladies' aid society.

The Middlefield Club has accomplished these and other creditable things without running in debt and has opened and closed each season with earned money in its treasury or in sight. And yet it is very far from being a wealthy club. It is composed of people of moderate means. Its membership fee is only one dollar; the annual dues the same. The admission fee to its public entertainments never exceeds twenty-five cents; its weekly or fortnightly social and literary entertainments are free to members and invited friends. It has never levied an assessment, but voluntary contributions have sometimes though rarely been solicited; never unduly urged upon members or others.

The fact that the club expenses are light and its public entertainments very popular, together with the fact that much of the actual labor is done in the form of "bees" and without charge, are the chief explanations of the club's good financial record. The work of the club is so appreciated by the local people that the club is given the unrestricted use of the new and convenient town hall free of charge; so that no club-house expenses are necessary.

The organization of the city-country club is as simple and sensible as is the principle upon which it is based; that of unprejudiced and impartial cooperation between city and country people. Its important committees, elected by members, are the village improvement, the entertainment, the social, the athletic and the local research committees. The president is usually, though not necessarily, a non-resident; the vice president a local resident. It is aimed to have the offices and committees divided as equally as possible between city and country people.

Women equally with men are eligible to any office or committee.

In Middlefield it has proved to be the case that in every important village improvement undertaking the suggestion has come from the city people. The local people have been over-modest in this respect. This has been due in part to the natural reticence of country people when meeting city people in social or business affairs, discussed and managed in ways with which the former are not familiar. In part it has been due to a lack of enterprise, or a lack of confidence in their own ability and the ability of others to do things outside a simple farm routine; a lack which is by far too common among isolated farmers, not only in public matters but also in farm management.

Considerable tact and patience have been required to make the idea of improvements locally popular. The securing of a public telephone service well illustrates this. In one of the club meetings a bright young farmer spoke of the need of such a communication with the outer world, but no action was taken upon it at the time. The city people appreciated the value of the telephone far more than those who most needed it, and especially needed it in the winter, seemed to. It was left for the country people to think over and talk about for a year. Then the matter was brought before the club by a non-resident member and the telephone service was speedily and successfully established, with town official cooperation, greatly to the advantage and satisfaction of the farmers; equally to their surprise.

While the first club organized under the city-country club plan is located in Massachusetts, sum-



"UNTO THE HILLS"

Photos by Edw'd C. Smith.

mer visitors from Connecticut and Rhode Island have been largely instrumental in the successful workings of the club, especially in its village improvement undertakings. With quite a number of Hartford people and people from other parts of Connecticut, Middlefield within the past few years has become a favorite summering place. It is only a two hours' ride from Hartford by steam railroad and is one of the nearest hill towns bordering on the Connecticut valley. A pleasant colony of summer visitors from Providence is now located each season in Middlefield. The most important village improvement work accomplished by the club was done under the management of a Providence gentleman as pres-

ident of the club or chairman of the village improvement committee. Several of the principal officers and leading members of the club are from Connecticut and Rhode Island. The most important summer residence built in the town since the club was started is that of a Hartford gentleman.

What the original city-country club has accomplished under the influence and support of a newly started colony of city people in a small community, limited as to available club material and in working resources, indicates what could be accomplished on a much more important scale in a larger community and under more favorable social and financial conditions. Here is a timely hint to those desiring to combine with their coming summer recreation something helpful and enriching to the rural life, in which they will participate to their increased comfort and blessing.

### In the Sugar Days of Spring.

You ken kinder feel the spirit  
Of thrillin' through the veins,  
Like the kissin', as you hear it,  
Of the leaflets when it rains.  
The snow is skerce an' dirty  
But the sky is soft and purty,  
When the sap begins to run.

And when I watch at moonlight  
And the syrup's boilin' brown,  
I think about that boon night  
When a star was shinin' down  
On a baby in a manger,  
On a frozen world in danger,  
'Fore the sap began to run

"I'm not up in high religion;"  
I do not understand  
The talk of resurrection,  
Of Easter and the Man,  
But for genuine convertin'  
Watch the risin' of the curtain,  
When the sap begins to run

Do you know, I have a feelin'  
That the stone which rolled away,  
While Mary's heart was stealin'  
To His restin' place that day,  
Was the frozen stone that often,  
To the warmth divine will soften,  
When the sap begins to run.

Oh! it's fun to just be livin'  
In these sugar days of spring,  
And the Tree of Life I'm b'lievin',  
Which on Easter day they sing,  
Was named from something good and staple  
Like a great sweet-hearted maple,  
When the sap begins to run

—W.

There is no evil which we cannot face or fly from  
but the consciousness of duty disregarded.

—Daniel Webster.

The true way to render ourselves happy is to love  
our duty and find in it our pleasure.

—Madame de Motteville.

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF HARTFORD.

From Kindergarten to University—Pupils Prepared for Business and Trades as well as for College—Unsurpassed Advantages of an Excellent School System.

Written for The Hartford Monthly

By THOMAS S. WEAVER, Superintendent

THE latest enumeration of children of school age in the City of Hartford gave the number as 18,818. Of this number over 13,000 are in the district schools and about 1,100 are in the Hartford Public High School. The remainder are in the large parochial schools or are under or above the compulsory school age, between 7 and 14 years. The public schools are well equipped with buildings and

schools are doing excellent work, and their relations to each other and to the Hartford Public High School are of the best, showing perfect harmony in their workings.

Hartford schools were the first to introduce the kindergarten as a public institution in Connecticut, and each district has ample facilities in this important department of the schools. Nearly sixty kin-



SCHOOL KITCHEN—SECOND NORTH SCHOOL

apparatus and during the present season at least four, and possibly five, considerable additions will be made to the accommodations already existing in order to provide for the rapidly increasing army of school children. Hartford has grown so steadily and rapidly within the past ten years that the districts have been overtaken by increased numbers of school children for which provision must be made, as well as further provision for the future.

The course of study which governs the district schools in their work has been carefully planned by the Principal's Club and adopted by the Board of School Visitors and is successful in bringing about substantial unity in the work of the schools without making a cast iron rule, which prevents freedom in individual work by each school. In the main the

kindergartners are employed and the work is in every way a success, giving the children a fine preliminary training for the regular school work which is to follow.

The grades of the district schools, nine in number, provide for a close classification of the pupils and enable teachers to give all of their time upon one phase of the work of teaching, from grade to grade. Some 275 grade teachers are employed and there are nine principals of district schools, and six sub-principals, some of the latter being at the head of schools having not far from 1,000 pupils. The spirit in the Hartford schools is most helpful and encouraging, the determination to work and work to a purpose being the chief thing.

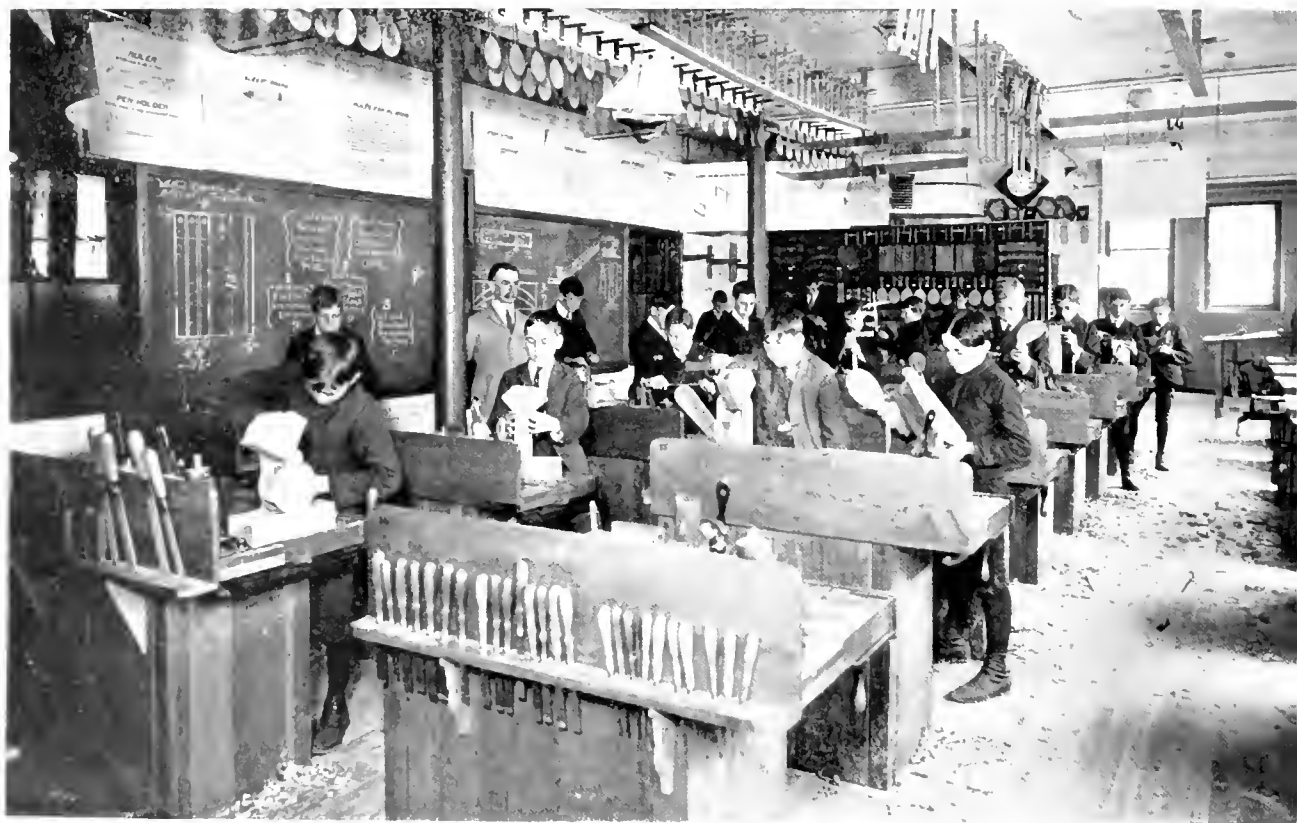
Aside from the regular course of study in the

of the Hartford Public High School provides instruction in manual training, and in the science and these departments are to be recognized as of great value, both to the school and to the parents. There are eight shops, with benches and tools, in which instruction in carpentry is given to all boys in the Seventh and Ninth Grades. There are also eight rooms in which the principles of cookery are taught to the girls in the Ninth Grade, and a dozen or more sewing rooms in which girls in the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Grades are taught sewing and design, and in the last year of the course some instruction in drapery and cutting by pattern is given. In these departments the instructors are all trained teachers of ability and the work is as good as in any school system in New England.

Drawing and music are taught in all the schools by

its equipment in all directions is unsurpassed. In addition to the fixed courses in the classical and English departments, it provides a well equipped commercial department in which pupils have an opportunity to fit themselves for immediately entering upon business pursuits after graduation, with training that must be of great service; a scientific course in physics and chemistry; manual training which includes pattern making, casting and machine work, wood work, bench and lathe, and a thorough training in mechanical drawing. The equipment in this department has been constantly increased since its inception and the work is going along most successfully.

In addition to all these the gymnasium affords instruction to both boys and girls in physical training. The plant has been opened for the past three



WOODWORKING ROOM, WADSWORTH STREET SCHOOL.

thoroughly equipped teachers and the work in these lines has in recent years been greatly stimulated by the increasing appreciation by the community of the value and beauty of these arts. Altogether, the principals, teachers and pupils of the Hartford public schools while they have discovered no "royal road to learning" are busily and happily engaged in working out the problem of education on well accepted lines and are not given to overmany "fads and fashions."

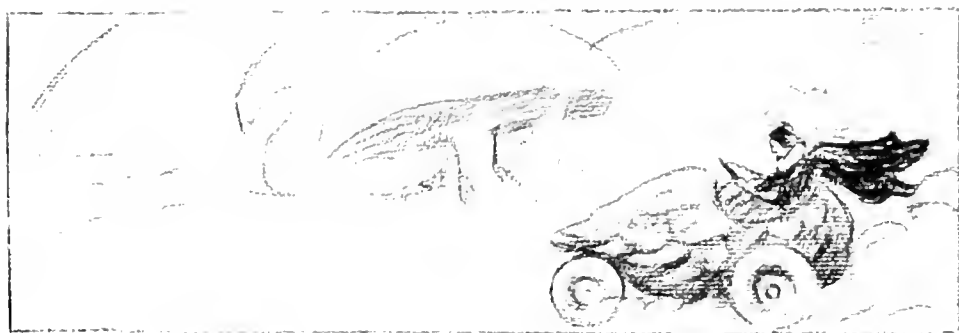
The Hartford Public High School is an institution of which the citizens of Hartford should feel proud. It is in the best sense a "public" school and merits the best of progress in its curriculum, no matter whether the pupil be rich or poor. It offers a unusually wide range of courses and

winters for an Evening High School which has been a gratifying success. The corps of instructors in the high school numbers over forty, all trained and equipped with university education, and by experience in teaching.

The cause of education in Hartford is in a vigorous and healthful state and the results are continually showing that improvement which indicates lively growth and no stagnation.

Remember that to change thy mind and to follow him that sets thee right, is to be none the less the free agent thou wast before.

—*Marcus Aurelius*



## THE FAIRIES OF BONNIE DELL.

### A Rainbow Chasing Story of the Berkshires.

Written for The Hartford Monthly  
By EDWARD SAMUEL WRIGHT.

Illustrations by JAMES BRITTON.

**W**HO ever thinks of fairies having good times in winter?

Flowers in sunshine and dewdrops in moonlight, running brooks and whispering leaves, with warm skies over all, seem right for fairy merry-makings.

But this story is about a winter party given by the fairies to their little country cousins, who lived in Bonnie Dell up among the beautiful hills of Berkshire.

Queen Onota and Prince Gad-about had met and married one afternoon in Thanksgiving month, when the north wind suddenly turned a quiet little rain storm into a pretty flurry of snow; the first of the season. They were married under a rainbow.

The Prince was very fond of travel and wanted to be going thither and yon all the time; like an American globe trotter or a rabbit on skates. That's why they called him Prince Gad-about. Queen Onota was very fond of money and the Prince knew it. He didn't have much himself and he wasn't real happy about it when the bride smiled sweetly and said something about dower, as they stepped under the rainbow arch to be married. Dower sounds like bower. They are both good to make poetry with but they are not very much alike. Dower is the first price a fairy pays when he has to buy a bride without much love in her; and there are sometimes other things to pay afterwards. Bower means—but everyone knows what a lovely and peaceful thing a flowery bower is.

Well, when the Prince heard the Queen say dower his feelings were hurt, because it wounded his pride or something. But he cheerfully said to his blushing bride as he placed the ring on her finger, "There's a pot of gold for you at the end of the rainbow; let's hurry and get it while the sun shines!"

So he and all the other grooms hitched up their white mice, made sledges of birch bark, tucked the lady fairies snugly in and glided away to find the end of the rainbow and the pot of gold.

They traveled many miles over the hills until the rainbow led them into a lovely little dell, snug and cosy and pretty. The end of the rainbow rested in a sparkling spring that bubbled up in a bowl of white and brown rock. The violet and gold and

other colors of the rainbow made the spring beautiful indeed; richer looking than any pot of gold Queen Onota had ever dreamed of.

The bottom of the spring was covered with gold and silver sparkles. Beautiful diamonds and crystals glistened all about on the rocks. Near the margin of the spring was a grey stone grotto, prettily carpeted with beech and maple leaves in gay autumn colors. The grotto was big enough for a home for all the fairies. That's the way the fairies came to live in Bonnie Dell.

Queen Onota had many fashionable ideas, some of them quite old fashioned. She said to her husband, "Now, dear, you and I are one, truly one. What's yours is mine and what's mine is my own, you know." "Yes, I know," replied the Queen's husband. When he said "Yes, I know" he said it quite slowly and didn't smile.

So the Queen was it, and always had her own way, and it was a pretty good way too most of the time, especially at first. The husband was obliging and willing and lazy. So Queen Onota ruled all the fairies and Prince Gad about went chasing rainbows in his butterunt shell automobile.

Queen Onota thought she saw so much gold and silver in the spring, she had so many fairies to wait upon her and so many rich things to eat and to wear, and had her own way so much, that after a while she became quite proud and haughty. So when she was sending out invitations for the winter party she said to her private secretary, Miss Pencelab, "Elo, so omit the ducklings, they waddle so and cannot dance very well, and all boggers." When she said "boggers" she meant meadow mice or moles, because they build their homes in the bogs.

"Invite not the beavers, either," commanded the proud Queen, "for they are only day laborers, building dams all the time in the brook above the spring. Besides, my husband has an aristocratic beaver which might not care to associate with its relatives who dig for a living." Her husband's "beaver" was really nothing but a beaver hat, sometimes called a silk hat, such as they wear on St. Patrick's Day and Easter parades. Anyway it was only good for the queen to talk through, like a telephone.

Well, the invitations were all out and the Queen



country people, who lived in Bonnie Dell, all around the grotto of the fairies. The little country people had been there long before the fairies came and knew ever so many things which the fairies didn't even mistrust and couldn't guess if they tried.

They wintered in funny places, these Bonny Delites did. Old, fat Judge Woodchuck had an underground home, where he slept nearly all winter and lived on his own fat sides. He used to come out in the spring rather lean, but he said he could at least feel proud of being self-supporting. He soon fattened up again for another winter when the clover blossomed.

Mr. and Mrs. Chipmunk and the little munks also lived in a hole in the ground, but they didn't sleep all the time and had shelled beechnuts and such things to eat. "When animals sleep through the winter," explained Professor Hare, the Belgian, to his class in nature study, "it is called hibernating. So the fairies think that all their neighbors who pass the winter in this way must be little Hibernians, but of course they are not."

The rabbits and squirrels were hobbling about here and there all winter, while the mice and chickadees and lots of their friends in fur and feathers lived in an old barn nearby where there was plenty of oats and corn.

It was a bright moonlight night, the night of the party. The ground was covered with snow; crystal pendants hung from rocks and millions of snow jewels of all shapes and sizes sparkled everywhere. Bonnie Dell was beautiful in its graceful mantle of ermine trimmed with evergreen.

It was not very cold, and Jack, the rabbit, skipped around among his friends telling them that when the weatherwise owl pricked up his ears and felt a breeze from the south he had shouted, "Hoot, toot, there's going to be a thaw!" So the little country people who were fixing up for the party got out their rubbers and mackintoshes, all except the tadpoles and the little tad who didn't mind getting wet.

When Miky Robe, a very active little Irish fairy, heard the owl he bowed before the queen and said, "Your majesty, do the broad faced him that's tooting from the tree be invited, I dun 'nd?"

"Oh, that's no hen," said the Queen with dignity, "that's an owl."

"What de we care how owld he be," replied the Irish fairy, "he's young enough to chaperon the country giddy gids I guess." And that's how the owl came to be at the party, and luckily, as you will very soon see.

Well the tables were all set about Bonny Dell spring, which never freezes over. The dainties were arranged in little pink shells and pretty dried leaves. They looked very inviting. There were custards made of humming birds' eggs, rainbow cake and angel cake, plum-a-lum tarts, salted apple seeds, snowflake pudding, candied violets, honeysuckle nidge and all such things. But the crowning thing of all was a great big johnny cake, almost as big and as brown as your hand in summer time. This was the center piece of the best table, where the Queen and her special guests of honor were seated. The Queen was very proud of the johnny cake.

When it came time to pass the johnny-cake,

Queen Onota said to the grey squirrel seated at her right, "Venerable sir, this cake was made by my own hands in honor of our country cousins, with all of whom, as I understand, the johnny-cake is a favorite dish. It is most delicious and healthful when made of buttermilk, so I gave the butler a porcupine quill gullet and a straw sap spout and instructed him to tap butternut trees for buttermilk. I hope you will find the cake quite to your exalted taste."

The grey squirrel bowed sedately and declined the cake, saying, "Thanks your majesty, but in the first place I am not so very venerable just because I'm grey; it's a habit of our family to be grey quite young. In the next place I've had quite a sufficiency of rare vands; and besides I prefer buttermilk that is obtained in the regular 'milky way'."

Then from all around the tables could be caught snatches of conversation in whispers in which could be distinguished quite distinctly the words "buttermilk," "butternut trees" and "the milky way." The chickadees winked and the owlets blinked and the chipmunks chipped and the rabbits wiggled their ears and clapped their feet, while the titmouse tittered and the other little country cousins gleefully giggled. Each one declined the johnny-cake with politeness and feelings, saying, "Quite a sufficiency, thank you!"

This treatment of the johnny-cake made Queen Onota very angry. She stood up and ran one of her jewelled hands through her flowing hair very excitedly and with the other hand waved a golden rod quite commandingly, shouting, "Thrust, brave knights! Swordsmen, whittle off their heads instant!"

Just as a troop of fairy lancers rushed out with their spears of grass and a lot of fairy swordsmen drew their blades, also of grass; before the little country cousins could fold their napkins and turn off the giggles, the owl shouted like a fog horn from the tree-top, "Hoot, toot, the freshet's come! The beaver dam gate is open! Flee to the grotto for your lives!"

Whereupon Queen Onota fell from her chair and fainted away very nicely. Her maids of honor were soon on their knees, just as though they were hunting for something on the ground. "I guess it's because the Queen lost her balance when she fell, and they must be trying to find it," observed Mrs. Chipmunk as she collected her little munks and scampered away with them to a place of safety in the stone wall.

All the country cousins saved themselves easily enough, they knew so many ways and were not fussy. But the fairies wore such long trains and so much finery that they got caught in the raging torrent, which came rushing down through the spring and over the pretty stone tables. Soon the fairies were being tossed and whirled about in the flood with the plum-a-lum tarts, the floating custard and other things. Many of them in deadly peril clambered on to the johnny-cake and used it for a raft, crying and wringing their hands and shouting for help quite excitedly as they sailed away.

The little ducklings, who hadn't been invited, heard the cry and came generously and bravely to the rescue. They swam out into the flood and picked up the fairies one by one with their bills and carried them like wriggly fishes all safely to the

grotto, where the wringer bird wrung them out and hung them up to dry.

Then Queen Onota became quite ashamed of herself and asked the owl if he would kindly request the beavers "to be so kind and condescending, stoop so low and be so bending as to please come to a grand peace ball to be given tomorrow evening in the grotto; and meanwhile would they please close the gate of their beautiful dam," all of which the obliging beavers did.

She also sent cordial invitations to all the country cousins, even the boggers, and especially to the ducklings with grateful thanks.

The shiny stuff, which never was gold nor silver at all but only pieces of mica, was all washed out of the spring. But the water was just as bubbly and sparkling and healthful as ever.

The funny little Irish fairy said, "The Queen didn't find as much gold in the spring as I thought she would and I didn't think she would!" The owl blinked and smiled not as he made some remark

about such a fairy observation being an Irish bull whatever that may mean.

Queen Onota became less haughty and more agreeable after the winter party; she also became more wifely or husbandly, whichever it was, in her tastes. She sent a wireless message to Prince Gad about inviting him to come home again. So he gave up rainbow chasing, swallowed an egg shell and settled down, like a coffee pot.

Queen Onota was never as rich as she once imagined herself to be, but she learned many good things. One of them was that springs of sparkling water are more real and useful than pots of gold at the ends of rainbows. Another good thing she learned was that humble friends may be worth having, even if they waddle some or dig for a living.

The peace ball was a brilliant success, and ever since the fairies and their country cousins have lived peacefully and happily together and have exchanged many merry courtesies in pretty Bonnie Dell.



What is the difference between a fat man scorching on a bicycle with the thermometer at ninety and a chiropodist? One feels the heat, you know, and the other heals the feet.

Mrs. Goodform "Really, Fred, I was much chagrined to have my pink tea guests find your old bearskin driving gloves in the parlor."

Mr. Goodform "Excuse me, dear, and so was I the other evening, to have my club friends come in and see your young undressed kids in the library."

Mistress "I saw two policemen sitting in the kitchen with you last night, Bridget."

Bridget "Well, ma'am, yez wouldn't box an unmarried lady be sittin' alone with only wan police man, would yez? The other wan wuz a chaperon."

*Puck*

"Mamma," said little Jack, "Did God ever make anyone with one blue eye and one black?"

"I never heard of anyone that was so," said his mother.

"Well, then, you just look at Tommy Jones the next time you see him and just see what I can do."

*Life*

Young Wife "I got a beautiful parchment diploma from the cooking college today and I've cooked this for you. Now guess what it is."

Husband (with slab of omelette between his teeth)—"The diploma."

*-Puck*

Bank Clerk (scrutinizing check) "Madam, we can't pay this unless you bring someone to identify you."

Old Lady (tartly) "I should like to know why."

Bank Clerk "Because we don't know you."

Old Lady "Now, don't be silly! I don't know you, either."

*Tit Bits*

I know of no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise and closing it with an exception.

*Steele*

You can patch up a broken heart so that it will keep on loving any old thing, but when faith is shattered it is done for.

*New York Press*

Nothing is clearer than that those who would be happy must cease to seek happiness; and ask only the privilege of giving. The song will rise in our hearts when we cease to live for ourselves and begin to live for the good that we can do.

*Amory H. Bradford*

I once saw a dark shadow resting on the bare side of a hill. Seeking its cause, I saw a little cloud bright as the light, floating in the clear blue above. Thus it is with our sorrow. It may be dark and cheerless here on earth, yet look above and you shall see it to be but a shadow of his brightness whose name is Love.

*Willa*

## FOR A CLEAN AND HEALTHFUL CITY.

A Flooding Nuisance Which Must be Abated.—City of Hartford Plans for River Front Improvement.

Written for The Hartford Monthly  
By FREDERICK L. FORD, City Engineer.

**I**N their anxiety for the creation of a "City Beautiful," some of our American cities are forgetting the importance and necessity of first creating a "city clean and healthful."

The first and most important duty of every American city is to provide for the health and comfort of its citizens, and for the protection of their lives and property. If it neglects or refuses to acknowledge the obligation which this duty imposes upon it, it fails to perform its full duty to its citizens, and justly deserves the stagnation which is sure to block its progress toward success and prosperity.

It must first provide for a pure, wholesome and abundant water supply at the lowest possible cost; for an adequate sewerage and sewage disposal system for quickly removing and effectively destroying all sewage and other foul matter; for an efficient, vigilant and trustworthy police department, able to cope with any emergency that may arise; and for a well equipped, well trained, and well officered fire department, competent to check any conflagration from its sweeping destruction. This is the foundation upon which every successful city must build.

After these fundamental requirements are assured it can turn its attention to the remainder of the design, which may be as ornamental and monumental as its builders desire and its finances warrant. But the question of health is of the first and greatest importance and the "death rate per thousand" is never overlooked by persons seeking ideal locations for permanent homes for their families, or by manufacturers and other captains of industry who have at heart the welfare of their employees as well as their prospective dividends.

It is safe to assume that most American cities which care an iota for the health and comfort of their citizens have already constructed sewerage and surface drainage systems and sewage disposal works; and, for many of them, this ends their drainage problems, except for extensions, enlargements and renewals which will be required by their natural growth and development.

This is especially true of many inland cities and towns, but not in all of them are the drainage problems solved by the construction of a simple sewerage system. Some are situated like Hartford upon large rivers, or have smaller streams passing through them, and these cities are now confronted with serious river flooding nuisances.

These problems have rapidly come to the front during the last decade; and from their magnitude, their frequency and disastrous effects, the importance of an immediate solution cannot longer be overlooked or ignored. These conditions have been brought about by the rapid growth of these cities, by the building up of large areas, formerly unoccupied, and overflowed by flood waters and by a grad-

ual restriction of the river channels by greedy abutting proprietors.

While river regulation or conservancy is very old and has received a great deal of consideration in the Old World, it is a comparatively new problem in America.

No city or state can afford to neglect the solution of these problems. They must be met, solved, and the flood nuisances abated. When the damage from a single storm in some states reaches into the millions, such a state is justified in spending vast sums to prevent such disasters.

Consider the effect of a flood upon the manufacturers with their army of employees. Their entire plant may be wiped out. If not, their establishments may be crippled, their expensive machinery damaged, and their product ruined. They must close down for cleaning and repairs. It may be weeks or months before the hum of the busy machinery is again heard. The employees, too, suffer largely from the loss of wages during the forced idleness.

Then there are the commercial industries. If properly forewarned of impending floods, the wholesalers and retailers may remove their goods at a great expense to places of safety above the danger line. But oftentimes these floods occur before they have time to properly protect themselves, and great destruction follows.

Then there are the great transportation interests to reckon with. As a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so a great railway system is no stronger or safer than its weakest bridge or embankment. If the bridges are not entirely carried away, as they oftentimes are by great floods, or miles of the embankments and tracks are not washed aside, the abutments, the strong arms which support such bridges, or the high embankments may be undermined and escape the vigilant watchfulness of the road overseers, and great wrecks occur.

Can any American city which is confronted with these flooding problems, after stopping to seriously consider the results from such disasters, close its eyes before the great obligations which the solution of such problems places upon it? The answer to such a question should be a most emphatic, "No!"

Every city so afflicted is in duty bound to its citizens to do all that lies within its power as a municipality to adopt such measures, and to carry out such flood protection works, as will ensure the greatest security from such disasters. Any city, if its financial condition warrants it, can build beautiful streets, erect monumental buildings and bridges, lay out charming parks and attractive boulevards; all of which are units of measure of the character, enterprise and progressiveness of its citizens. But it cannot enjoy that measure of prosperity which it justly deserves, if a dreaded flooding plague hovers

over it and jeopardizes the health, happiness and prosperity of even a small number of its inhabitants.

The City of Hartford today is demonstrating the fact that its officials fully realize the great importance of carrying out adequate flood protection works for the East Side, ordinarily flooded by freshets in the Connecticut River.

Under instructions from the Court of Common Council, the engineering department has been busily engaged, for several months, upon the preliminary investigations for this work.

Surveys have already been made of several hundred acres in the South Meadows, below Warwaine Avenue, where a pumping station and sewage filtration plant would naturally be located when it becomes necessary for the City of Hartford to abandon its present method of discharging crude sewage into the Connecticut River, and to adopt some more advanced method for disposing of its sewage.

Maps are being made of the entire river front from this area northerly to the pumping station of the Hartford Water Works in Riverside Park. These maps will form the basis for the final location of the River Front Intercepting Sewer, and for the estimates which will have to be made to determine the cost of the various plans for abating this nuisance.

The plan eventually adopted will be the one which will ensure the greatest protection for this afflicted district at the least possible cost. This is one of the most important sanitary problems now before the City of Hartford, pressing for solution.

Hundreds of cities in America are similarly afflicted with river flooding nuisances. Many of them have a much more difficult and vastly more expensive problem to solve than has the City of Hartford. While this matter has been before the city for many years, and much study has been given to its solution, the great importance of permanently abating this nuisance did not really attract the attention which it deserved, until quite recently.

But now that it is before the city officials, for consideration again, our citizens may rest assured that every effort will be made during the coming year to determine the best possible method of solving this problem at the lowest possible cost. The City of Hartford has the reputation of doing well what it undertakes, and I have every confidence that it will not fall short of what should abide by its effort; to make the Hartford of today a cleaner and more healthful city than the Hartford of yesterday.

#### Measurements in Brief.

Measure 208 feet on each side and you will have a square acre.

An acre contains 4,840 square yards.

A square mile contains 640 acres.

A mile is 5,280 feet, or 1,760 yards long.

A fathom is 6 feet. A league is 3 miles.

A Sabbath day's journey in the bible is 1,155 yards.

A day's journey is 33 1/3 miles.

A cubit is 2 feet. A great cubit is 4 feet.

A hand (horse measure) is 4 inches.

A palm is 3 inches. A span is 9 inches.

A pace is 3 feet.

-Selected-



The first exhibition of photographs exclusively the work of women ever presented in this country was given under the auspices of The Camera Club of Hartford, in the rooms of the club, April 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th. The exhibition was successful even beyond expectation, not only in the quantity and quality of the work exhibited but also in the interest and appreciation manifested by visitors.

Over 150 photographs were catalogued, while quite a number were exhibited, some of them excellent pictures, which on account of lateness of arrival or for other reasons did not appear upon the catalogue. Among the latter was a striking collection of Indian portraits, from the Gerhard sisters, of St. Louis.

An idea of the breadth of this exhibition enterprise can be obtained from the fact that the photographs came from all sections of the United States, from New Hampshire to California and from Washington, D. C., to Oregon. Fifteen states were represented by exhibitors mentioned in the catalogue. All the New England states were so represented, excepting Maine, and, singularly enough, Connecticut. From this it can be seen that the exhibition was far from being simply local in character.

This absence of Connecticut exhibitors from the catalogue may be attributed to a tasteful desire on the part of the club to give outsiders the precedence and to leave the field of honors open to their guests. Certainly Hartford is not lacking in photographic talent of a high order, as the rooms of the club and numerous local collections, public and private, give admirable evidence.

The exhibition was remarkable in variety of subjects, including portraits, character studies, idealistic groupings and of course a wide range of landscapes and scenes in which animals were prominently pictured. Among the latter was an exquisite picture, pathetically suggestive, in which a beautiful deer, photographed in perfect detail, is standing in the open with its back toward the camera but with its head turned as though looking behind it to see the danger lurking there. Its enemy, the hunter, is left to the imagination. The picture was entitled "The Price of Life." It was the work of Mrs. Louise Birt Baynes, Meriden, N. H. The effect of sunshine and shadow upon grass and bush and the graceful pose of the deer, all clearly portrayed, formed a picture of rare artistic beauty. The same photographer also included some fine floral pictures in her exhibit.


Among the choice landscapes were "Evening in Spring," "North Meadows" and "The First Snow," by the Misses Allen, of Deerfield, Mass. "The Lost Soul," by Miss Alice Boughton, New York, "Ave Maria," by Katherine Bingham, St. Johnsbury, Vt., and "The Cry of the Rocks," by Mrs. Anne W. Brigman, Oakland, Cal., were charming specimens of the idealistic in photography; if idealistic may not be applied properly to an art so exact as photography, it can be justly so to such camera groupings and titles. There were many other pictures in the exhibition of unusual merit and that attracted deserved attention; some doubtless which would be considered by experts equal or superior in technical or professional points to some of those here men-

tioned. The exhibition as a whole was instructive as well as attractive, and was decidedly a credit to the club which originated and managed it in such an enterprising and liberal spirit.

The Camera Club of Hartford is one of the oldest clubs of its kind in the United States, having been organized in 1885. The originators of it include George L. Parnelle, Albert H. Pitkin, Elmer M. White, James B. Cone, W. J. Hickmott, J. Coolidge Hills, H. O. Warner and other Hartford men. It now has a membership of about 100. It has very convenient rooms in the Brown-Thomson building, including a large reception room, two rooms for portrait enlarging and other work, and a dark room in which a very complete electric light enlarging apparatus is a new feature.

Among the members of the club are a number who are classed among the best amateurs of the country in camera work. Through the courtesy of one of them, Charles R. Nason, a prominent member of the club, we are permitted to present on another page a very beautiful picture of one of the most picturesque water-falls in New England. The following are the officers of the club: President, Dr. Frederick S. Crossfield; secretary, Clayton P. Chamberlain; treasurer, R. La Motte Russell; corresponding secretary, Ward S. Jacobs; board of governors, the above officers and H. O. Warner and A. L. Gillett.

### THE GET-TOGETHER CLUB.

 WE are living in an age when men take broad as well as practical views of the many phases of our busy world. The discoveries of science have brought all mankind into closer touch. The comparative study in nearly all branches of knowledge is enabling us to get a broader as well as a more just view of mooted subjects. Our knowledge of what has been done and thought in former times, combined with our knowledge of what is being done and thought today in all parts of the world, enables us to make our judgments more true and our actions more rational.

This desire for dispassionately considering both sides of questions before forming opinions of them was perhaps one of the chief reasons for the formation of the Hartford Get Together Club. Its membership includes men from all departments of Hartford's life; business men, lawyers, clergymen and representatives of many different professions and occupations; the club as a whole being in now way representative of any particular political, religious or social party.

It meets the third Tuesday of each month during winter, quite informally, and after a dinner listens to two speakers, who usually hold opposite views of the subject of the evening. The subjects discussed are leading topics of the day, such as socialism, the negro problem, rate rebates, etc. After listening to dispassionate and honest views of both sides, the discussion is thrown open to the members who express their own views. In this way a delightful evening is enjoyed and points involved in the subject are made more clear and beliefs become more satisfactorily fixed.

At some of the meetings papers are read and discussed which relate to matters of local importance, having to do with the prosperity and develop-


ment of Hartford's industrial and social interests. It was at a meeting of the Get-Together Club that President Mellen of the Consolidated Railroad made known the prominent features of his plans for vastly increasing the electric railroad facilities of this section; plans which have drawn out an unusual amount of discussion and are being carefully studied from all standpoints by experts in local traffic requirements.

In purpose, in manner of meeting and in constituency the club is somewhat similar to the famous Twilight Club of New York, though this form of club work may stand for more in helpful influences in a city like Hartford than would be possible in a city of less concentrated local attachments.


The last meeting of the club for the season of 1905-6 was held at the Hotel Hartford, Monday evening, April 23, when good government and clean politics were discussed. The subject was especially timely and interesting in view of the admirable work done by both parties in Hartford at its recent municipal election, in preventing corrupt practices at the polls; a work which has elicited high commendation from many and widespread sources.

Three men who were leaders in this remarkably successful movement gave practical and stirring addresses concerning it and the principles involved—Prof. John J. McCook, who presided at the club meeting, and L. P. Waldo Marvin and John T. Robinson, chairmen respectively of the democratic and republican committees of the city.

Officers for the coming season were elected at the meeting of April 23, as follows, the number of directors being increased to twenty: Rev. R. H. Potter, chairman; W. H. Scoville, treasurer; B. Norman Strong, secretary; and the following directors: Rev. Dr. J. C. Adams, W. H. Corbin, D. R. Howe, A. P. Clifford, Oleott B. Colton, E. M. Roszelle, Malcomb McNie, Prof. G. A. Kleene, C. S. Thayer, George S. Goddard, J. P. Tuttle, S. H. Rood, E. C. Frisbie, J. H. King, C. H. Brigham, Bernard Burns, G. A. Parker, E. H. Sears, W. G. Baxter.



Dr. Chalmers beautifully says: "The little that I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."



I do not think the road to contentment lies in despising what we have not. Let us acknowledge all good, all delight that the world holds, and be content without it.

—George Macdonald.





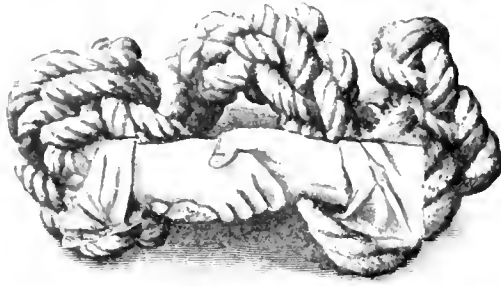
Where parking  
And restless men

GLENDAL FALLS, MIDDLESEX CO., N. Y. - ACID TEE

Photo by C. R. Nason of 1900. C. R. Nason

# Clubs

## Fraternities



## Associations

### The Creed of the Elks.

Believe in thyself as well as in others. Exalted be thine ideas of right. Be lenient, be true!

Protect childhood with tenderness, woman with chivalry and old age with respect.

Others seek to benefit. Do good here and now. Cherish with reverence the memory of those who have passed.

Enjoy the good things of earth. Keep within thee the glorious sunshine of youth; and above all remain always of good cheer.

### "TUB NIGHT" AND "CLUB NIGHT."

About the prettiest and liveliest sights to be seen in this city of a Saturday night are seen, by those lucky enough to be there between seven and eight o'clock, in nurseries and bath rooms, when the little tads strip to the buff and stand out for the tub just as God made them. It's no use trying to describe these little sprigs of womanhood and manhood; to most of us they are indescribable, but fond motherhood describes them as "just lovely," and that goes with us.

It is "tub night" and after their busy week, so full of professional duties, family cares and social excitements, which kindergartens, dolls, mud-pie parties and things have thrust upon them, the little ones are ready, reluctantly ready perhaps, for the bath which is to wash all those cares out of their minds and make them clap their little fat sides in glee and show what jolly, happy chaps they really are, though but a little while ago grimy and tired and pouty perhaps.

Then the little tots, fresh and pinky and sweet in welcome night clothes soothingly redolent of heated flattery; in dainty white gowns and marvelous panamas, are cuddled and lulled to slumber-land and stowed away to recuperate for the pillow fights of the coming morn.

It makes no difference whether the tub is a porcelain lined, nickel-framed one or simply a good wholesome wooden wash-tub; it is water and home love common to us all that make "tub night" a benediction following the play or the turmoil of the week.

The older chaps may seek their recreation at their clubs, their favorite street corners, around the stove in the hospitable store, at their society rooms, even in saloons; the desire is the same to round up the week and get a benediction out of it some way, to break away from the hard daily grind of work and strife it may be. And it seems a wise provision that turns a tired man, who feels the world is not using him, out, to seek his fellowmen and their companionship.

We may call it "club night" or simply a Saturday night off, the spirit is the same, to sort of get together if we can. And if we have squarely and in friendly fashion met our fellowmen in our business

or social affairs of the week, disagreeing though we may, it is not folly to meet, be the place of meeting worthy of our manhood, in these many Saturday night fashions and let good comradeship prove that none of us are wholly bad and show how much we have in common after all.

The Saturday "club nights" of the older chaps like the "tub nights" of the little tads, if rightly used, may help to get us into gear not only for the pillow fights of another week but for the better reception of the good influences of a New England Sabbath day of quiet and of peace.

**The Hartford Club**, 44 to 48 Prospect Street. Officers: E. Henry Hyde, president; D. Newton Barney and William D. Morgan, vice-presidents; William B. Dwight, treasurer; George H. Gilman, secretary; D. S. Morrell and A. H. Charlton, auditors.

**Hartford Business Men's Association**, 720 Main Street. Officers: Normand F. Allen, president; Isidore Wise, first vice-president; Charles D. Rice, second vice-president; Foster E. Harvey, secretary; Charles A. Pease, treasurer; William N. Pelton, clerk.

**The Twentieth Century Club**. Officers: John B. Langer, president; Rev. Rockwell Harmon Potter, vice-president; Alfred M. Hitchcock, secretary; Henry H. Goodwin, treasurer; Charles E. Thompson, Alfred T. Richards, Charles L. Ames, executive committee.

At the annual meeting in April the club was addressed by Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, of the "Outlook," on "Idealism in American Life." The club membership is 122.

**Hartford Lodge, No. 19, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks**, 34 Prospect Street. Officers: Michael J. Hafey, exalted ruler; Dr. William E. Campbell, esteemed leading knight; Arthur B. Smith, esteemed loyal knight; Robert H. Fox, esteemed lecturing knight; Thomas A. Shannon, secretary; Albert F. Woods, treasurer; James H. Hurley, tyler; P. Davis Oakley, esquire; Dr. Blake A. Sears, inner guard; John A. McArthur, chaplain; David S. Moran, organist; Samuel D. Chamberlin, Patrick McGovern, Millard F. Cook, James Campbell and Charles J. Dillon, trustees.

The Hartford lodge has 708 members and ranks among the largest and most successfully working lodges of Elks in the country.



Of all the arts, great music is the art  
To raise the soul above all storms.

— *Leloci*

## THE HARTFORD PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.

Written for *The Hartford Monthly*  
By JOHN SPENCER CAMP, Conductor.

The Hartford Philharmonic Orchestra was organized seven years ago, in the fall of 1899, under the auspices of the Hartford Philharmonic Society. The Society owed its existence largely to the enthusiasm and labors of Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner, who enlisted the interest and support of many music lovers and generous spirited citizens in the enterprise which was and is so dear to her heart.

The officers of the Society were, Mr. Archibald A. Welch, president; Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner, vice-president; Miss Frances H. Johnson, secretary; Mr. John Spencer Camp, treasurer. Mr. Richmond P. Paine was chosen conductor and subscriptions were solicited from the public with the result that a solid financial backing was assured at the outset. The orchestra, with Mr. Paine as conductor and Mr. Frank A. Sedgwick, the well known leader of the orchestra at Parsons' Theatre, as concert master, started out with enthusiasm and energy, and did excellent work. The music played was of a high order and good soloists were obtained.

Under this organization the orchestra continued for three years, when Mr. Paine and Mr. Sedgwick were compelled, by pressure of outside duties, to relinquish their posts, much to everyone's regret. Their places were taken in 1902 by Mr. John Spencer Camp as conductor and Mr. Julius Blasius as concert master. At the end of the year Mr. Blasius resigned as concert master and his place was filled by the election of Mr. Franz Mileke. It should also be noted here that Miss Johnson, the efficient secretary, retired in 1903, her place being taken by Mrs. Walter Goodwin.

This organization is still unchanged and the orchestra has made steady and gratifying progress each season, its work having been particularly ac-

ceptable to its friends and patrons during the past season. The unity and flexibility of their playing, together with a much improved attention to detail, are now noticed by those who have followed the progress of the orchestra.

The actual number of local players is 47. Four players, viz., two horns, one oboe, and one bassoon, are engaged from New York. So that out of 50 or 52 players, 47 or 48 of these are from Hartford. This is a far larger proportion than that in the New Haven Orchestra which has a very considerable contingent of New York players, including violins, violas, cellos and double basses. The Hartford orchestra has two horn players, one, Mr. Schumann, an excellent performer. The oboe player, Mr. Johnson, is improving rapidly and bids fair to become capable of doing solo parts. There is also a very good bassoon player, Mr. Soper, and there is in contemplation the purchase of another oboe; so that there will be two local oboists, a very rare thing in a city the size of Hartford.

The orchestra has served to develop these instruments; and one of its useful functions is to act as a nucleus around which may cluster and develop the younger and growing talent of Hartford and vicinity. The influence of the orchestra has already been positive and salutary along these lines and should continue to be so as long as it lasts. The orchestra has also tended to improve the music played at theatres, dances, weddings and receptions.

The players, who are drilled carefully and at length in symphonies, overtures and suites of a high order, naturally bring niceties of expression and finer musical feeling to the performance of the lighter music, and the possession of these qualities leads to the selection of a better class of dance, wedding and reception music; which fact has been very evident of late in this city.

Thus the orchestra permeates the general musical life of the city, and its influence upon the musical and civic life of Hartford ought to be invigorating and healthful. The best music is studied and no

efforts are omitted to secure the best results possible with the material at hand. Good soloists are secured and the orchestra has won a high reputation outside of Hartford by its fine work in accompanying the artists who have assisted in different concerts.

The orchestra needs public sympathy and financial support. So far the general public have not responded as largely as is desirable, although, thanks to generous subscribers, the orchestra is entirely out of debt. The price of the seats puts good music within the reach of all and no one need stay away on account of the cost. Three concerts are given each year in Parsons' theatre, and the scale of prices is such that excellent seats may be had for twenty five cents per concert.

The musical selections are chosen with the idea of pleasing people of average musical comprehension, and at the same time of educating the public taste. The standard must necessarily be kept high, but care is taken to have the music interesting and vitalizing. It is to be hoped that next season Parsons' theatre may be well filled at each concert. All business communications should be addressed to Mr. Edward W. Hooker, the treasurer, who will gladly receive any and all subscriptions which may be made.

It remains only to speak of the organization of the Hartford Philharmonic Society. There are three classes of members; honorary members, sustaining members and associate members. Honorary members pay \$100 and upwards. Sustaining members pay \$25 to \$50. Associate members pay \$400 for the three concerts.

Each honorary member is entitled to one box or six orchestral chairs for each concert, and six admissions to each public rehearsal, which is given in the afternoon before each concert. Honorary members also have the first choice of seats. Each sustaining member has two orchestral chairs for each concert and two admissions to the public rehearsals. Sustaining members also have the first choice of seats after the honorary members. Each associate member has one ticket to each concert and one admission to each public rehearsal, and first choice of seats after honorary and sustaining members.

It will thus be seen that with a large and growing membership the Society could do a fine work. Members, however, are constantly dropping out through death or other causes and there is need of constant renewals. If only local musical pride and patriotism were to manifest themselves adequately, the Society would soon be in a most satisfactory condition. Every one helps and is welcome. The more cosmopolitan the better.

## PHILHARMONIC PLAYERS AND MANAGERS.

The conductor and the players of the Hartford Philharmonic Orchestra are as follows.

**Conductor.**—Mr. John Spencer Camp.

**First Violins.**—Mr. Franz Mücke, Mrs. William H. Miller, Mr. August Weidlich, Miss Mary Beeman, Mr. Herman Zahnleiter, Miss Hilda Brandegee, Mr. Oscar Koenig, Miss Donna Phelps.

**Second Violins.**—Mr. J. Hagerty, Mr. Arthur Francis, Mr. Eugene Youngs, Mrs. Mary Dietrich,

Dr. Charles Stern, Mr. George Miller, Mr. Louis Pearlmutter, Miss Ruth Wood.

**Violas.**—Mr. Carl Bigge, Mr. E. N. Emmons, Mr. J. J. Daherty, Mr. Alvin Hopfer, Mr. Emil Nurnberger, Mr. W. O. Eitel.

**Cellos.**—Mrs. S. L. Brandegee, Mr. William H. Miller, Mr. Henry Bushnell, Mr. Carl Wunder.

**Basses.**—Mr. Robert Johnson, Mr. George Bladon, Mr. William Barth, Mr. Albert Heck, Mr. John P. Stone.

**First Flute.**—Mr. Herman A. Siewert.

**Second Flute.**—Mr. John W. Parsons.

**Oboe.**—Mr. Fred Johnson.

**First Clarinet.**—Mr. Oscar Mathews.

**Second Clarinet.**—Mr. Hiram Hodgkins.

**Bassoon.**—Mr. Cleveland Soper.

**French Horns.**—Mr. Paul Schumann, Mr. A. E. Murdock.

**First Trumpet.**—Mr. Robert Hall.

**Second Trumpet.**—Mr. Rocco De Sopo.

**First Trombone.**—Mr. J. E. Crews.

**Second Trombone.**—Mr. R. C. Kennedy.

**Third Trombone.**—Mr. William Prutting.

**Tuba.**—Mr. George Bladon.

**Tympani.**—Mr. Harry Martell.

**Drums.**—Mr. J. Ellern.

The officers of the Society are; Mr. A. A. Welch, president; Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner, vice-president; Mrs. Walter Goodwin, secretary; Mr. Edward W. Hooker, treasurer.

## The Nobility of Woman.

Love, charity, enthusiasm, devotion, self-surrender and self-consecration to the highest aims, are woman's strength and glory, and in the exercise of these heavenly powers she has shown herself superior to man. The great renunciation, the supreme act whereby one turns from the superficial and animal self to the real self, whose world is unseen and permanent, the condition on which alone one can enter Christ's kingdom, is easier for woman than for man. Unlike the philosophers, the divine Master appeals to the heart rather than to the head, and to such appeal woman more readily than man yields glad and spontaneous assent. What He asks first and last is that we be drawn to Him, that we love Him with a personal love, stronger than all earthly ties, and of such love woman is more capable than man. He first understood the heart of woman. Another divine word he spoke to her who dried with her hair the feet she had bathed in tears lifted the whole sex to a higher and wider plane of life. Woman who followed Him in life, who stood beneath His cross, who watched by His grave till she saw Him rise immortal, has ministered to Him with an undying devotion through all the centuries, even until now at last she stands side by side with man as his mother, wife and friend, his equal, his counsellor, his inspirer, his guide and best defense.

—Bishop Spalding.

Who misses or who wins the prize,

Go lose or conquer, as you can;

But, if you fall, or if you rise,

Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

—Selected.



# ART

## ART SENSE.

Written for The Hartford Monthly  
By CHARLES NOEL FLAGG.

**A**RT sense is something like common sense in that it is uncommon. It is possessed in degrees but never in full. Both commodities have a value, and I hope that common sense will be so used that a further cultivation of art sense may be effected and that is why I write this short article for our new magazine.

"No people are more provincial than the New Yorkers" is a statement I once heard made in London, by a United States westerner. Possibly he was right, but if so, is it not also true that throughout the middle and New England States there is, among the well to do classes, a pervading sentiment of self-satisfaction involving a sort of super contentment with existing social conditions, which would imply that we think they are almost perfect, and does not such a sentiment induce a spirit of provincialism?

Of course it is well to see things and to take advantage of the privileges we have in as wide and large a way as possible. To point the proposition I suggest as an example, the imaginary case of a man who being industrious and prudent, has been able to buy a lot, and build a house and furnish it. He certainly has every right to be proud of the achievement; but if he proclaims that his lot and his house and its furniture are just as they should be, then he is venturing upon the ground of unsafe premise. Houses can usually be improved, and furniture which at one time seems, to the purchaser, the very best, may at a later date, after intelligent observation, as to a few of the fundamental laws of form and color, appear to lack in fitness, and so it is that the knowledge which comes with finer art sense is valuable—of course one cannot live upon it, but to possess it, so it seems to me, is more important than to possess much furniture; for with a better art

sense one will buy better furniture, furniture which will have a higher commercial value, and therefore why not for purely commercial advantage if for nothing else, and **there is much else**, cultivate in children the tendency which they usually have for beautiful objects. Is it not well to explain to them why some things are beautiful and others not, and to do this by giving them a chance to learn a few of the common laws of form and color, so that they will not be all adrift, in regard to the subject, when later they may be able to buy and furnish a house? It is a very serious question, however, as to how the education so easily proposed, may best be conducted.

The possession of works of art by a state or city should count for much in the education of its people; but, as a fact, it counts for almost nothing unless directed. Italy is paved and plastered with the choicest gems of the finest art, and yet its modern industrial and fine art is, with some marked exceptions, of a cheap and poor sort.

I would recommend that we use our works of art more generally than at present for the art education of our people and especially for the children.

Hartford has some very fine pictures and the very best of them belong to the people of the state or the city. The Athenaeum contains one of the oldest, if not the oldest public collection of pictures in the United States. It is a small collection, but if judged by the best things in it, it is very rich. Lately the galleries have been opened to visitors on Sunday and it is most earnestly to be desired, not only in the interest of art but of better morals, that the custom be continued for all time. In order that the fullest benefit may be derived it is important that an exhaustive catalogue be compiled; one that will aid the visitor to the galleries to a better understanding of each work, and of its author. It is only in this way that the public as a whole can be instructed so as to be able to understand what it sees. Catalogues sold for a moderate price as in the European galleries, even if frequently revised, would much more than pay the cost of production.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to mention even the better works in the collection; but it can be stated that a number of notable names of older and more modern masters of this and other countries are here represented. Interest in the collection has recently been re-awakened by the purchase of some new pictures, and by the loan to the Athenaeum of a very beautiful "Caritas," presumably painted in the XVII century by Marcantonio Franceschini, a celebrated fresco painter of Bologna, Italy.

The story of the finding of this picture and its partial restoration has very naturally excited the curiosity of our citizens and it is perhaps the greatest drawing card in the collection at the present time.

If fine works of art can be made accessible to the people and explained historically at least by intelligent cataloging, the benefit will be demonstrated to be undeniable. If works of art are hidden away in dark corners, or placed in lights so poorly arranged

and it is impossible to see them, the owner, whether the state, city or individual, is a loser, because an opportunity to inculcate art sense is wasted.

The superb full length portrait of George Washington, by Gilbert Stuart, now hanging in a very poor light in the Senate Chamber of the Connecticut Capitol, may serve to illustrate my contention. Some years ago the state authorities were persuaded that this great portrait needed brightening, and so with perfectly honest intent a frame maker was employed to do the work. This man I knew and am sure that he was altogether honest, but he certainly ought to have consulted some competent person before venturing to oil the portrait, as he did, with the result that the oil percolating through the pigment to the original priming of glue has softened it to such an extent that as soon as the oil hardened bits of color began to flake off. Thus a picture worth a fortune, and for which a fortune had been offered has been permanently injured. The Superintendent at the Capitol discovered the damage and in cooperation with the Comptroller is making every possible effort, by employing experts, to save the portrait.

After the Washington has been restored, in the best possible manner, I hope that it will be more advantageously placed, and less neglected, and that in a better position with explanatory notes at hand,



which all may read, it will become a factor in that kind of education which encourages a finer art sense.

## In the Shopping District



### THE LADY AT THE COUNTER.

A few feet of polished hard wood or a glass show case, fortunately in this bright and sensible country of ours, have little to do with the title of the woman on either side. The divan in the drawing room has no more to do with it than the counter in the shop, and no less; excepting, perhaps, that the title of lady, too often meaningless anyway, is more commonly misapplied in society than in business. In the latter it is quite sure to have been fully earned under experiences hard to bear, such as will either roughen or refine; and for this reason it means more and may be carried more honestly, and so more becomingly, behind the counter than before it.

Courteous and considerate treatment pays on both sides of the counter. Peevishness back of it and piggishness in front will transform the most alluring bargain side into a profitless and wearisome wrestling match. There are few places where kindly civilities can be exchanged more profitably than over the counter, nowhere are evidences of good breeding more clearly made manifest than in the shopping district.

We know a woman who likes to be called a show-bill or a leading society woman; she is really neither. She has a belief that to receive proper attention when shopping the thing to do is to impress people with her wealth and her importance as a customer. She is an "impressionist" of the over-dress and loud jewelry school. She approaches the counter with the manner of a tragedy queen. She thinks she wants no suggestions from anyone, and usually gets what she thinks she wants. But before she has made for her own inspection before the

pier glass at home she is not wholly pleased with the results of her shopping, and when the bills come in her family circle is not a very happy, peaceful one.

We know a lady who carries with her never an over-abundance of money, she doesn't have it, but always an abundance of sweetness and kindness, whether in drawing room or shopping place, and a cordial welcome always awaits her in both. She is one who can afford to leave her jewels at home, but could never leave her good manners there; she would not be herself without them.

She lays no claim to being an expert shopper or bargain hunter. She is content to be an expert in her own calling, that of making a home life full of duties happy for others and herself. She never worries or frets about her gowns and hats. She has a taste of her own and it is good. She has a pleasant way of imparting it to her dressmaker and milliner, then she puts confidence in them and shows them that she does. Her becoming gowns and hats are the envy of her dress bothered friends, and the bills in their modesty are not unpleasant surprises.

She approaches the counter with no patronizing air. Something like this she may say to the one on the other side, "I have a fancy that this would be rather nice for me; will you please give me the benefit of your taste?" And from the other side is likely to come, "If you will allow me, I would like to suggest," etc. She does not need to hunt for bargains; somehow they seem to fall into her hands. We believe it is because the lady on each side of the counter recognizes that there is a lady on the other side and respects her; and neither is the loser by it.



## IN THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM.

**F**EW of the many who pass the classic structure, strong and dignified with its granite battlements and towers, on Main Street in the heart of the city, stop to think that the Wadsworth Athenaeum is one of the handsomest monuments to the local originality and enterprise of half a century ago. Probably few of those who admire it, whether strangers or citizens, are aware that through the erection of this building Hartford is credited with being the first town or city in the United States to construct a fitting home and permanent exhibition place for art.

In giving the site Daniel Wadsworth made it a condition of his gift that a picture gallery should be one of the features of the building to be erected upon it. The Athenaeum was built in 1842 at a cost of about \$200,000, the money being raised by voluntary contributions.

Mention of the art treasures in the Athenaeum of today must be reserved for a future article, as this is intended simply to give brief information as to what departments devoted to literature, science and art are provided in this interesting and valuable building, for the free use of the public. It may not be amiss, in passing, to give an indication of how little the general public is familiar with the permanent art exhibition by quoting the custodian, Alice Warner Gay, who says: "Scarcely a week goes by without bringing to the Picture Gallery at least one visitor who makes the remark, 'I've lived in Hartford for years and never was in this building before.' Late comers are often indignant because nobody has ever told them to visit it, and say that they had supposed it was some kind of a church." The gallery is open from 10 to 4 on week days, Main Street entrance.

The public library, entrance on Athenaeum Street, is open week days from 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Saturdays to 9 p. m.; legal holidays, 9 to 11 a. m.; reading room, 8 a. m. to 10 p. m.; reference room, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.; holidays, as usual, and Sundays 1 to 7:30 p. m.

The children's department of the library in the

annex is open on school days from 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m., and from 9:00 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. on Saturdays, general holidays and during school vacations.

The library is free to the public. In order to take out a card, entitling the holder to draw one book at a time and as often as desired, it is only necessary to make personal application at the librarian's desk and bring a guarantor, whose name is in the city directory, to endorse the application. The application is good for three years.

The library of the Connecticut Historical Society, entrance on Athenaeum Street, containing about 25,000 volumes, is open daily from 9:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Many historical relics and curios can be seen in the society's hall; open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

The Hartford Art Society's studio, Main Street entrance, is open from October to May.

The Watkinson library of reference, Athenaeum Street entrance, is open from 9:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. and is entirely free. It contains many rare editions highly appreciated by scholars. It has been called the best bound library of its kind in the country.

The Hartford Scientific Society, in the room at the right of the Main Street entrance, exhibits the valuable Wood collection of stuffed birds, small mammals, eggs, etc. The exhibition is open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. on week days. It is of great value in local nature study and has much of interest to all visitors.

### Recipe For a Happy Day.

Take a little dash of cold water,

A little leaven of prayer,

A little bit of sunshine gold

Dissolved in morning air

Add to your meal some merriment,

Add thought for kith and kin,

And then, as a prime ingredient,

A plenty of work thrown in

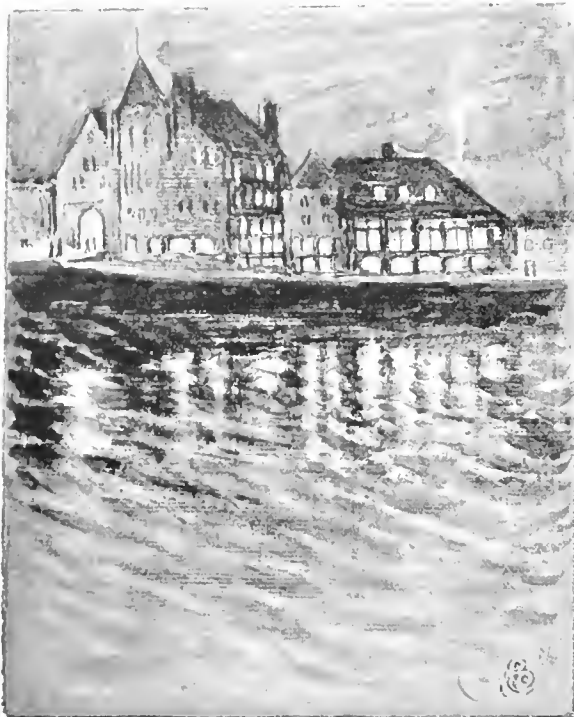
Flavor it all with essence of love

And a little dash of play

Let a nice old book and a glance, boys,

Complete the well-spent day.

*—Ed. Her.*



## ITS BRIGHT LIGHTS SHINE FOR MANY.

Written for The Hartford Monthly

By NOEL H. JACKS, General Secretary.

**F**ROM every point of view from which the record of the Young Men's Christian Association during the past five years may be examined, progress is apparent. Tested by every standard of measurement by which the growth and usefulness of an organization may be tried, it is seen that the last five years have witnessed as great a growth and progress as the entire previous twenty-three years of its history. This is notably shown in the adaptation of the association to meet the needs of men in varied employments and conditions of life. Wherever groups of men are engaged, there the association has gone to meet them, with a genuine interest in their life and welfare.

During the season of 1905-06 the Hartford association has ministered to the needs of men religiously, physically, intellectually and socially.

In the religious department the activities have been as follows: twenty-three Sunday meetings in the Hartford Opera House, with an average weekly attendance of 600, thirty-five meetings at the noon hour in five factories, with a weekly attendance of 600, twenty-four sessions of four Bible classes held in the Association Building, with a total enrollment at 70.

The foreign work department has been maintained and has raised money for carrying on the extension work among young men in non-christian lands. The Hartford association has devoted its efforts to the work for young men in Japan.

The physical department the association, through the use of a well equipped gymnasium, two bowls of water, a paved running track, shower baths, swimming pool, a sparring and wrestling room and table tennis, recreative games, athletics in

# Y.M.C.A.

doors and outdoors, and physical examinations, has been doing a great work among its more than five hundred men and boys who use this department.

Intellectually the association has ministered to the needs of over 325 individual students. Twenty-five different subjects have been taught. There have been many lectures, practical talks, health talks, etc., conducted in this department. The automobile school has been a large success and during the summer of 1905 a vacation summer school was successfully taken care of.

Socially there have been numerous receptions for all classes of men, informal socials being held frequently to promote social life.

In the Y. M. C. A. building such games as pool, chess, checkers, shuffle board, etc., have been in constant use.

A high class entertainment course was carried on in Foot Guard Hall, when clean, wholesome musical and literary entertainments were presented.

In addition to these ways of helping young men and boys, the association carried on an employment department, whereby many men and boys were helped to situations. A boarding house register is in constant use and is of great service to scores of young men seeking for reasonable priced and good places in which to live.

The total membership of the association on January 1st was 1071.

The annual public anniversary of the association was held in Parson's Theatre, Sunday night, April 29th, when a most attractive program was successfully carried out before a large and interested audience.

Preparations are now being made for the usual summer work, to include various forms of games and outdoor athletics. A second term of the summer school will be conducted and the building will be open as usual every day, for the convenience and accommodation of members and young men in general.

## Some Uses of Lemons.

The juice of half a lemon in a cup of black coffee without any sugar will cure sick headache.

Gargle a bad sore throat with a strong solution of lemon juice and water.

Lemon juice and salt will remove iron rust.

A strong unsweetened lemonade taken before breakfast will prevent and cure a bilious attack.

Lemon juice added to milk until it curds and these curds then bound upon parts swollen from rheumatism will bring relief.

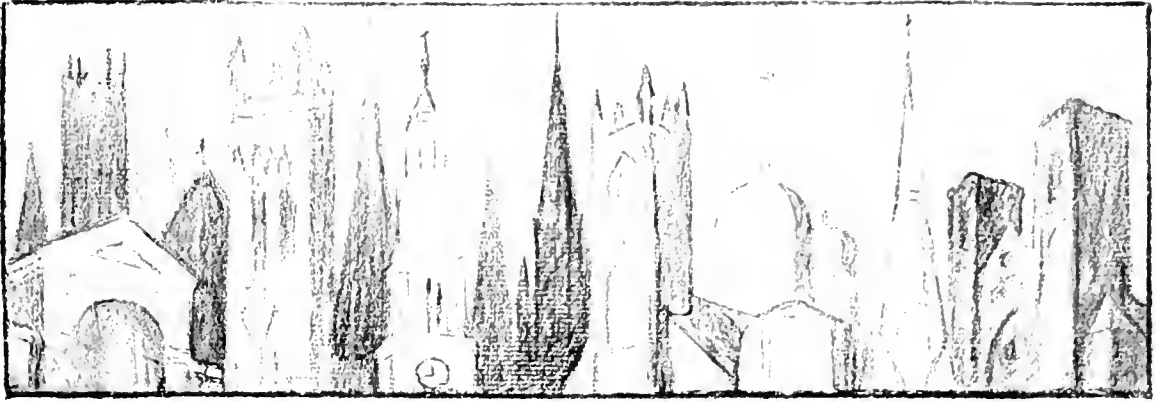
Lemon juice mixed very thick with sugar will relieve that tickling cough that is so annoying.

A hot lemonade taken before going to bed will cure a cold on the lungs.

A cloth saturated in lemon juice and bound about a cut or wound will stop its bleeding.

—Selected.





## † · IN THE CHURCHES · †

"More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those that call them friend?  
For so the whole round world is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

**Asylum Avenue Baptist Church**, Asylum Avenue, corner of Sigourney Street. Rev. George M. Stone, pastor. Quartet choir. Mrs. Leon D. Harden, soprano; Mrs. Thomas E. H. Couch, alto; Mr. Edward B. Eaton, tenor; Mr. Frank G. Burnham, bass; Miss E. A. Korn, organist and director. Services Sunday 10:45 A. M.

**Asylum Hill Congregational Church**, 814 Asylum Avenue. Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, pastor. Quartet choir. Mrs. Martha L. Roulston, soprano; Mrs. Virginia P. Marwick, alto; Mr. Frederick M. Greene, tenor; Mr. F. H. Kenyon, bass; Mr. Farnum H. Lane, organist. Services Sunday 10:45 A. M.

**Christ Church**, Episcopal, 955 Main Street. Rev. James Goodwin, rector. Boy Choir. Mr. Frank C. Gill, Mr. C. H. Chatfield, soloists; Mr. Arthur Priest, organist and choir-master. Services Sunday 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

**Church of the Good Shepherd**, Episcopal, Wyllis Street. Rev. George T. Linsley, rector. Quartet. Mrs. D. P. Goodrich, Miss Mabel Gilbert, Mr. C. B. Pitblado, Mr. J. Morgan Lord. Chorus: Miss Grace Pickering, Miss Leah Miller, Miss Lottie Lloyd, Mrs. R. E. Douglas, sopranos; Miss Mabel L. Evans, Miss Mabel Stronach, Miss Agnes H. Martin, Miss Annie H. Martin, altos; Mr. Charles H. Farbox, tenor; Mr. Phillip C. Burnham, Mr. Clarence H. Taylor, Mr. Thomas R. Pickering, basses. Mr. Robert H. Prutting, organist and choir-master. Services Sunday 11:45 A. M. and 5:00 P. M.

**Church of the Redeemer**, Universalist, 686 Main Street. Rev. J. Coleman Adams, D. D., pastor. Quartet choir. Mrs. Harriet Holt Johnson, soprano; Mrs. Alice Pattison Merritt, alto; Mr. Charles D. Crocker, tenor; Mr. Archie I. Whiting, bass; Miss Elsie J. Dresser, organist. Services Sunday 10:45 A. M.

**Congregation Beth Israel**, Charter Oak Avenue. Rev. M. Elkin, Rabbi. Quartet choir. Mrs. Martha

L. Roulston, Miss Mollie Blumenthal, Mr. Hubert L. Maercklein, Mr. Elbert L. Couch, Mr. Farnum H. Lane, organist. Services Sunday 7:30 P. M. Saturday 10:00 A. M.

**Farmington Avenue Congregational Church**, 560 Farmington Avenue. Rev. William De Loss Love, pastor. Quartet choir. Mrs. Roy H. T. Barnes, soprano; Mrs. Lillian G. Furlong, alto; Mr. Frank N. Kelley, tenor; Mr. Frederick W. Latham, bass; Mr. Benjamin W. Loveland, organist and director. Services Sunday 10:45 A. M., 7:30 P. M.

**First Baptist Church**, Main, corner Talcott Street. Rev. Harold Pattison, pastor. Quartet choir. Mrs. Leon P. Brown, soprano; Miss Agatha Braheney, alto; Mr. George A. Tuttle, tenor; Mr. Richard H. Robbins, bass; Mr. Herman I. Bolles, organist. Services Sunday 10:30 A. M.

**First Church of Christ** (Center Congregational), 675 Main Street. Rev. Rockwell Harmon Potter, pastor. Quartet choir. Miss Gertrude Damon, soprano; Mrs. Nellie Cary Reynolds, alto; Mr. Charles Edward Prior, Jr., tenor; Mr. Elbert L. Couch, bass; Mr. John Spencer Camp, organist and director. Services Sunday 10:30 A. M.; vesper 4 P. M.

**First Church of Christ**, Scientist, Farmington Avenue, opposite Kenyon Street. First reader, Charles W. Griffiths; second reader, Mrs. Edward F. Kenyon; Mr. Clinton H. Newton, soloist; Mrs. Harriet Crane Pitblado, organist. Services, Sunday 10:45 A. M.; Wednesday 8 P. M.

**First Methodist Church**, Farmington Avenue, corner Smith Street. Rev. Charles W. McCormack, pastor. Chorus choir. Mrs. Grace Preston Naylor, soloist; Mrs. Charles Edward Prior, Jr., pianist; Mrs. Maude Tower Peck, organist. Services Sunday 10:45 A. M., 7:30 P. M.

**First Presbyterian Church**, 136 Capitol Ave. Rev. W. W. Breckenridge, pastor. Chorus choir. Mrs. F. W. Baker, organist and director. Services Sunday 10:45 A. M., 7:30 P. M.

**Fourth Congregational Church**, 1091 Main Street. Rev. Henry M. Kelsey, pastor. Chorus choir. Miss Angel Agnes Choupomian, soprano; Mr. Ralph I. Baldwin, organist and choir-master. Services Sunday 10:30 A. M.; Evangelistic service 7:30 P. M.

**North Methodist Episcopal Church**, 314 Windsor Avenue. Rev. Samuel W. Howell, pastor. Chorus choir. Effie S. Ostrander, J. B. McNamara, soloists; Mr. Frank C. Hill, organist. Services Sunday 10:30 A. M.

**Park Congregational Church**, 390 Asylum Street. Rev. William W. Ranney, pastor. Quartet choir. Mrs. C. P. Waterman, soprano; Miss Edith M. Aab, alto; Mr. Hubert L. Maereklein, tenor; Mr. Thomas E. Couch, bass; Mr. Daniel E. Wentworth, organist and director. Services Sunday 10.30 A. M. and 4.00 P. M.

**Second Church of Christ** (South Congregational), 307 Main Street. Rev. Edwin Pond Parker, D. D., pastor. Quartet choir. Mrs. Lotta Korn Smith, soprano; Miss Margaret McReynolds, alto; Mr. Edwin Beebe, tenor; Mr. William T. Marsh, bass; Mr. John M. Gallup, organist and director. Services Sunday 10.45 A. M.

**South Baptist Church**, Main Street, corner Elm. Rev. William Holloway Mann, pastor. Double Quartet choir. Miss Gertrude C. Laidlaw, Miss Anna M. Barrows, sopranos; Miss Winnie M. Merrill, Miss Alice Burt, altos; Mr. Edwin Lowenhaupt, Mr. Harry D. Mather, tenors; Mr. Frank P. Usher, Mr. Fred N. Tucker, basses; Mr. Clayton E. Hotchkiss, organist and director. Services Sunday 10.30 A. M., 7.30 P. M.

**South Park Methodist Church**, 75 Main Street. Rev. Elmer A. Dent, D. D., pastor. Quartet choir. Miss Olive B. Lord, soprano; Miss Grace Kilbourne, alto; Mr. Joseph W. McNulty, tenor; Mr. Charles A. Zipp, Jr., bass; Mr. Fred B. Bower, organist and director. Services Sunday 10.30 A. M., 7.30 P. M.

**St. James Church, Episcopal**, 145 Park Street. Rev. John T. Huntington, rector. Chorus choir. Mrs. W. H. Lankton, soloist; Mrs. H. L. Holden, organist. Services Sunday 10.45 A. M., 7.30 P. M.

**St. John's Church**, Episcopal, 580 Main Street. Rev. James W. Bradin, rector. Chorus choir. Miss Mabel Wainwright, organist; Mr. Elwyn N. Emmons, choir-master. Services Sunday 10.45 A. M., 3 P. M.

**St. Joseph Cathedral**, R. C., 150 Farmington Avenue. Right Rev. Michael Tierney, Bishop of Hartford. Rev. T. S. Duggan, rector. Male chorus choir of 110 voices selected mostly from students of

St. Thomas Seminary. Masters Willie Connors and Edward Shannon, boy soloists; Mr. Peter Radican, baritone soloist. Only Gregorian Music is used in accordance with the recommendation of the Pope. Professor Edward J. Dooley, organist and choir-master. High mass Sunday 10.30 A. M., vespers 4.00 P. M.

**St. Peter's Church**, R. C., 170 Main Street. Rev. Paul F. McAllenney, pastor. Chorus choir. Soloists, Miss Florence Gerety, Miss Margaret Tracey, Miss Margaret Turner, Mrs. Margaret Mehegan, Miss Maria Ryan, Mrs. D. J. Curtis, Jr., Mr. Joseph Nolan, Mr. John Gerety, Mr. C. Vetter, Mr. Edward Goff, Mr. Thomas Daly; Mr. James J. McGovern, organist. High mass Sunday 10.30 A. M., vespers 3.30 P. M.

**St. Thomas' Church**, Episcopal, 245 Windsor Avenue. Rev. Henry Macbeth, rector. Chorus choir. Miss Edna B. Cummings, soloist; Mr. Louis B. Hawley, organist and director. Services Sunday 10.30 A. M., 7.30 P. M.

**Trinity Church**, Episcopal, 120 Sigourney Street. Rev. Ernest de F. Miel, rector. Boy Choir. Mr. William J. Carrol, tenor soloist; Mr. L. P. Waldo Marvin, bass soloist; Mr. F. W. Tilton, organist and choir-master. Services Sunday 10.45 A. M., 7.30 P. M.

**Windsor Avenue Congregational Church**, 300 Windsor Avenue. Rev. Harry E. Peabody, pastor. Quartet choir. Miss Mildred A. E. Camp, soprano; Miss Mary L. Hamlin, alto; Mr. B. Fred Grant, tenor; Mr. Louis M. Ames, bass; Mr. Richard O. Phelps, organist and choir-master. Services Sunday 10.30 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

**St. Patrick's Church**, R. C., 83 Church Street. Rev. William H. Rogers, pastor. Chorus choir of 40 voices. Mrs. C. J. Callaghan, Miss Carrie Madigan, Miss Margaret McGuinn, Miss Josephine Mulville, Miss Julia O'Connell, Mr. C. Leonard, Mr. Paul Moquin, Mr. J. C. Hughes, Mr. Louis St. John, soloists; Mr. David S. Moran, organist and choir-master. High mass Sunday 10.30 A. M., vespers 4.00 P. M.



IN COLT PARK, SHOWING COLT STATUE, UNVEILED APRIL 26.

Photo for The Hartford Monthly by Akers.



"Give me a man whose heart  
 Is filled with ambition's fire,  
 Who sets his mark in the start,  
 And moves it higher and higher  
 Better to die in the strife,  
 The hands with labor rife,  
 Than to glide with the stream in  
 an idle dream,  
 And live a purposeless life."

## POLICE CALLS AND FIRE ALARMS.

IT is doubtful if one person in a hundred in Hartford knows that he or she is entitled to have a key by which signals to call a policeman can be given at any of the thirty-four police signal boxes, conspicuously placed at convenient points of the city. These boxes are known as police telegraph stations. They are iron boxes, attached to posts and poles, at a height of perhaps five feet from the ground. They are conveniently reached from the sidewalk and are most frequently at corners where several streets intersect, or near such localities.

There are two keyholes in the door of the box; one exclusively for the use of policemen, the other for the use of citizens. The keyhole for the use of citizens is near the center of the door and is plainly marked "Citizen's Key." The hole for the keys carried by policemen is on the left side of the door. Policemen also use the center keyhole as citizens do to call the patrol.

The door of the box is not opened by citizens, the key carried by them does not unlock the door. Inside of the box are several signal appliances for different calls for the use of policemen, but not for citizens. A holder of a citizen's key wanting police assistance simply inserts the key in the keyhole marked "Citizen's Key," pushes it in as far as possible, turns it as far as it will go, or one quarter way around, lets go of the key and leaves it there in the keyhole. The key once inserted cannot be taken out until a policeman comes and releases it. Otherwise a false alarm would be struck at police headquarters. The person making the call, or his representative, should remain at the signal box until the arrival of a policeman, to make his wants known.

The citizen's key can be used only for calling a policeman. If a police surgeon or a police ambulance is required, the best way to obtain either is to telephone direct to police headquarters, Market Street; or the policeman answering the signal box call can signal from the same box for either, if he finds it necessary. Any reputable citizen can obtain a key by applying to Chief-of-Police Gunn at police headquarters. The keys are furnished by the city free of charge.

People generally are far more familiar with the fire alarm signal service than with the system of police telegraph calls. The deep, ringing voice of the ever wakeful old watchdog of the fire fiend is heard daily and nightly without fail, be it simply to remind us of the passing of time or to thrill us with apprehension, as we count the warning notes to

learn how far from us or how near at hand may be the unmeasured danger it announces. There is always an irresistible curiosity, if nothing more, that almost forces one to count the strokes of a fire alarm. And so we come naturally to know more about fire alarms than we do of a signal service like that of the police, the duties of which are connected with work that fortunately, as a rule, need not disturb well meaning people at their busy occupations or in their peaceful homes.

But people are not generally aware that any reputable citizen can have a key, which will enable him to give a fire alarm from any of the public fire alarm telegraph stations. There are 133 of these stations located carefully throughout the city, the little red boxes being almost as familiar as letter boxes. Of the 133 all are for public use excepting nine which are private signaling places, chiefly in institutions. Some of the boxes are keyless, no key being required for their use.



WILLIAM F. GUNN, CHIEF OF POLICE

able to furnish reliable citizens free of charge by application to Chief Krug at the headquarters of the fire department, 15 Pearl Street. As Chief Krug remarked to the writer recently, the city is glad to have reliable citizens hold keys, for a key in good hands at the right time and place may be the means of saving thousands of dollars and possibly life. The penalties and punishments for the intentional misuse of signals and alarms of either the fire or police department are heavy and severe, and detection is very sure.

The fire department instructions to keyholders are as follows: To give an alarm, open the door, pull the hook to the bottom of the slot, once, and let go, then close the door. The key will be released and returned as soon as convenient. Do not pull the hook if the fire bell or the small bell in the box is striking, as that indicates an alarm has already been given. In using the keyless box, when the door has been opened, follow the same directions as given for ordinary box. Private boxes will only be pulled for fires on the premises where located. Always give the alarm from the box nearest to the fire. Keyholders, upon changing their locations, will please notify the superintendent of fire alarm telegraph, at department headquarters.

In the back part of this magazine, in city guide column under the heading "Some Good Business Tips," will always be found a list of numbers of fire alarm signals and locations of boxes, furnished for the magazine by the chief of the fire department; also a similar list of police telegraph stations, furnished by the chief of police.

If this article is preserved for reference it may be found serviceable, for use in connection with the lists in the city guide column.



LOUIS KRUG, CHIEF OF FIRE DEPARTMENT.



NO. 1 WEBSTER SCHOOL CORN STREET

# In The Theatres

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
For we that live to please must please to live.  
—Dr. Johnson

## BRIGHT SUMMER ATTRACTIONS.

**K**IND friends, with a sympathy always genuine, we like to believe, if not always fully justified, are wont about this season of the year to begin to commiserate the city "stay-at-homes" of their family or social circles. Those of us who by necessity or choice are to find our summer surcease of winter activities in what urban life may afford us in the way of comparative rest and recre-

Hartford is peculiarly a city desirable for both summer and winter residence. In fact few cities of size in this or any country equal it in this fortunate characteristic; certainly no valley city in this zone surpasses it. The openness of its streets and building placings, and consequently of its public and private lawns; the generosity of its parks; the quality of its abundant water supply; its varied drives and walks and its charming suburbs, conveniently and economically accessible by generally well



JULIA DEAN, OF THE HUNTER-BRADFORD PLAYERS

ation, instead of enjoying with sympathizing friends the ever new and fresh delights of rural summerings, are after all able to have many a "glad old summer time" even in the city; if the city be like this bright and beautiful queen of the valley. To know this, of course, relieves many a fond sympathizer and is a sort of happy all-round reconciler.

managed trolleys are among the public features that make it a place of attractive summer qualities. It is a city of comfortable homes pleasantly located, well cared for by efficient public health officials and thrifty owners. Its open air concerts, given by some of the finest band musicians in New England

are delightful sources of pleasure and inspiration in environments of rare beauty.

It is fortunate in having its three theatres conducted on remarkably clean and wholesome standards. Their management is in the hands of enterprising men who realize that this is an exceptionally good summer city and provide summer attractions accordingly. This fact has far more to do with making summer life here enjoyable, and relieving the ordinary dullness of the season, than is generally realized; it has been so long an established fact that it has come to be taken for granted. Here is brief mention of some of the theatrical attractions provided for the coming season.

#### PARSONS'.

The Hunter-Bradford Players, of Hartford and Springfield, who won deserved popularity here last summer and enjoyed a most successful season, will present a choice series of plays at Parsons' theatre during the coming summer. The company includes some excellent talent and makes a specialty of presenting high class comedies at popular prices. The repertoire includes "The Liars," "Adventures of Lady Ursula," "Alabama," "Lord and Lady Algy" and other plays of similar character. The production of a new play by a prominent American dramatist is anticipated, with the best of recent American and English successes. Besides the regular evening performances, three matinees will be given each week, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The favorites of last season are here this year, among them Miss Julia Dean, Miss Eva Vincent, Miss Marion Lorne, Mr. John Findley, Mr. Clarence

Handyside, Mr. John Westley. Among the new artists in the company are Miss Orma Caldara, Miss Alida Cortelyou and Mr. Walter Hitchcock. Mr. Graham, who superintends the production of the Hunter-Bradford plays, was for several years with Richard Mansfield in a similar capacity.

#### POLI'S.

About the first of June there will be a complete change for the summer at Poli's. Popular plays presented by the Poli Stock Company are to be substituted for vaudeville. Daily matinees will be given as usual and at the same prices. The summer season of plays opens with Higgins' "Piney Ridge," a play of Kentucky rural life. Manager Kilby is a strong believer in the value of striking and artistic scenic effects; they will be made important features of the season. A perfected cooling apparatus is being put in the theatre, which will be appreciated by the hot weather patrons of this popular playhouse.

#### HARTFORD OPERA HOUSE.

Society dramas and comedies, introducing various specialties, will be prominent among the early summer attractions at the Hartford Opera House. In these will appear a number of stars with stock company support. "Jim the Penman" is among the bookings, in which Miss Florence Hamilton will appear as star. Though this theatre was remodeled and refurnished not long ago, Mr. Jennings, manager, has important alterations and repairs planned, for which the house will be closed July 1st for perhaps six weeks in mid-summer.



## — SUBURBAN —

### WEST HARTFORD.

#### A Beautiful Town and Its Public Spirit.

Written for The Hartford Monthly  
BY HENRY C. WHITMAN.

THE ARTIST'S endeavor to sketch in brief outline some of the more interesting features of the town of West Hartford as it appears today, leaving the reader to fill in the town's possibilities for a more complete picture.

West Hartford is often alluded to as one of Hartford's finest suburbs and to even the casual visitor, the reason for this is apparent. The natural beauty of the place is great; with the stately Talcott Mountain range as a background, the town spreads over a succession of hill and vale rarely surpassed. The higher levels afford distant views of the blue hills or mountains in all directions and the traveler whether in automobile or carriage, or on the humble bicycle must frequently feel the desire to stop and enjoy the outlook.

Man has also done something for the place, while West Hartford has agricultural and manufacturing interests of importance, and each worthy of a long article, it is perhaps most often thought of as a suburban residence town. The last grand list was \$3,115,271 and the largest item was 711 dwelling houses with lots \$2,042,160. These dwellings range from the cottage costing \$1,000 or less, to the homes of luxury, valued at \$50,000 to \$100,000.

The town is considered a haven for young married couples. The birth rate is about double the death rate and baby perambulators are almost as common as motor vehicles and not half as dangerous.

The gain in population from 1890 to 1900 was over 65 per cent, a rate surpassed by but few places in the state. The present population is carefully estimated at 3,900, a gain of nearly 2,000 since 1890. The electric railway lines have been an important factor in this growth. A ten minute service has been maintained on Farmington Avenue for over ten years. Another factor has been the "village improvement" spirit, which is shown in well-kept grounds, fine roadways and ever lengthening substantial flag sidewalks. The heavy no-license majorities rolled up on election day, have done much for the welfare of West Hartford, and promise, if maintained, a high class of inhabitants for the future.

Although the first buildings were erected in the present town limits, more than 200 years ago, it was not until 1854 that West Hartford became an independent municipality, cut from Hartford, and empowered to elect its own representative. The semi-centennial in 1904 passed without celebration; this however does not betoken lack of spirit, as the representative men have actively opposed any suggested union with Hartford. While it would seem that in the natural course of growth the two places must again become one, there is a general hope that the time may be distant. The people apparently have little wish to give up their right to lay taxes and spend the proceeds as they may desire, for the alternative of higher taxes and appeal to an autocratic city board for every improvement.

The citizens in town meeting have many times voted large sums for school buildings, substantial bridges and the like. In 1890, under the active leadership of A. C. Sternberg, a good roads party secured an appropriation of \$50,000 for macadam highways, and the town has now about 22 miles of main highways macadamized. The value of town property and improvements is estimated at \$236,955, with an indebtedness of \$187,503. The main streets are electrically lighted and good schools are maintained, while the total rate of taxation has not exceeded 14 mills.

In E. T. Stanley, W. S. Lines and C. E. Beach the town has a Board of Selectmen, ready to direct affairs on broad lines and standing for the best interests of the whole community. The public schools, with a corps of 26 instructors under the direction of Superintendent W. H. Hall and a committee of nine, maintain high educational standards. Nearly \$22,000 was expended on account of education last year. In contrast, and showing the quietness of the town, is the cost of criminal cases the same year, \$115.84, which includes all police and court costs, the one active constable, J. H. Strong,

having so high a reputation for efficiency that he has little work of this kind.

A word about the religious and social institutions, each of which deserves a chapter. The Congregational or First Church has been for nearly two centuries a force for good in West Hartford and at the present day holds a strong place not only in the religious but in the social life of the town. The membership is about 130. Rev. T. M. Hodgdon, pastor since 1891, is a man of ideas, as attested by a recent week, when at his request the week day services were omitted and social calls were made by him and his parishioners instead.

In a part of the church building the first absolutely free library, in this region, was opened Jan. 1, 1883, this institution was made possible by the generosity of James Talcott, once a West Hartford boy and now a New York millionaire. There are about 3,400 volumes in charge of Miss Elizabeth S. Elmer, the first and present librarian. The town now contributes \$325 annually to maintain the library and the state \$100 in books for the shelves.

St. James Church, the Baptist Church and the Union Chapel at Elmwood, while smaller in membership, contribute a good share toward the spiritual uplift of the town. Rev. James Gammick, LL. D., has been rector of St. James Church for more than 10 years. Wyllys Lodge No. 99, A. F. & A. M., is one of the most active institutions in town at present. Allen B. Judd is the Master of the lodge. The membership is about 180 and is increasing; it includes many prominent citizens.

West Hartford Grange No. 58, of which Algernon B. Alderson is Master, holds a strong position in the social life of the town. The membership is 214. At the meetings programs with literary and musical features are often presented.

The Sarah Whitman Hooker Chapter D. A. R. was recently formed with Miss Sarah W. Talcott as Regent. The Chapter is flourishing and gives promise of instilling and perpetuating the spirit that animated the patriots of the Revolution. The membership is 62. Other institutions, as the Woman's Literary Club, the Elmwood Literary Club, the First Church Men's Union and the Boys' Brigade, are deserving of more extended notice.

The future of West Hartford, as a distinctly quiet, high class, residence town, seems bright with promise, if the churches are kept up, saloons kept out and taxes kept down.

## EAST HARTFORD.

### Attractive Features of an Old Rural Town.

Written for The Hartford Monthly  
By JOSEPH O. GOODWIN.

The situation of East Hartford is from many viewpoints fortunate. Near a large city, yet separated from it by the Connecticut River and the low meadows over which the spring floods must always be allowed their way, it still retains the characteristics of a rural town.

Its adjacent isolation (if one may so phrase it) is such that it does not invite the invasion of large commercial enterprises with their tumult of competitive trade. Business now seeks great centers, and the

trolleys shuttle back and forth in unison with the cash boxes in the "department stores" in the cities.

The trolleys and the fine bridge and causeway will in no way favor the expansion of the city in this direction except for those who seek quiet rural homes. The town affords to this class the lines of rapid transit to and from a busy center, in touch with all the world, and the home-life in an old country town after the bustling day is done.

And the old town is provided with many of the charms and comforts and conveniences of life. The park-like effect of its broad meadow as one approaches the town gives a pleasant impression of broad amplitude of space where trees and flowers and grasses grow at will. Its street elms, planted by the foresight of its own people, many of them before the Revolution, have been admired by travelers for over a hundred years. Its stone roads are thoroughfares for bicycles and motor-cars on their trips from city to city.

Its government is close to the people. Here the good old town meeting is still the clearing house for public affairs. Therein all citizens may air their grievances, advocate reforms and improvements, and criticize their officers without fear of a too precise regard for social standing or parliamentary rules. In such open conference dishonesty or evasion (if any there be) gets its prompt exposure and rebuke, and the ballot box may apply its penalties to offenders against the common interests.

Beside the town government, there is also, in the center of the town, an incorporated fire district, with a charter so comprehensive that nearly every need of the community can be provided for. Its meetings are as open as the town meeting for all who care to question, to advocate new measures, or to complain. This district owns and distributes an excellent water supply, has a fire department, has built sewers, and provided electric lights for the streets and houses. It controls the laying of sidewalks and curbs, and has charge of the sanitation of the district and other matters relating to the common welfare.

The East Hartford Village Improvement Society, chartered by the state, has the care of Raymond Park, and has voluntarily assumed the care of the streets and grass plots, which with the colonnade of trees give Main Street the effect of a well-kept parkway. Its officers also attend to the sprinkling of the streets.

The Raymond (reference) library and reading-room, and the town's free public library supply the public with good facilities for study and reading.

Seven churches minister to the spiritual life of the people. The schools are among the best of town schools, the high school preparing its pupils for the colleges.

Twelve, or more, fraternal societies maintain their mystic shrines in the town and care for their sick and bury their dead, incidentally promoting the sympathy and cordiality of social life. A business men's association affords opportunity for conference and the promotion of the interests of the town. A working men's club has taken up the study of economic questions and has interesting open lectures and discussions. With these resources at hand one need not go far for fellowship or diversion.

The industries of the town are farming and tobacco culture, four busy paper mills, and the shops and

freight yard of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad company, and a projected machine shop. It has ample space and railroad facilities for small manufactories.

A final question may be asked by the seeker after information. Is the town growing? Commercially—no. Aside from the usual village stores, it helps only to expand the city's business houses; the "department stores" overshadow every business venture. The city gets back directly or indirectly all that the wage-earners derive from its enterprises.—In population?—yes; but the advancing price of materials has somewhat checked the building of houses and advanced the worth of property already completed. Still rents have advanced but slowly. The limit of the ability of its people to buy houses or to pay rent is not high, and whoever will devise a cheaper method of building houses than the present will add an element of growth to the town for which it is waiting. In wealth?—slowly. With its limited grand list, made up largely of the assessment of modest homes, the town has always problems to face, but it has always met them cheerfully and with the belief that its affairs are wisely administered and that the expense created is shared by all for the good of all its citizens.

## MEDICAL PRACTICE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

About a half century ago a descendant of one of the oldest families in Farmington found himself alone in the house of his ancestors. The rest of the family had either died or married or removed to other dwelling places. He therefore promptly performed the most admirable action of his whole life by marrying a very worthy woman for his first and only wife.

His house stood near the north end of the main street and when his spouse began to examine the spacious house of his ancestors, the spirit of house-cleaning came mightily upon her. All went well until she came to a cupboard of family medicines bearing the labels of druggists who for ages had compounded the prescriptions of a long line of doctors. The labels bore the well known names of Dr. Seth Cowles, Col. Martin Cowles, General George Cowles and his sons, George D. and Richard H., and I know not how many other learned wielders of the mortar and pestle.

Said the good wife, "I suppose we may as well throw all this stuff away. Nobody knows what it is or what it is for." "I will consent to no such thing," says the husband. "A great deal of money was paid for these medicines and a great deal more to the doctors who ordered them. We cannot afford to waste money in any such way." "But what shall we do with all these bottles?" said the good wife. "I will tell you," he said.

So selecting the biggest bottle in the cupboard he emptied all the little ones into it, whether intended for internal or external use or for any other use, if use there be, and, shaking well the contents, took a few drops of the mixture every day, and said *it did him a world of good*. The twain, husband and wife, after living many years in the old house, now rest side by side in the cemetery by the river.

—Julius Gay.



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## CITY GUIDE Police Calls and Fire Alarm

### How to Call a Policeman.

A key fitting all police call boxes will be furnished to any reputable citizen free of charge, upon application at police headquarters, Market Street.

To call a policeman, and for this purpose only, insert key in key hole marked "Citizen's Key" in center of outside door; push key in as far as possible, turn key to right as far as it will go, or one quarter way around, let go of key and leave it there. Do not try to open the door nor to release the key, the key once inserted can only be released by a policeman.

### Location of Police Call Boxes.

- 12, cor. Morgan and Front Streets
- 13, " Morgan and Main Streets
- 14, " Windsor and Avon Streets
- 15, " Main and Pavilion Streets
- 16, " Judson and Barlow Streets
- 21, " Union Depot
- 22, " Main and Elm Streets
- 23, " Albany Avenue and East Street
- 24, " Albany Avenue and Blue Hills Road
- 25, " Asylum Avenue and Woodland Street
- 26, " Sigourney and Collins Streets
- 27, " Farmington Avenue and Union Street
- 31, " State and Front Streets
- 32, " Front and Sheldon Streets
- 33, " Commerce and Potter Streets
- 34, " Main and Arch Streets
- 35, " Charter Oak and Union Streets
- 41, " Paul Street, Hook & Ladder House
- 42, " Park and Broad Streets
- 43, " Zion Street and Grondley Avenue
- 44, " Broad and Howard Streets
- 45, " Park Street and Nelson Avenue
- 46, " Park and Laurel Streets
- 51, " Wetherfield Avenue and Bond Street
- 52, " Main and Congress Streets
- 53, " Washington and Vernon Streets
- 54, " Lafayette and Ross Streets
- 55, " New Britain Avenue and Bond Street
- 56, " Maple Avenue and Webster Street
- 57, " Wetherfield Avenue and East Street
- 61, " Schenck's Office, Bond Street
- 62, " Franklin Street and Centre Building
- 63, " House of Commerce, Boston Park
- 72, " Farmington Avenue and State Street

### How to Give a Fire Alarm

Turn on 136 fire alarm, which is located in front of the City Hall, and push the button in the center of the door. A fire alarm will be given, and the fire department will be notified.



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This is  
Dave

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face to face."

Telephone 482-5



## CITY GUIDE---Continued.

obtain a key to be kept on hand in case of  
need, by applying at the fire department head-  
quarters, 43 Pearl Street.

To give an alarm, open the door of the red  
box, pull the hook to the bottom of the slot  
once, and let go; then close the door. The  
key will be released and returned as soon as  
convenient. Do not pull the hook if the fire  
bell or the small bell in the box is striking,  
as that indicates an alarm has already been  
given. In using the keyless box, when the  
door has been opened, follow the same direc-  
tions as given for ordinary box. Private boxes  
will only be pulled for fires on the premises  
where located. Always give the alarm from  
the box nearest to the fire. Key holders, upon  
changing their locations, will please notify  
the superintendent of fire alarm telegraph, at  
department headquarters.

### Fire Alarm Boxes.

The numbers given below correspond with  
the strokes of the fire alarm bell. From the  
strokes and these numbers a fire can be very  
closely located, the strokes indicating the  
number of the box from which the alarm has  
been given.

- 12, Asylum St. and Union Pl.
- 13, Asylum and Farmington Aves., Junction.
- 14, Walnut St., opp. Chestnut.
- 15, Flower St., front Pratt & Whitney Co's.
- 16, Hook & Ladder House, Pearl St.
- 17, Engine House, No. 4, Ann St.
- 18, Trumbull and Pearl Sts.
- 19, Trumbull and Main Sts.
- 122, Myrtle and Edwards Sts.
- 123, High St. and Foot Guard Place
- 124, Ford and Asylum Sts.
- 132, Farmington Ave. and Beach St.
- 141, Lumber St.
- 142, Albany Avenue and East St.
- 143, County Jail, Seyms St.
- 144, Windsor Ave. and Florence St.
- 161, So. N. E. Telephone Bldg. (Private)
- 21, Asylum and Trumbull Sts.
- 23, Main and Pearl Sts.
- 24, State and Market Sts.
- 25, Engine House, No. 3, Front St.
- 26, Grove and Commerce Sts.
- 27, Main and Pratt Sts.
- 28, Main and Morgan Sts.
- 29, Morgan and Front Sts.
- 213, Trumbull and Church Sts.
- 231, Main and Asylum Sts.
- 241, Market and Temple Sts.
- 251, Kilbourn and Commerce Sts.
- 271, Main and Church Sts.
- 31, Front and Arch Sts.
- 32, Main and Muller Sts.
- 34, Trumbull and Jewell Sts.
- 35, Main and Elm Sts.
- 56, Capitol Ave. and West St.
- 37, Colt's Armory.
- 38, Main and Buckingham Sts.
- 39, Engine House, No. 6, Huyshope Ave.
- 312, Charter Oak Ave. and Governor St.
- 313, Capewell Horse Nail Co. (Private).
- 314, Sheldon and Taylor Sts.
- 315, Old Screw Shop, Sheldon St.
- 321, Grove and Prospect Sts.
- 361, Capitol Ave. and Trinity St.
- 371, Edward Ball Co., Sheldon St. (Private)
- 381, Charter Oak Place.
- 41, Capitol Ave., front of Pope's.
- 42, Park and Washington Sts.
- 43, Russ and Oak Sts.
- 45, New Britain Ave. and Summit St.
- 46, Zion St., opp. Vernon.
- 47, Park and Broad Sts.
- 48, Broad and Vernon Sts.
- 49, Trinity College.
- 111, Hartford Machine Screw Co. (Private)
- 112, Russ and Lawrence Sts.
- 113, Putnam St., opp. Orphan Asylum

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### CITY GUIDE---Continued.

421. Buckingham and Cedar Sts.
423. Washington and Jefferson Sts.
424. Broad and Madison Sts.
451. Fairfield Ave. and White St.
452. New Britain Ave. and White St.
461. Hamilton and Wellington Sts.
471. Engine House, No. 8, Park and Atleck Sts.
5. Engine House, No. 1, Main St.
51. Maple Ave. and Congress St.
52. Wethersfield Ave., opp. Car Barns.
53. Retreat Ave. and Washington St.
54. Wethersfield Ave. and Alden St.
56. New Britain Ave. and Washington St.
57. Retreat for Insane (Private).
512. Franklin Ave. and Shultas Place.
513. Franklin Ave. and Morris St.
514. Hartford Hospital (Private).
521. Wethersfield Ave. and Preston St.
522. Wethersfield Ave., opp. Capitol Park.
523. Engine House, No. 10, Bond St.
524. Franklin Ave. and Brown St.
531. New Britain Ave. and Broad St.
532. Julius and Crown Sts.
561. Maple Ave. and Bond St.
6. Asylum Ave., opp. Summer St.
61. Farmington Ave. and Smith St.
62. Engine House, No. 5, Sigourney St.
63. Farmington Ave. and Gillett St.
64. Engine House, No. 11, Sisson Ave.
65. Capitol Ave. and Laurel St.
67. Capitol Ave. and Sigourney St.
611. North Beacon and Cone Sts.
612. Farmington Ave. and Oxford St.
613. Kenyon St.
614. Warrenton Ave. and Beacon St.
621. Cathedral, Farmington Ave. (Private)
622. Woodland St., opp. Niles.
623. Farmington Ave. and Laurel St.
631. Farmington and Sisson Aves.
632. Forest and Hawthorn Sts.
641. Smith and Davenport Sts.
642. Park and Heath Sts.
643. Bartholomew Ave.
644. New Park Ave. and Kibbe St.
645. New Park Ave. and Merrill St.
651. Underwood Typewriter Co., 581 Capitol Ave. (Private).
652. Electric Vehicle Co., Park and Laurel Sts. (Private).
653. Laurel and Willow Sts.
7. Albany Ave. and Williams St.
71. Woodland and Collins Sts.
72. Alms House (Private).
73. Garden and Collins Sts.
74. Albany and Blue Hills Aves.
75. Vine St., west side, front T. J. Blake's.
76. Albany Ave., west of Lenox Place.
711. Asylum Ave. and Gillette St.
712. Collins and Sigourney Sts.
713. Ashley and Huntington Sts.
714. Sargeant and May Sts.
715. Sargeant and Woodland Sts.
721. Vine and Capen Sts.
731. Sargeant and Garden Sts.
732. Garden and Myrtle Sts.
741. Blue Hills Ave.
742. Blue Hills Ave. and Holcomb St.
751. Albany Ave. and Burton St.
8. Windsor Ave. and Mather St.
81. Windsor Ave. and Capen St.
82. Clark and Westland Sts.
83. Windsor Ave. and Frankfort St.
84. Capen and Garden Sts.
812. Muhl Ave., opp. Arsenal.
813. Suffield and Bellevue Sts.
821. Charlotte and Barbour Sts.
831. Opposite Engine House, No. 7, Windsor Ave.
9. Main and High Sts.
91. Engine House, No. 2, Pleasant St.
92. Windsor and Pleasant Sts.
93. Foot Windsor St., Smith, Northam & Co.

### Fire Bell Signals.

Two single strokes is the recall or signal that the fire is out.

Ten strokes is the general alarm, calling out all reserve companies.

Two rounds of twelve strokes each is the military call.

The fire bell gives one stroke for 12 o'clock, noon daily, except Sunday, and one stroke for 9 o'clock p.m.



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The Company is desirous of making its charges reasonable and satisfactory to its clients.

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executes the provisions of a Will strictly in accordance with the intention of the Testator.

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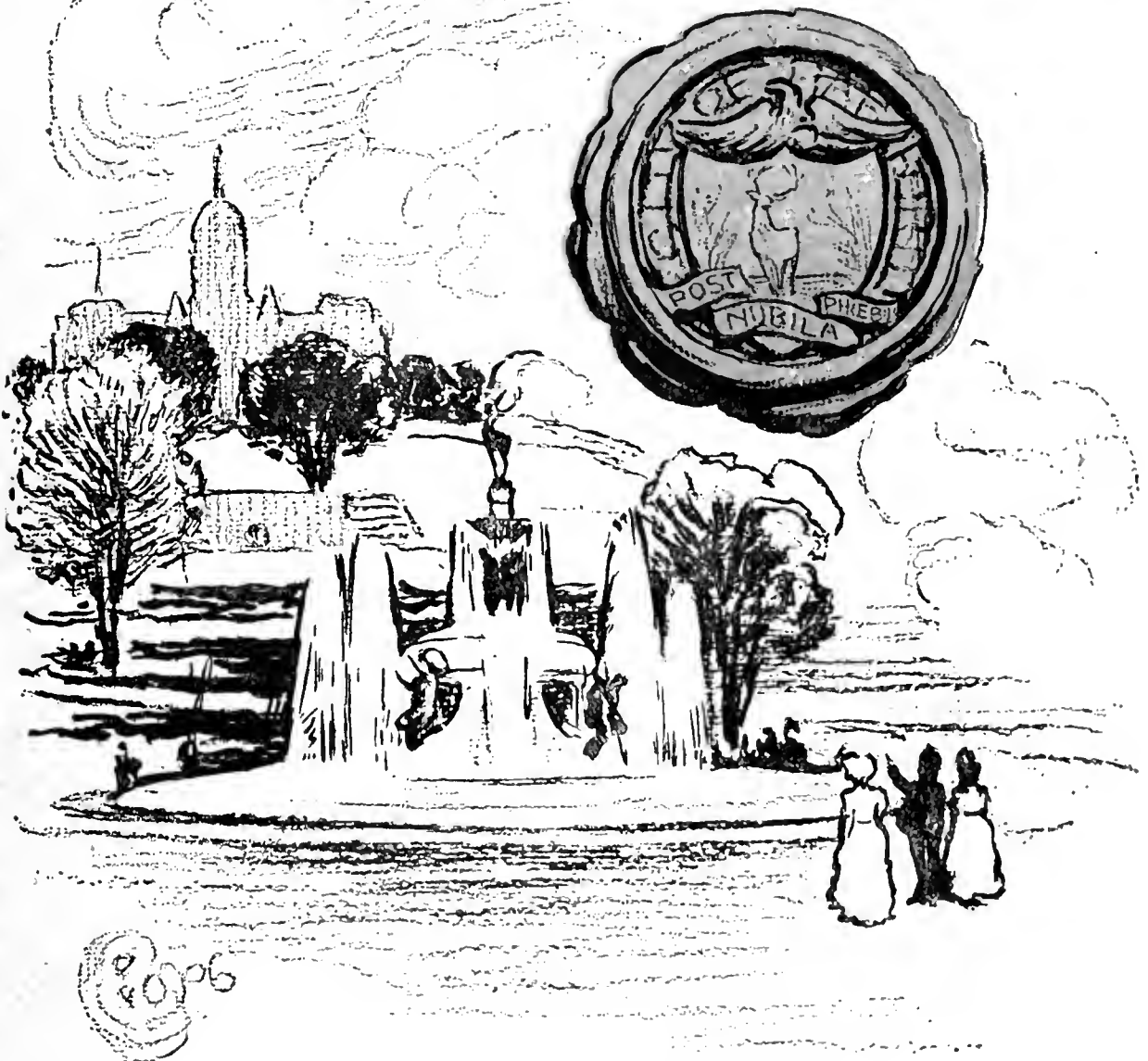
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# THE HARTFORD MONTHLY

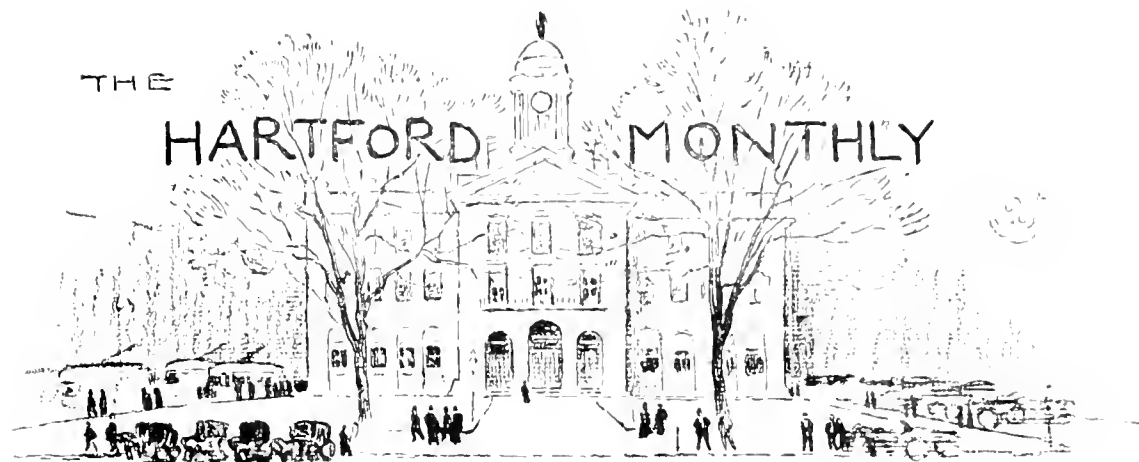


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**A** MAGAZINE devoted to  
the GOOD things, the  
brightest and the  
best, in our city and  
its suburbs *o o o o*





## SOME SPECIAL FEATURES

of the  
July Number.

ILLUSTRATIONS (DRAWINGS) BY JAMES BRITTON.

Frontispiece—"He won't make a Hurdle Jump to save Nurse Garland' Lil' Babby!"  
BY JAMES BRITTON.

A Visit to "Sunset Ridge."—Bright Story of Bright Annual Life. Illustrated  
BY MRS. WALTER GRIFFIN.

Value of Manual Training.—In General Education and Mechanical Arts  
BY WINFIELD S. TUCKER, SUPERVISOR OF MANUAL TRAINING.

New Britain's Manual Training Exhibit.—Illustrated

Younger Artists of Hartford.—Their Spirit and Work. Illustrated by Oil Painting Reproduction  
BY JAMES BRITTON.

"Dick an' Me."—A Race Track Story of the Brooklyn Handicap. Illustrated  
BY EDWARD ASAHEL WRIGHT.

"Futurity."—Full Page Bas-relief Portrait  
BY ISAAC H. GRANT.

"Don't Be Grievin'."—Coon Song of Comfort. New Music  
BY WRIGHT BOLLES.

Summer Work of the Hartford Public Library.  
BY CAROLINE M. HEWINS, LIBRARIAN.

A Monument to Motherhood.—Story of the Keney Memorial. Illustrated  
BY GEORGE A. PARKER.

The Camera Club of Hartford.—Pictures and Prizes of Annual Exhibition. Illustrated

In the Theatres.—Development of Artistic Sympathy. Illustrated  
BY HENRY ALMANUS.

Farmington. Illustrated West Hartford. East Hartford. Men and the Churches. City Ten Week Celebrations. "Hartford High, 1906." Heroic Fire Fighters. For the Summer Story of S. C. Poetry and Miscellany. "Some Good Business Tips." Police Signals. Fire Alarms, etc., etc.

Press of C. M. Gages.

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"A WOLF MAKING A HURDLE JUMP TO SAVE NURSE GIRL AND LIL' BABBY!"

Illustration by James Britton, for "Duck an' Me."



HERD OF BUFFALO COWS "SUNSET RIDGE" IN THE DISTANCE

Photo by Ernest Harold Baynes

## A VISIT TO "SUNSET RIDGE."

Written for The Hartford Monthly

By LILLIAN BAYNES GRIFFIN

THE first visit I made to Sunset Ridge, Meriden, New Hampshire, was in last October, when the early frost had heightened the color of the leaves. I reached my brother's home about noon after a fourteen mile drive from Claremont through clear, crisp air and along wonderful country lands. The road wound for miles between woodland and farming country, down sunny slopes, across sparkling streams and up into hills that changed from the deepest purple into blues, soft fawns and rose colors. The trees were crimson and gold and the rolling country rich tan and bronze in the sunlight, and deep purple and cobalt in the shadows. Among the tall weeds and autumn flowers on the banks that skirted the roadside, the slender pencilled stems of the white birch stood in

the mellow sunlight played their little part in the color scheme of Nature's great Mardi Gras.

As the carriage drove to the side door, two



"THE PRICE OF LIFE"

Photo by Mrs. Louise But Baynes



MR. ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES AND HIS GREY WOLF, "DAUNTLESS."

Photo by Mrs. Louise But Baynes

scattered groups and in white ranks they outlined the distant foothills. Here and there large and decorative pine trees rose against the landscape of the sky, like fine accents in a Japanese print. Even the tumbled down buildings on the deserted farms, with their grayish purple shingled sides bathed in

timber wolves, "Death" and "Dauntless," made their appearance at the screen door of a nearby shed. They gazed at me thoughtfully for a few moments, then quietly disappeared. More noisy and demonstrative was the welcome of the three six months old buffaloes, "Tomahawk," "Warwhoop" and "Saucy," whose breakfast had been withheld from them in order that I might see it served. This came first on the program after lunch. Each buffalo drank three quarts of milk from a bottle to which a huge black nipple had been applied. Saucy, the little cow buffalo, made such a fuss that I had to give her a fourth bottle. She drank half of it, and then taking the nipple between her teeth pulled it as far as it would stretch and let it fly back. This was very funny to the onlookers, but it spoiled my dress, and made me look as though I had been hoisted with milk. It also assured me that even domesticated buffaloes have no table manners, and that it is well to wear a raincoat when serving them their meals.

During the next six weeks I saw a great deal of these three animals. They were at large most of the time and apparently quite fearless except when startled, at which time they seemed to be served

with a desire to walk directly through the person who stood nearest to them.

The first time they were driven after my arrival, I was invited to have a seat on the box with the driver, but after watching them hurdle a stonewall or two with my brother and a heavy cart, I decided that the nearest hospital was too far away to run any risk. However, they behaved so well for the next few weeks, and trotted and galloped so obediently in the direction indicated by the reins, that I was tempted on the last day of my visit to ride behind them. They started out before I got in the wagon and took me just where they wanted to, and through scenery that I had not observed before, but they traveled so fast that I am not able to describe it. Personally, I prefer automobiling even if it is less exciting, more commonplace and monotonous. One has to be a true sport to drive behind buffaloes a second time!

"Jimmie," the bear, was not there. He had long since been banished to Bronx Park, but his little playfellow, the fawn, used to come up to the park gate to be petted by my sister every few days.

I missed Jimmie dreadfully. I have never known him personally, but had read of his winning ways and had always pictured him in and about the house as I had seen him portrayed by the camera. At first it seemed remarkable that no one at Sunset Ridge seemed to have the same enthusiasm over Jimmie that I did, and I had not been there two days when I made up my mind that Jimmie had been a member of the family too long. He had evidently worn out his welcome. Little by little the stories of his naughtiness leaked out. First and worst, he complicated the servant question which was a serious matter, when one lives six miles from the station and two and a half from the post office. Jimmie would dispute the right of way to the pantry with the cook when he wanted to empty the molasses jug. He claimed the right to remove the week's washing from the line, so that he and the pet fox could play tug of war with the table linen, and would empty the sugar bowl as often as it was filled. He made a den under the piazza and to it he carried anything he wanted, also anything that he thought he might need in the future.

Two maids left without warning all on account of the antics of Jimmie. Finally, in desperation, Mr. Baynes sent for one, Lucy, who had been our housekeeper in his boyhood days, and helped and sympathized in his first efforts to collect birds' eggs and skin muskrats. Lucy never told tales. She could dry and press a suit so that no one would ever guess its owner had fallen into the river, and would back up any amount of disobedience, mischief, and boyish pranks. Lucy's sympathies were always with the boy. She came to Sunset Ridge and finding that the boy had become a man, she transferred her sympathies to the bear. From the day of her arrival Jimmie could do nothing wrong. He never needed to hunt the sugar bowl, for he ate the sugar right out of the grocer's basket. If he tore down the clothesline, no one ever heard of it from Lucy. If anyone suggested that he had committed any kind of mischief, Lucy was always ready to fight his battles or to place the blame on "Rommy," the tame wolf, or even on the little mild-eyed fawn. If he was actually caught in the act, Lucy would defend him by saying; "Well, he's only a little fellow. Remember, Master Harold, you were a boy yourself once."

When not with his animals my brother spends most of his time tramping in the woods and watching the deer, the wild boar, the buffalo herd, and other large game that inhabit the Blue Mountain forests.

"He's a strange man, that brother of yours," one of the guides said to me, "He has ways with him that only the animals understand. They won't hurt him when they would kill me, and I am always good to them, too. I don't understand him very well, but they do."

It was late in November when I left Sunset Ridge. The leaves had fallen, and the air was cold. The night before I went away, I sat in my bedroom window long after the lamps were out, watching the first flurry of snow whiten the ground. I saw a dark figure pass into the half light and recognized my brother Harold in his brown corduroys and slouch hat. He crossed the road, unlocked the gate, and I watched him disappear into the depths of the Blue Mountain Forest. I looked at my watch and it was quarter to twelve, and I thought of Kipling's Mowgli stealing out to watch the Elephant Dance.



MR. ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES DRIVING "WARWHOOP" AND "TOMAHAWK."  
Photo by Mrs. Louise Birt Baynes.



### "Easy All!"

"Easy all!" rings out the order,

And the muscles cease to strain,

And the swing of oars in rowlocks

Stops the rhythmical refrain,

And the sinking heart beats freely,

And the spent breath comes again

"Easy all!" O, joyous mandate

To the strugglers on Life's flood,

Be it but a passing respite,

For the brain, and strength, and blood,

Though far distant be the guerdon:

Fame or wealth or livelihood!

When the summer sunshine brightens

Grimy street and sullen wall,

From the strips of azure heaven

Seems to come the kindly call

"Rest a while, ye weary toilers,

Drop your oars, and easy all!"

—*Pall Mall Gazette*

## OLD-HOME WEEK CELEBRATIONS.

**A**S the value of Old-Home Week, in reawakening an interest in the home town among its absent sons and daughters, is being demonstrated more and more forcibly year by year, the observances are becoming more general throughout New England. The idea of this excellent custom was originated by Governor Rollins in New Hampshire a few years ago. That state and Massachusetts have made much of it with most pleasant and profitable results.

Largely from what these states have done in making known the best methods of organizing associations and of arranging and carrying out interesting programs, communities alive to the desirability of awakening and rekindling an interest in their advantages and needs have readily recognized how a pleasant week of home gatherings and reunions can be coupled with some very practical work for the permanent benefit of the town, socially and industrially. And so the old-home week has rapidly grown in popularity and observance from the hills of New Hampshire, through New England and far beyond, even out into the valley of the Mississippi.

Connecticut has not as yet taken hold of it very actively or systematically. It could do so to advantage; especially to the advantage of some of its smaller cities and towns. The state abounds in old towns rich in historical associations of far more than local interest, such as would attract strangers

from afar as well as absent sons and daughters; it properly represented in well arranged programs.

Many other Connecticut towns, and there are several closely suburban to Hartford notable among the enterprising, progressive towns of this class, are well justified in celebrating their successes in modern undertakings in the line of rural betterment.

Old-home week celebrations can be made tasteful and very effective means for letting the world know of the good things to be found in a community that may be suffering either from local lack of self-appreciation or outside lack of information and consequent indifference and neglect.

The organization of local old-home week associations should be of the simplest character, providing for a list of committees broad and varied enough to cover a liberal field of instruction as to local conditions and a cordial but not necessarily expensive supply of pleasant hospitalities.

Committees and individuals new to old-home week work may find something of assistance to them in the following suggestions. The writer, as a member of the executive committee of the old-home week state association of Massachusetts, finds that among those having experience in arranging these celebrations they are considered as desirable features.

One of the first steps is to try to get the town at an annual or special meeting to appropriate a certain sum for the celebration and then to solicit personal subscriptions. For the opening night huge bonfires on adjacent hill tops make very attractive lights of welcome. The Saturday night preceding old-home week Sunday is a good time for these and other illuminations.

Towns which have no other plans for old-home week exercises should at least see that special church services appropriate to the week are held on Sunday. Sermons by former pastors, old time music, church roll calls, reunions and lunches on the church lawn and greetings from the children are among the things which can be considered for either minor or individual Sunday services. The latter are generally preferable, for home comers enjoy attending once more the church they were brought up in.

It is usual, when an entire week of celebration is announced, to have the concluding exercises on Friday. It is quite customary to have only two days of formal exercises, including Sunday. The rest of the time being given to visiting, driving, family reunions, excursions, et.

In making out a elaborate program for a celebration some of the following features can be adopted to advantage. These are but a few of the many features suggested by the Massachusetts association: Sunrise services and ringing of bells, public readings,

in some other suitable place, with addresses to the young men and students and special guests; music, reading, singing, reading of original poems, reading of letters from former residents unable to be present, etc.; lawn parties; special musical and literary exercises; and parades for the children: this is an important feature and one which should be introduced in every celebration; band concerts; evening illuminations; athletic sports; marking of historic sites by tablets; decoration of private residences, stores and public buildings; arches of welcome in streets, clambakes, corn-roasts, etc.

Of course a public dinner will be one of the leading features of any important old-home week celebration. An outdoor basket picnic is frequently substituted for the more formal public dinner. In either case addresses and other suitable exercises are to be expected. The old-home week basket picnic is very popular in New Hampshire. The public dinner or picnic gives excellent opportunities for extending inexpensive hospitalities, and with its accompaniments is very fitting for the closing day of an old-home week in the country.

## MEN AND THE CHURCHES.

### A Secular View.

**I**N his famous letter to the public on the subject of the unity of christendom, written in 1896, Mr. Gladstone expresses his profound and thankful satisfaction over the progressive advance in the work of the church, as he had viewed it during the past half century and more; an advance, which in regard to the Church of England, he says, "has not been confined to doctrine, but has extended to christian life and all its workings."

That church, he says, brought "from a state externally of halcyon calm, but inwardly of deep stagnation," through "external storms" and "peculiar and searching forms of trial," is experiencing an enlarged vitality, and, "though even now by no means exempt from internal dissensions," she finds warrant for bright hopes of being able to contribute her share "towards a consummation of the work of the gospel in the world." In the last pages of "The Story of Gladstone's Life," by Justin McCarthy, these are given with others as the religious observations of "the grand old man" in the calm of his retired and closing earthly life.

Among the faults which tended to the stagnation of that church, this observant christian statesman in his latest words to the world conspicuously mentions these: "The insulterent exhibition of the person and the work of the Redeemer, the coldness and deadness as well as the infrequency of public worship" and "the gradual effacement of church observance from personal and daily life."

For a man of secular occupation the above expressions are full of meaning. They are especially so when it is true when the clergy, the press and the people are discussing with such unwonted frequency the causes for the notable decrease in church attendance and the difficulty of obtaining the desired church support, or of maintaining and maintaining interest in church work,

especially among the men of the average parish or community.

Neglect and ill-balance, not dogma in recent years, have weakened the church's hold upon the people. The neglect to hold up constantly to view the highest model of manhood as well as the highest type of divinity, not excessive consideration of doctrines, has been one great cause for the exhibition of apparent indifference among men burdened with trying cares and responsibilities while striving to maintain an honest life in a dishonest world.

There are noble-hearted men everywhere, in business circles, in professional life and in the ranks of honorable labor, who would take the divine yoke gladly upon their shoulders, not waiting even to ask if it be easy or whether the burden be heavy or light, could they but feel sure of learning of Him and of having constant encouragement until the promised rest should come to their tempted, care-worn and troubled souls.

In making much of the divinity has not too little been made of the humanity of the divine-human model? Has there not been an ill-balancing of the two glorious and uplifting elements of the sublime and only perfect character? In giving expression to our reverent and tender sympathy and devout gratitude for his sacrifice and suffering, have we had kept before us admiringly enough the superb beauty, the grand manliness, the splendid heroism and the supreme nobility of the boy before the elders; the man bringing comfort to the home in Bethany and being comforted there; the hero that could turn his back upon all the temptations a world could offer, could fearlessly rebuke the hypocrites, drive the money changers from the temple and sweetly bless the little children who sought him gladly and trustfully?

Have we pictured clearly enough the man so attractive in word and manner and so lovable, "the first true gentleman that ever lived," that though he claimed no place as his own wherein to lay his head, he needed none, for the home of peasant and ruler alike were open to him—the king of kings, so noble that he could die for men and so great-hearted that he could leave his crucifiers with a benediction; and with an everlasting blessing a world that cruelly rejected him?

Women are naturally more spiritual in their tastes and longings than are men; more drawn, perhaps, by sympathy for suffering and reverence for divinity. Hence more spiritual women than practical men in the churches. The boy admires bravery and adores a hero, whom he would follow loyally and with enthusiasm; while meaning well, he may not appreciate a divinity until he has first learned to enshrine it in his manly young heart as a hero, and so has naturally come to reverence and to worship it. The girl's divinity is her hero; the boy's hero will become his divinity. Hence more devoted girls than willing boys in the Sunday school; more women teachers than men teachers.

The instruction books commonly found in Sunday schools are as a rule of very inferior character, as compared with the school-books which the same pupils are accustomed to use in the public schools. The portraiture in some of them, or the imaginary outline pictures of biblical characters, would "queer" the art columns of the most ordinary secular news-



paper. Few publishers of secular books, outside the realm of caricature, would venture to perpetrate such libels on dignified personalities.

These alleged illustrations and the commonplace, namby-pamby illustrative stories accompanying them can hardly appeal strongly to discerning, manly boys; while they must be more of a trial than a help to the sweet faith of girlhood, with its growing taste for the beautiful and true.

Let us see how some of the illustrations in Sunday school instruction books may stand "the parallel" test. Here are two taken from one of these books. They are from a series widely used in bible study among churches of New England, and perhaps elsewhere. The number from which the pictures are taken is the number current in the month of this writing, May. The book was taken up haphazard by the writer and they are two out of the first four of the same size upon which his eyes rested as he glanced over the pages. They are not unfair representations of the quality of profrature used in these books.

The first picture is used to illustrate Paul and Silas in prison in Philippi. The second picture is from the lesson immediately following and in the book it appears only four pages from the other. Silas is presumably the figure on the right in each picture. From the bible story it would appear that probably only a few days elapsed between the events which inspired the illustrations. In the first picture Silas appears to be a rough, bearded man of sixty or more years; in the second a frightened, beardless youth of perhaps sixteen. If reversed in time and position, possibly the pictures might serve appropriately in a "before and after using" advertisement. They could hardly be considered as used appropriately, or with due respect to the discernment of childhood, in a book intended to inculcate the importance of truthfulness among other good things.



Paul and Silas in Prison.



Paul and Silas Leaving The prison.

The pictures as here given are exact photographic reproductions, including titles of pictures, with the exception that they are reduced in size one-fourth by the camera. The title of the publication from which they are taken is *New Testament Heroes*. The following explanatory titles also appear on the title page: "Boys' and Girls' Monthly," "Apostolic Leaders' Series."

Contrast these instruction books with the artistic typography, the beautiful illustrations and the carefully written text of nature books, such as the child delights in and finds abundantly at hand in these days; in all stages of his development, from nursery and kindergarten to camp life and high school. Is there anything more worthy of the very best that art

and literature can produce than work intended for biblical instruction?

The modern nature study books kindle and stimulate an enthusiasm for the beauty and grandeur of nature, in the healthy minded boy. Can anyone imagine that the ordinary Sunday school instruction books have a like influence in their still more exalted sphere? Is it surprising that the boy follows his most attractive guide into the fields and woods, rather than an unattractive method of instruction which aims to lead him into the church? Inferior tools and appliances do not inspire apprentices and students to devote more time and thought to their trades and professions than custom and good form require; and boys in the Sunday school become men by and by, with or without strong church tendencies.

It is a mistake to think that men are growing indifferent to the character and teachings of Christ. The reverse is very markedly true. A man who is about among business men in different parts of the country will today find a willingness and even an eagerness among men of all beliefs, or among men of no professed belief, to talk of Christ in plain conversation. Never before was that character so prominent in the thoughts of progressive men as it is today; never so admired and respected.

The churches that are most successful, both from spiritual and material standpoints, and those which have in their congregation the largest percentage of men, whatever be the denomination, are those which are bringing Christ most clearly, attractively and practically into personal and every day life. The hearts of men and women are turning to him warmly as never before. Their souls are craving his guiding and uplifting hand to lead them over hard places, to quiet the troubled waters and to keep them from sinking beneath the waves they have ventured to tread with faltering faith.



MORNING MISTS  
Five A. M. Photo by Paul De Fafchamps

## THE FOLDED BANK BILL.

**A**T the Sunday morning communion service, long ago, in a prominent Hartford church, as the sacramental bread was being passed, an elderly gentleman of courteous bearing in whose face there was a pleasing balance of the old time and the

bread, the rich and the familiar, reached out to him, but instead of taking the proffered bread wanted to drop a folded bank bill upon the plate.

After a long life well filled with useful activities, in failing health, his mind was losing its long-time vigorous grasp and beginning to take its rest. People said the bright, good man was losing his mind, while it really was simply resting a little before preparing to grasp far greater things than this world had been able to offer even to him.

He was living much in simple memories; and memory to him was kind. He had always been a generous giver; giving had become a secret habit with him. And so he would give to the sacramental plate instead of seeking blessing from it for himself.

On a Sunday morning in May, in the same church, public services were held in memory of one of Hartford's noblest men, known, honored and loved all over the city and throughout the state, Hon. James Leland Howard, successful business man, philanthropist, Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut and above all a man among men ever ready with a helping hand that was skillful, strong and true.

At a communion service in church or in the busy marts of a city, to whose interests he was ever loyal and devoted, while his mind was resting or while in its greatest activity, here was a man whose heart was ever graciously proving that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

~~~~~  
Whether the tempest lull or blow,
Whether the currents ebb or flow,
Whether the future smiles or no,
Whether the harvest blight or grow,
Whether the years are swift or slow,
In days of joy or days of woe,
In future high or future low,
Thus be my creed for friend or foe—
Gather the roses as you go.

—Selected.

FOR THE SUMMER STOMACH'S SAKE.

THERE are days in the parched and heated summer time when "accidents will happen in the best regulated" stomach; exhausting, sickening days when the bravest, most daring and most loyal stomach weakens and is temporarily in open rebellion or sullen revolt against pretty much everything in the line of food and drink. In this abnormal condition the fondest viands are looked upon with aversion and disdain.

A disheartening sense of a vapid vacuity or a distressing goneness, results from this revolt, if prolonged beyond two or three customary meal hours. We have all experienced them, the days when the thought of eating was a burden and the thought of not eating a disturber of the health conscience.

Here are two or three simple things, tested in a mixed camp life in the country and in a sweltering summer conference in the city, which if tried may cheerfully coax your leading appetite again to the table, and your digestion, temporarily disarranged, to its normal struggle with unfamiliar summer food.

Buttermilk is the answer. Buttermilk; plenty of it. It

will be all the better if you can get it from the farmhouse churn instead of from the general creamery. In the former case more healthful nutriment remains in it than the creamery process leaves. Next to water it is the cheapest wholesome drink known, at the place of its production. On the farm it is commonly given away for personal or household uses and is freely fed to poultry and animals. At the creamery it is considered worth about one cent a gallon.

Campers will find it excellent for use in cooking certain articles. In making johnny-cake, pancakes, flapjacks, etc., buttermilk is by far the best thing in the milk line that can be used. It gives a slight tartishness to the cakes, which relieves them of their too common doughy flatness and is very appetizing, especially in hot weather. It also makes them more readily and agreeably digestible, seeming to counteract the effect of the over-abundance of sweetness in the form of maple syrup, etc., which these breakfast tempters are apt to lure to their plates, in which to float themselves abandonedly.

Buttermilk drinking suddenly became very popular in New York a few years ago, when some fashionable leader with common sense became a benefactor to his or her set, or to that part of it given over to high living and resentful stomachs, and incorporated buttermilk among the beverages approved of fashion. It came to be known among excessive drinkers and victims of the night gorge that buttermilk is a most grateful cooler and soother to a fevered and irritated stomach "the morning after." A large and regular demand was created for this previously neglected product of the churn, not only to be taken as a morning comforter and reviver, but also as a healthful summer drink for general family use.

It is now regarded as a requisite in the most fashionable drinking places, notably in the "tenderloin" and "Murray Hill" districts, and is almost invariably to be found in the retail establishments of first class dealers in dairy products throughout New York. In the saloons it sells for five cents a glass; at the dairy stores for about three cents a quart.

On a hot summer's day when a thirst almost unquenchable is on and the appetite is wholly off, few things seem more grateful to one familiar with them than a pitcher of cool, fresh buttermilk and a plate garnished with green, holding a tempting, snowy-white specimen of the buttermilk's cool solidified cousin, the cottage cheese. Field strawberries also on the table with the dew still on them; the fragrance of clover blossom and new-mown hay coming in at the open window, with the rollicking song of the jolly bobolink and the rippling of the trout stream are pleasing nature allies in leading an abused or cranky stomach to forget its grievances.

Whether you have "the stomach of an ostrich" or that of a dyspeptic fairy, ask your physician about buttermilk. Ask him if it isn't better for you and the little ones just now to think more about buttermilk and bobolinks than about angels and angel food. If he says buttermilk is all right for you, then ask the farmer's wife to save you some on churning day; or if you are in the city speak to your milkman about it.

Did you ever indulge in a "clam cocktail?" Don't fear to confess it if you have—nor to try it if you have not. It is not nearly so wicked as its name; in

fact it's not wicked at all, just sprightly and healthful and one of the best bracers for a weak and discontented stomach that can be imagined.

The name sounds about as wild as anything that self-respecting type is willing to associate with. The drink itself is strictly a temperance one, being nothing more of an intoxicant than is produced by the modest and mild-mannered clam. It is simply cold clam juice with a sprinkling of red pepper and lemon, or other spices and flavoring. When the summer stomach is weakened by its rebellion and gone with alcoholic stimulants readily suggest themselves. It is just the time of all others to leave them alone. Try a "clam cocktail" at such a time and thank anyone you choose for suggesting it; you will thank your lucky stars anyway for having substituted it for alcoholic drinks or quack medicines.

A glass of frozen bouillon, or bouillon made thick

and cooled until it is of a jelly like consistency, eaten with crisp salted crackers furnishes a nutritious midday lunch on a hot summer day. It will often tempt the appetite and furnish an ample meal. When one feels it almost impossible to think of anything that can be eaten, this will frequently be enjoyed with a hearty and healthful relish and a delightfully cooling and satisfying effect, after once trying it.

We are not proficient cooks enough to tell you just how to make good bouillon and properly thicken it, but any good housekeeper knows how to make beef tea and understands more or less the mysteries of jelling. We only know we have eaten it in a first class down-town restaurant in the city on many a hot day in summer and have always found it refreshing and good. It was nicely flavored; we think with lemon.



BUFFALO BULL, "RAIN-IN-THE-FACE."

Photo by Ernest Harold Baynes.

Keep A-goin'!

If you strike a thorn or rose,

Keep a-goin'!

If it hails or if it snows,

Keep a-goin'!

'Taint no use to sit and whine,

When the fish ain't on your line,

Bait your hook and keep on tryin',

Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,

Keep a-goin'!

Drain the sweetness from the cup,

Keep a-goin'!

See the wild birds on the wing!

Hear the bells that sweetly ring!

When you feel like singin', sing!

Keep a-goin'!

--Sing-Sing Star of Hope



A MONUMENT TO MOTHERHOOD.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By GEORGE A. PARKER.

IF there is one memorial place more than another where the Motherhood Club of Hartford ought reverently to lay a wreath or garland on Decoration Day, that place is in the sweetly suggestive precincts of the Keney Memorial. This shaft rises from the site of a home in which a mother struggled alone to rear her boys, and through the hardships so common and yet not less hard because common, trained her sons to grow into broad, high-minded men, and saw them stand among the noblest in the land.

Many a mother has had the same struggles, struggles which a man would have given up, but which the mother's love carries through. It is but natural that Walter and Henry Keney should have loved such a mother. It is grand they saw fit to erect this monument to her memory and, through her, to the honor and glory of all motherhood.

It is the first public monument ever erected in this world to a woman, simply because she was a true, self-sacrificing, loving mother. Many monuments have been erected to women who have filled some special mission, like Queen Victoria and Joan of Arc, but here was a woman who did only what thousands of women have always done, are now doing, and always will do. Being left a widow she went bravely forward without shrinking to her unequalled task, without aid except from him who never forgets the widow and the fatherless.

How true it is that the most common things are the most beautiful, and every day struggles of life the grandest of all. What could be more fitting that that a memorial should be erected on this spot to widowed motherhood?

A monument or memorial to be worthy of a place in any community must, in some degree or in some way, have an influence similar to that which the monuments and memorials would have were they erected here. If it were desired to commemorate the life of a great man, then a building through which his spirit might pass in and out would be a fitting memorial. But what was not this mother's life? Her life was the ability to stand alone, to

buffet and baffle the storms of life in the aloneness of widowhood. And how well this monument tells that; slender in its proportion yet with an abundance of strength to resist all storms, with lines and surfaces religious in their significance, characteristic of this mother.

Structures that gratify some material need can never give, purely and simply, expression to a spiritual force. That such forces may in some degree be expressed in the decorations of buildings is the gift of architecture.

One of the best examples of the expression of that which was best in the civil war, is the Hartford Soldiers' Memorial Arch. One can stand before it for hours and always find new meanings, new beauties, and however often it may be seen, it never fails to produce a feeling of patriotism. It seems impossible that a mass of stone could be so put together as to become a living force of patriotic inspiration, and yet it is.

And here is another memorial, is another mass of stone, so put together as to produce a different inspiration, a different living force, yet none the less important, equally as universal, one of the noblest and sweetest forces of human life, the mother's love. If a young woman finds here a new glory in her young motherhood, if the weary hearted gains rest and strength from its presence, if the despairing and forsaken gather from it new inspiration and courage, then indeed the Keney Memorial is fulfilling its mission and changes from being merely a plot of ground and a pile of stones, into a monument of live influences, hallowed by the association of lives true and noble, like unto hers who fought her battles and gained her victories here.

That it will do all this depends upon whether the architect, and those who have had this matter in charge, have caught the inspiration of struggling womanhood crowned with success; whether they were masters of all needed details of expression. If they were, and it seems as if they were, then as time takes away the rawness of the quarry from its stones, as ivies cling and climb over its sides, as plant life softly and beautifully blends it with the surroundings, this monument will appear in its wholeness and become a living force in the better growth of woman's life; a beautiful memorial to which she will go for comfort and inspiration and it will be one of the helpful glories of Hartford.



MRS. BAYNES FLEEDING A BUFFALO CALF.
Photo by Ernest Harold Baynes.



MANUAL TRAINING LABORATORY CENTRAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

THE VALUE OF MANUAL TRAINING.

Written for The Hartford Monthly

By WINFELD S. TUCKER, Supervisor of Manual
Training in New Britain Public Schools.

THERE is no community where the need of industrial education more generally felt than in this cosmopolitan beehive of industry and enterprise, in New Britain where industry is everywhere and manufacturing enterprises predominate. In the midst of such surroundings a manual training department in our Central Grammar School has been instituted.

This is not a trade school; the distinction should not be overlooked. A trade school aims to teach thoroughly any one of the many trades as rapidly as the student's ability will permit. No instruction is given that does not bear directly upon the chosen trade. Obviously the choice of occupation must be made on entering the school. If experience demonstrates that the choice is unfortunate, a change necessarily involves considerable loss of time. If a boy begins to learn the carpenter's trade and discovers after a time that he has special aptitude for sign painting, the time spent at the bench will not shorten the period required to acquire skill with the brush. The functions of a trade school are strictly special; general education does not fall within its scope.

The manual training school on the contrary teaches the elements of mechanic arts primarily on account of their educational value, just as arithmetic and geometry are taught. It does not have vocational ends directly in view, but the manual dexterity and

the knowledge of tools, materials, drafting and methods of construction acquired at school serve to advance boys many stages toward the mastery of any trade.

The combined experiences of classroom and the workshop enable boys to form correct judgment concerning their fitness for a given employment. Moreover their elementary but systematic knowledge of the mechanic arts gives them the same advantage in dealing with the difficult problems of any trade that a liberal education gives to students of law or medicine. Experience has shown that a large percentage of the graduates of a manual training school readily find employment in desirable positions, in which their mechanical training proves of very great value.

The mechanic arts high school will prolong the school life of many boys who would not attend the ordinary high school, by offering an attractive course of study, highly practical in character, calculated to reveal to them their native aptitudes and possibilities, lead them to a happy choice of occupation and fit them to grapple more successfully with the problems of life.

Furthermore such a school is sure to arouse in many boys an ambition to continue their studies in a higher institution and it offers the best possible preparation for the higher scientific and technical schools; for the manual dexterity, and the thorough knowledge of tools, machinery and mechanical processes acquired therein, at an age when time can be most easily spared for such training, is of priceless value in any scientific pursuit. The manual training school exercises make great demands for patience,

performance and painstaking care and stimulate the higher order of mental activity.

Such a school will encourage every noble endeavor, foster every worthy ambition, insist upon high standards of attainment in study and in mechanical work, cultivate self-control, politeness and manliness and

deepen respect for honest toil. It gives encouraging assurance that it will justify the expenditure made in its behalf by enriching the commonwealth with men whose brains and hearts and hands have been trained by efficient service.



MANUAL TRAINING EXHIBIT OF NEW BRITAIN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Photo for The Hartford Monthly by Knight.

NEW BRITAIN MANUAL TRAINING EXHIBIT.

By The Hartford Monthly Editor.

IN the preceding article Mr. Tucker, supervisor of manual training in the New Britain public schools, presents well the principles and features of manual training which give this growing department in educational work such an important position in our best modern school systems. But when requesting him, as a practical authority on the subject, to write for us a manual training article he declined to speak of the admirable products of work done under his own direction, as exhibited in Central Grammar School Hall, May 29th and 30th.

The exhibit was exceedingly attractive in variety and quality. It was a happy thought that selected for Decoration Day's one of the days for the exhibition. The hall was tastefully and appropriately decorated for the event was an instructive and entertaining affair in the observance of the day.

In the corridor leading to the hall was a large collection of finished cardboard work from schools in different parts of the city. This work is done in the fourth, fifth and six grades. Woodworking is taken up in the seventh grade and from this beginning it extends through the public school course.

The exhibition seemed to us so exceptionally interesting and deserving that we engaged photographer Knight of New Britain to take a special picture of it for us, which is here reproduced. We also give a picture showing pupils at work in the manual training laboratory, in the basement of the Central Grammar School.

The tall clock, in the center of the exhibit picture, was conspicuous among the large articles. It was nearly six feet high, having a solid oak front and was a very creditable example in a difficult line of workmanship, by Candace Holcombe, a High School senior. Among other prominent pieces of decided merit were a desk, by Ralph Mitchell, a High School sophomore; a combination settle and table, by

Walter Schmidt, who graduates this year from the ninth grade; a library table, by S. Horwitz, a ninth grade boy; an umbrella stand, with very clean-cut carving, by Gustaf Torrel, of the ninth grade; and a large combination settle and table, by James Williams, a sophomore in the High School.

An artistic panel of white wood attracted much attention. It was a dainty piece of work, showing much patient and painstaking effort. It was the work of Erwin Wessels, a model-school boy. There were a number of other pieces deserving special mention, some doubtless fully as creditable in workmanship as any here alluded to, those mentioned being regarded as among the most conspicuous and not necessarily the most meritorious.

There was a large number of pretty and well-made small articles, such as necktie racks, tabourets, match boxes, etc. In all there were two hundred and thirty finished articles in woodwork exhibited. No

prizes were offered; a worthy interest in their work being the only influence that led these young exhibitors to give such creditable proofs of what manual training is doing in their city, so noted for its important industries and its skilled artisans.

Manual training is an educational influence of practical value in many directions. Perhaps it is quite as truly of value in developing patience as well as ingenuity in cases where the appliances are not the most complete, and there are few public schools that can afford to provide for free use the most perfect and most easily handled mechanical implements. In any event, the boy of today in the average manual training room has an opportunity for learning what Plutarch evidently learned nearly two thousand years ago, for he says, "Ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty."



"DAUNTLESS," THE BIG TIMBER WOLF OF "SUNSET RIDGE"

Photo by Mrs. Louise Burr Baynes

Just Be Glad.

Oh heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't have, you
know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again, if it blow!
We have erred in that dark hour we have known,
When our tears fell with the shower all alone!

Were not 'shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content with His own
For we know not every morrow can be sad
So, forgetting all the sorrow we have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put off foolish tears
And through all the coming years just be glad
James H. White, '06 R.T.C.

"HARTFORD HIGH, 1906."

The June number of "The Chronicle," published by members of the Hartford Public High School, is devoted to the class day exercises, commencement program and the record of the Class of 1906. Following the brief and appropriate class day address by George C. Capen, chairman, is a dignified oration by Donald B. Prentice on "National Integrity." The poem, brightly and smoothly written for themes necessarily somewhat broken and filled with surprises, is furnished by Mary N. Winslow. Norma Stoughton and Irving Smith jointly write the class history, and do it very interestingly and well.

The essay consists of the story of "The Phantom Ship," beautifully told in an excellent style of composition by Clarabel V. Smith. The prophecy is as clever as evidently it is complete in pleasantly hitting off the characteristics and foibles of the members of the class. The prophecy "stunt" is well accomplished by Arthur Hildebrand and Eleanor Byorkman. Good songs are written by Hazel H. Burnham, Hazel M. Felty, Louise Warner and Constance H. Hungerford.

It is an attractive souvenir number, from the press of C. M. Gaines, being handsomely printed and showing some fine typographical and half tone work. The contents are well edited and the general make up, editorially and mechanically, is good. The editors and managers of this number of The Chronicle are as follows: Thomas Hewes, 1906, editor-in-chief; associate editors, Donald B. Prentice, 1906, Malcolm W. Davis, 1907, Mary N. Winslow, 1906, Clarabel V. Smith, 1906, Agnes E. Christie, 1907, Douglas T. Smith, 1906, business manager, assistant business managers; Edward C. Roberts, 1906, DeWitt M. Bull, 1907.

For the Bathing Season.

The following directions for restoring persons apparently drowned will make a desirable clipping to be carried with you on your summer vacation. They are issued by the Humane Society.

I. Send with all speed, for medical aid, for articles of clothing, blankets, etc.

II. Treat the patient on the spot, in the open air, exposing the face and chest freely to the breeze, except in too cold weather.

III. Place the patient gently on the face (to allow any fluids to flow from the mouth).

IV. Then raise the patient into a sitting posture and endeavor to excite respiration—

1. By snuff, hartshorn, etc., applied to the nostrils.

2. By irritating the throat by a feather or the finger.

3. By dashing hot or cold water alternately on the face and chest. If there be no success, lose no time but

V. Replace the patient on his face, his arms under his head, that the tongue may fall forward and leave the entrance into the windpipe free, and that any fluids may flow out of the mouth, then

1. Turn the body gradually but completely on the side, and a little more, and then again on the face, alternately, (to induce inspiration and expiration).

2. When replaced apply pressure along the back and ribs, and then remove it, (to induce further expiration and inspiration), and proceed as before.

3. Let these measures be repeated gently, deliberately, but efficiently and perseveringly sixteen times a minute only. Continuing these measures, rub all the limbs and the trunk upward with warm hands, making firm pressure energetically. Replace the wet clothes by such other covering, etc., as can be procured.

To these directions may well be added the suggestion that when in proper condition the patient be given hot stimulants to relieve exhaustion. These should be given cautiously and from time to time in small doses.

~~~~~ WATERING PLANTS.

The best water for watering plants is rainwater, especially that of a thunderstorm. It always carries with it the ammoniacal substances so beneficial to plants. It dissolves the nitrogenous substances in the ground quicker than any other water, and perceptibly quickens vegetation. Next to rainwater the water of ponds is available, as on account of its exposure to the sun and its vegetable constituents it contains nutritious matter for the plants. River water is the better the further away it is from its source, for it comes then more in contact with sunlight and air, absorbs oxygen and vegetable matter, and its injurious mineral constituents have settled to the bottom. We also should be careful to use stale water, heated, if possible, in the sun. To give in the evening a cold shower or even a cold sprinkling to the plants after they had been heated during the day is injurious. It chills and weakens them; but a sprinkling with temperate water is a true blessing to them.

—*New York Tribune.*

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Lemon juice added to fruit juices that do not jell readily, such as cherry, strawberry, etc., will cause them to jell.

~~~~~  
Cecile—"What would you give to have such hair as mine?"

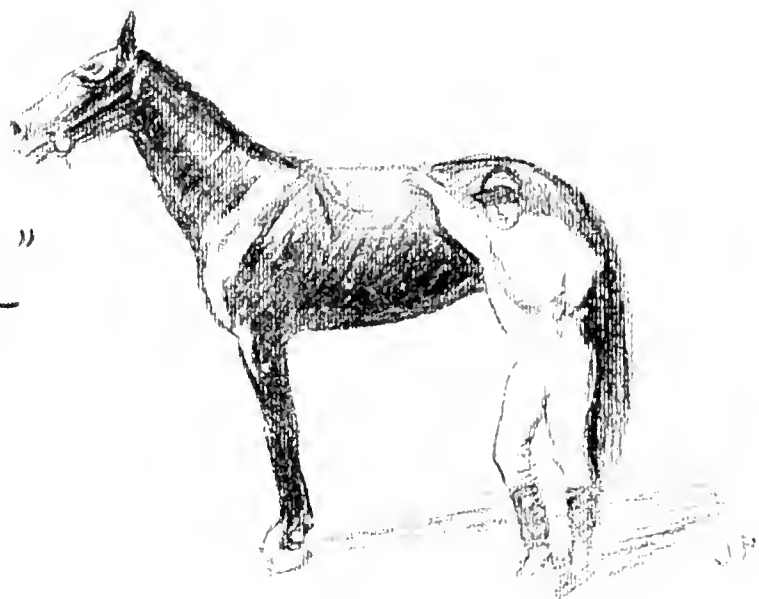
Jennie—"I don't know, what did you give?"

—*Tit-Bits.*



STRENUOUS "ROOTERS."
Photo by Paul De Fafchamps.

"DICK AN' ME"



A Race Track Sketch—Jockey Club Story of the Brooklyn Handicap.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By EDWARD ASHMEEL WRIGHT.

Illustrations by JAMES BRITTON.

Scene—Ruler's room of fashionable jockey club, group of jockeys sitting about

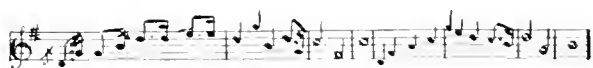
Characters—"Dick," a noted race horse, supposed to be behind the scenes. "Me," a colored jockey bright and debonair

Costume—Stylish jockey rig, regulation jockey cap, light blue and light drab silk, maroon band; silk jacket, short and loose like shirt waist, light blue and light drab stripe; sleeves heavily trimmed with maroon; belt, light blue, light drab and maroon stripes; white, close fitting knee breeches; leggings, black with fine gold tracings, short riding whip.

The whistling of a lively race track air and the pawing of horses' feet are heard from behind the scenes.

"**Me**"—[From behind scenes] "Whoa, Dick! You jes' wait here whar' I tells yer; I'll be back in about ten minutes"

"**Me**"—[Enters with animated face, swinging riding whip and whistling



Salutes the group of jockeys and points with whip towards rear entrance.] "That's Dick; this is jes' me. Don't you know Dick? Why he's the horse I'm ridin' this season. Oh, he's jes' fine, Dick is! Thoroughbred, every inch of him. True as steel, clean as a wolf's tooth, kin' an' gentle as ole Aunty's heart, an' the most knowin'gest horse you ever see. Oh, we's great friends, Dick an' me!

"Did you see the Brooklyn handicap race? No? Well, you miss the sight o' your life. Mus' tell yer about that race. Early in the mornin', jes' as the sun wor' coming up out of the sea an' the grass wor' puttin' on its sparkles, Dick an' me wor' out for our practice run. That wor' the hour when we wor' suppose to have the track to our own selves an' every hones' man keep away

"Well, we wor' swingin' along on the las' quarter,

Dick's feet goin' with their merry, merry clack, jes' as reg'lar as the tickin' of yer' watch; when all of a sudden Dick he stop short an' quick, snuffed an' pointed his ears like a huntin' dog. First time Dick ever balked. 'Somethin' wrong,' says I. I look' whar' Dick's ears wor' pointin' an' what should I see but Ole Skinlint Simpkins hidin' in the grass behin' the fence, tryin' to steal points on Dick an' me.

"I never let on that I seed him. Jes' reached over an' whispered in Dick's ear an' touch him on the left fore shoulder. Then Dick he gives a little contemptuous snuff an' starts out with the cunningest little fake limp in his left fore leg. After we gets around to the stable an' Dick's rubbed down I finds as how Ole Skinlint Simpkins has been aroun' an' got a stable boy to put up \$50 for him against Dick, 'cause Dick's goin' lame. Ha ha!

"I never bets; don't believe in it, jes' rides to win an' hones' race, Dick an' me. Ole Simpkins never bets either, talks agin' it powerful; jes' gets someone else to bet for him, the old hypocrite.

"Must tell yer' about Ole Skinlint Simpkins in the coons. Simpkins, he prays every mornin', so his girl Susan say, that he may put on the who's armor of the Lord; then he goes out to see how can get the best of some hones' man. Oh, how that armor would fit Ole Simpkins, did he ever get any of it!

"He's great on trade, Ole Simpkins is. Trice a

run all kinds of business, an' have 'em sort o' dovetailed in together, so what's left over in one business he can use in the other, he's so sayin'. Keeps a butcher's shop an' makes soap; runs an undertaking establishment an' makes ice cream. Horrors? Oh yes, he's enough to give anyone the horrors. Ole Simpkins is.

"Well, that time about the coons. A colored lady down in Coonville put on the golden slippers one day an' skipped. Oh no, no high class elopement—jes' died. Well, they wor' poor an' got up a cake walk to help pay expenses of the plantin'. Some professionals came up from New York to help 'em out.

"Next day the bereaved husban' went to Simpkins' fer a coffin. For a measure he brought along a stick jes' the length he wanted. Ole Simpkins knew when he saw that stick that he hadn't got anything long enough not to within about six inches. So what did the old hypocrite do but begin talkin' consolatin' like, an' when the poor fellar's back wor' turned to wipe away his tears Ole Simpkins broke six inches off the end o' that stick. Then he said, 'Here's one jes' the length of the stick, see', an' sold him a \$15 pine box for \$12.50 cash down.

"The coon gave him a \$20 bill an' went away with a pine box on his sled an' \$7.50 in change in his pocket. That night the coons, the whole kit an' boodle of 'em, lit out fer New York. The next mornin' when Ole Simpkins went to the bank to make his deposit he foun' as how that \$20 bill wor' counterfeit. Ole Simpkins sort o' felt that the armor ob the Lor' didn't fit first rate that mornin'.

"Well, about that Brooklyn handicap. 'Twor' the mos' excitin' race I ever run; 'twor' a day of days fer Dick an' me! We wor' all thar'; Belmont's 'Duchess,' Ochiltree's 'Whirlwind,' Keene's 'Flashlight' and Dick an' me. Sun shinin' glorious! Track to the queen's taste! Dick as fine as silk! Twenty-five thousand dollars up! An' the crowd shoutin' to beat the band!

"We started off in a bunch. At the first quarter we wor' a rainbow of color, Flashlight carryin' crimson at one end, Dick carryin' blue an' drab at the other, the centers fallin' back. All of a sudden Flashlight shot out like a crimson meteor and Dick dashed after him. Then there wor' a race worth seein'!

"At the half mile Flashlight led by a good length, Dick a lively second. We lapped him easy when Dick got down to business an' we struck the las' quarter with Dick two good lengths ahead; Whirlwind and Duchess fightin' for third place ten lengths behind. The race wor' Dick's fer sure!

"When all of a sudden a horrible cry of terror went up from the grandstand. Women shrieked an' fainted; men howled an' threw up their hands like mad. Then there wor' an awful hush, jes' like somethin' dreadful goin' to happen.

"I strained mah eyes an' ears, an' jes' before us on the track, right in line with Dick's outstretched nose, I saw a little speck of pink and white. 'Twor' a good bit of a babby that had toddled away from the nurse girl flirtin' with the stable boys. The little thing wor' clappin' her han's an' laughin' at the broken rainbow of color, the blue an' drab, the crimson, the brown, the gold, flashin' down the track

upon her like a streak of lightning! The clatter of the horses' hoofs may have sounded like nursery music in lil' babby's ears—'twere like the rattle of death in mine.

"Dick never swerved a hair's breadth, but kept plugin' on, his beautiful brown eyes bulging from their sockets 'till I could see their ivory white as I lay over his shoulder 'till my cheek touched the throbbing veins upon his steaming neck; his pulsing, wide-spread nostrils showing black an' red as I had never seen afore.

"I gave a pull at the bridle; knew he couldn't stop that splendid gait in time, but hoped I might swing him around lil' babby. But Dick knew better than me what he could do. He jes' gave that little shake of the bit which means 'give me mah head!' I let the reins drop. Jes' then the nurse girl threw herself shrieking an' cryin' on the track tryin' to grab lil' babby. That wor' enough to break up any horse; nurse girl, lil' babby, pink an' white skirts an' thangs all in a heap! I shut mah eyes; couldn't bear the sight; jes' had time to think this prayer; 'Oh Lor' save lil' babby—and please give this race to Dick an' me!'

"Then I felt a great heaving under me an' a long drawn breath, like Dick wor' straining to do the thing of his life. He wor' goin' like the wind anyway, with every nerve and muscle strained to breaking point. I feared this extra strain must kill dear Ole Dick. I jes' held mah breath; had no idea what he would do. Then I felt us both going up, I clinging to him with mah knees; an' I knew he wor' makin' a hurdle jump to save nurse girl an' lil' babby!

"Oh, it wor' grand! Flyin' through the air a good five feet above the heap of pink an' white, an' no let up in his paces 'till the line was crossed an' the race won!

"Dick knew Flashlight would follow suit an' take it for a hurdle 'cause Dick did; but that fearful leap at the close of a hard fought battle between the kings and queens of the turf wor' too much for Flashlight. He couldn't get his wind an' pull himself together again, an' the poor fellow staggered up to the line as limp as a rag. Whirlwind, The Duchess an' the others, all broke up, not in it at all, wor' jes' led around nurse girl an' lil' babby.

"Well, then thar' wor' shoutin' an' cheerin' at the grand stand! Women laughed an' cried an' waved their han'kerchiefs an' threw kisses. The sound of kid gloves wor' in the air an' the perfume of violet bouquet wor' comin' our way. One beauffer' lady ran right up to Dick an' threw her lace covered arms around his drooping neck an' kissed him on his velvet lips. Then Ole Dick held down his head like a tired, bashful boy. I feared he wor' goin' to drop; but no, he wor' jes' heart-touched by sweet appreciation.

"Then a man came runnin' out of the crowd carryin' lil' babby in her dusty pink an' white dress; an' he took an' put her right up on Dick's shoulder, right in front of my saddle! An' the lil' thing, she laugh an' crow an' put her tiny, dimpled hands in Ole Dick's mane an' pull his hair, jes' like it wor' her fadder's whiskers.

"An Ole Dick he look aroun' with his swimming, brown eyes, 'till he saw the lil' pink an' white button-hole bouquet on his shoulder. Then he lifted

his head high an' proud! Richard wor' himself again; an' a kingdom wor' not in it with that horse.

"Then the men, they tried to take me from the saddle an' carry me on their shoulders! But I said, 'No, boys, no. I had nothin' to do with winnin' that race. No, no, 't were not Dick an' me that won the race this time and saved lil' babby, 't were jes Dick and the Lor'!"

"That night I sleep with Dick under the manger. In de night I hear him sighin', 'cause he be so tired. Then I thank the Lor' that Dick an' lil' babby and nurse girl all be alive—an' the race ours."

"The boys tole me as how Ole Skinflint Simpkins saw lil' babby toddle on the track, an' instead o' tryin' to save her life ran aroun' quick an' put up



another \$50 against Dick, 'cause Dick goin' to be all broke up. Then I knew he lose \$100 that day tryin' to be mean an' steal points on Dick an' me.

"An' I reckon, as how Ole Skinflint Simpkins must have found out by this time that thar's no such real comfortable fit in the armor of the Lor' for a sneakin' mean man as there is for an honest, thoroughbred horse."



For the best individual picture in the twenty-second annual exhibition of the Camera Club of Hartford, May 25th to 29th, the Redfield prize was awarded to Mr. E. D. Field. The picture taking this prize was especially remarkable for the perfection in which the effect of the incoming fog upon the view of fiercely breaking waves on a rocky shore was shown in softened lights and shadows. The same picture was awarded the first prize in the marine class.

Mrs. Walter Griffin took the Crossfield Cup for the best portrait made in the studio, and also the Mrs. Redfield prize, for the best picture by a lady member. Her pictures were choice pieces of portraiture. Mrs. Griffin has taken up camera work

only recently, starting in for serious effort in the line of portraits about two months ago. This makes the taking of two out of the leading three prizes, in so large and good an exhibition, a notable case of speedy success with the camera.

In specified classes the following were the awards, the first name in each class being that of the winner of the first prize and the name following being that of the second; Animals, Miss Jennie S. Walkley, Paul de Fafchamps; Architecture, Miss Jennie S. Walkley, C. P. Chamberlin; Figure Studies, H. L. Bundy, James Wyper; Flower Studies, H. O. Warner, R. D. Stevens; Genre, Paul de Fafchamps, James Wyper; Interiors, Miss Alice G. Tuttle, Miss Editha Terry; Landscapes, R. D. Stevens, H. D. Olmsted; Marines, E. D. Field, James Wyper; Nature Studies, E. D. Field, R. H. Royce; Portraits, H. L. Bundy, Dr. F. S. Crossfield; Snow Scenes, E. D. Field, R. D. Stevens.

Several of the above exhibitors also received honorable mention for other photographs. Mrs. S. Thompson Kimball's "The Barn Workshop" received honorable mention. The judges were D. F. Wentworth, of Hartford, and R. M. Shurtleff, of New York.

A very clever and pretty grouping was one that we should call "Now I lay me." It pictured a little girl in night dress with a large smooth-coated dog at a bedside, with a collection of favorite rag dolls and their more aristocratic kindred propped up against the bed, all in what presumably were intended to be devotional attitudes. The simple pose of the little girl and the strenuous stretch of the faithful friend at her side presented contrast as well as harmonious intent. The zeal of that dog was admirable, though there might be uncertainty as to whether it was in the line of piety or an imaginary woodchuck between the sheets, into which his head was vigorously thrust.

Miss Editha B. Terry had a fine variety in her excellent exhibit of a dozen pictures. "From the Old Apple Tree" and "Pear Blossoms" were beautiful nature studies. Her portrait of S. J. Leventhal, the violinist, attracted most attention and most favorable comment.

There were one hundred and thirty-three pictures catalogued and among them many of unusual excellence. The interior view given on page seventy shows a corner of the Club's reception room and a section of the exhibit, in which the collection of Paul de Fafchamps is conspicuous. This annual exhibition as a whole was well balanced and interesting and adds another to the list of successes of The Camera Club of Hartford.

Mr. Binks (after an absence). "And so you shot a burglar while here alone and unprotected! You are a clever little woman. What became of him?"

Mrs. Binks. "The other burglar carried him off."

Mr. Binks. "Which other?"

Mrs. Binks. "The one I aimed at."

"That was a horrible trick. My play on Editha."

"Yes?"

"Yes, he sent her one of her own photographs as a comic valentine."

Indianapolis Journal.



ART

of the Spanish school that ended in the works of Valesquez; of the Dutch and Flemish, from painstaking Van Eyck to the limpid, rollicking skill of Franz Hals and the calm vigor of Rembrandt. What humble, simple beginnings to arrive at such power.

Now the canons of drawing are uncompromising, the laws of perspective absolute. One would as little think of changing the Greek system of proportion as of remodeling the symphony so solidly constructed by Haydn. Hence all art development tends toward a finer expression in forms already established and in a truer representation of natural objects. It is in this department that American art seems strongest at the present time, while the imaginative, creative faculty remains unawakened; but that there is a latent feeling for this side of art is evident from the enthusiastic appreciation of the works of Puvis de Chevannes and the great Italian decorators.

The local men spoken of here form a group quite apart in American art. In landscape there is no

YOUNGER ARTISTS OF HARTFORD.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By JAMES BRITTON.

IF the excitement occasioned by the discovery of an old master should create a desire among our art patrons for prospecting, new and embryonic masters might be uncovered to the world and some ambitious devotee to finance and commerce earn for himself a place by the side of great princes; and so could a dead master exert, in a strange land, an influence undreamed of in his waning classic day. Michael Angelo had his Julius II, Velasquez his Philip IV. Let us hope others may profit by their example and in the intercourse acquire one from the other what is needed for the complete reformation of a taste that allows third rate European canvases to hang in the light of our public gallery while American John Vanderlyn reposes in the cellar.

Then will follow, perhaps, the assertion of discreet personal taste; when a man will no longer ask his neighbor if his last art purchase is worth the money. Then local potentates will sit to local painters, portraits of ladies will cease to be an unknown quantity and even the horrors of the advertising designer may be dispelled.

So, hopeful of the future, young artists work away, with the inspiring beauty of New England landscape and the varied character of humanity to base their art upon, less troubled with method, expressing simply, often clumsily, very personal impressions of nature. In this way an art development is strongly manifesting itself here which has for its highest aim an intense searching for natural truths.

Consider how an art begins. Think of the Italian Renaissance, of the development of method between the groping labors of Cimabue to the culmination of technical mastery of paint in Raphael and the Venetians, Titian, Giorgione and Veronese;



SNUG IN GLOUCESTER HARBOR.
From Oil Painting by Oscar Anderson.

sympathy among them for the artificial products of the Lyme school, following in the brilliant path of Henry Ranger. In portraiture there are no little Whistlers or Sargents. Each man is a school to himself.

Look at the picture of a cornfield by Harry Gernhardt; the photograph gives some idea of the beauty of the design without suggesting the powerful color effect. The ground is dark, full of rich green grass and gold-toned stalks against a leaden gray sky



FUTURIFY.

From Oil Painting by Isaac H. Grant

There is no other picture in the world so much soiled and soiled as this, nothing but a man in a room, and he'd have suggested such a wearily long and so dramatic a composition.



PORTRAIT OF CLERGYMAN.
From Oil Painting by W. C. Carmichael.



FINISHED PORTRAIT SKETCH.
By J. M. Gage.

There is a woman's room, unknown while museum artists go to market and bid with heaven pointing

finger for black Dupres and boneless Delacroixs. The painter doesn't worry overmuch about these things. He goes on working out what talent there is in him, while sharks fatten and vanity and greed prevent a people from discovering and enjoying what is its own.

The head of a girl, to which we have given the title "Futurity," by Isaac Grant, shows another sort of temperament. Mr. Grant takes to sculpture without special training; the medium to him is nothing. He turns clay into a thing of beauty, following his model closely, allowing his sense of design to guide him without regard for tradition in bas-relief. In his work there is no striving for the grace of St. Gaudens or the brutal strength of Rolin; and yet without apprenticeship he finds both grace and



THE LANDLORD.
From Oil Painting by Ralph Seymour.

strength and presents them in a new and sensible way.

What a fine thing if some of this really artistic quality could find its way into our public statues now so stupidly staring at us, surrounded by beautiful trees and guarded by park policemen. What merit could be added to our collection of worthies, from old Israel Putnam up over the hill to Governor Hubbard, whose broad back seems waiting for the brush of the sign painter and the words "Omega Biscuit" and "O. H."

Perhaps some of us take statues as we do life, too seriously; some of us not seriously enough. But to come down from the pedestal on Sunday to the doorstep on rent day—turn to Mr. Seymour's portrait of the landlord, brimming over with character, full of life and painted with a spirited directness that convinces; no need of Bunce-like glazings; solid oil



CORNFIELD.
From Oil Painting by Harry Gerhardt

color is handled with great skill, nothing is left to chance; everything reasoned and placed precisely in relation to tone with a result, that, even though it doesn't look quite sweet enough to eat, appeals to another and a finer sense and leaves the impression that the artist paints what he sees, and as he sees broadly you are never sure of his product beforehand. Thus the ever-ready critic is thrown off his guard. Everybody knows this type; this landlord you may feel certain gets his rent or something happens.

What a contrast is found in Mr. Carney's portrait of a clergyman; a totally different type. A character dignified, correct, a cleric whose theology must be very proper, like his coat, and just as impossible of common possession. Mr. Carney paints quietly without flourish of any sort, filling his pictures with



CHINESE GIRL.

From Oil Painting by Albert E. Jones.

bright touches of realism and making them beam with his own good cheer.

Harold Green, whose work is represented by the unfinished picture of a girl, is one of the youngest and most gifted of Hartford's young artists. His progress has been extraordinary. The girl's head is fine in its expression, solidly colored and well composed. It shows in conception and treatment an unusually refined and delicate sense.

Mr. Jones' Chinese girl is more subdued in tone, less frankly drawn, while Mr. Anderson's picture of Gloucester harbor shows still another way of seeing.

The independent spirit of these artists seems the more wonderful when one realizes that all have been pupils of one master. It speaks well for the instruction of Charles Noel Flagg that encouraged and

helped each along his own path, equipped with a knowledge of big principles, that there cannot be traced a permeating influence of Mr. Flagg's own painting methods. Mr. Flagg's influence is felt more strongly in directions above and beyond the technical.

In another article we shall consider the work of other young artists, including Mr. Hepworth, who goes to New York to study next winter, Messrs. Brabazon, McManus, Smith, Orr, Deitrich, Giddings, Bryant and others.

EDITORIAL NOTE—In the above article Mr. Britton, while characterizing so cleverly and so well the work of others, makes no allusion to his own work. The fine quality of this artist's conception and technique is presented in his frontispiece in this number; a picture of rare illustrative art, full of action, true to race track life and beautifully combining the real and the imaginative.

The painting from which the frontispiece is reproduced is superb in coloring. The suggestion of afternoon shadow, of glints of sunlight, of race track swirl and dust are all there; and with them the strong black of glossy, steaming horse, the brilliant colors of rider and the blending of browns and grays and pinks and delicate mauve tints of foreground and surroundings produce a coloring exquisite in contrast and blend. On another page, in the story illustrated by the frontispiece, is a small character sketch from a charcoal drawing by Mr. Britton, that depicts a skunklike hypocrite to perfection; and it is all done with a few touches in black on white but the touches are masterful and those of genius.

—Editor.

"GOOD WIFE, GOOD HOME," ETC.

ONE June morning, soon after the first appearance of this magazine, a gray-haired, bright-eyed man, apparently sixty-five or seventy years young, came into our office bringing a touch of quiet cheerfulness with him. His expression and manner indicated that happy summers had been far more numerous with him and made more of than had been the winters of discontent, if he had ever experienced any such winters.

He was an entire stranger, coming in on a simple matter of business. After saying things about the new magazine very pleasant for us to hear, an allusion was made to his good health and he surprised us by saying he was nearly eighty years old. Then he explained in pretty epigram, containing at least four good sermons or editorials, as follows: "Good home, good wife, good library, no run." The suggestion was offered that perhaps he intended to put the "good wife" first, as quite likely she had much to do with making the "good home." He feelingly said, "Yes, she has been doing that for over fifty years."

We did not know his name but we found it afterwards with this picture on a business blotter lying on our desk. We like to avoid personalities as far as possible and do not give his name, but somewhere there is a "good wife" who may recognize the picture; and it may do no harm once in a while to let wives know what husbands say of them behind their backs.



THE SUMMER WORK OF THE HARTFORD PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By CAROLINE M. HEWINS, Librarian

"YOU must have a good deal of leisure in summer when everybody is out of town," is often heard at the library charging-desk, followed by, "You must get a good deal of time to read then." This is one of the many prevailing misconceptions of library work and library conditions. Everybody is not out of town even in July and August. There are a few avenues and streets where houses are closed, but most of the readers in Hartford stay in town through the summer or have a vacation of not more than two weeks.

Last year, the circulation in July and August was larger than in June, and not much less than in September. June is the smallest month, for the evenings are light till nine o'clock and the children are at the close of the school year and too busy to read much. The first of July brings them back in large numbers, and the warm afternoons and lengthening evenings increase the demand for books for older readers.

The preparation of work for clubs begins in May and lasts until November. Every club which is studying history or literature is requested to send a list of its topics to the reference-room as early as possible, that all the material at hand may be found, and duplicate copies ordered of books already in the library, besides others not previously on its shelves. Sometimes these books have to be imported and do not come for at least two months, then have to be catalogued and made ready for circulation before the club meetings begin in October.

Two thousand school duplicates and three thousand volumes sent early in the year to school and other branches come back before the first of July, and must be checked, examined for injuries or sent to be re-bound. They are returned, checked, re-plated and re-numbered before the schools open and they are sent out again. The six libraries sent to the Vacation Schools also go through the same processes.

After the first of July comes a time when newspapers are sorted and prepared for binding, and worn-out books arranged in the basement, ready for sending away or cutting.

In vacation there is a weekly book-talk in the Boys' and Girls' Room, usually by the librarian, but sometimes by a friend from outside who has been in Spain or Japan, was a nurse in the Civil War, or has some other interesting experience to tell. This year the talks about some of the pictures in the room and the books that tell the history connected with them are:

- July 3, Windsor Castle.
- 10, Kenilworth.
- 17, The Alhambra.
- 24, Heidelberg Castle and the Snow Queen.
- 31, The Canterbury Pilgrims.
- Aug. 7, Stories of dragons.
- 14, Sir Walter Scott.
- 21, Stories of knights.
- 28, Some Shakespeare stories.

These talks are for seventh and eighth-grade pupils from the public and parochial schools. For the ninth grade, just ready for the High School, is

another series of talks in the librarian's office, on "What you can get out of a Henry book." This year the subjects are

- July 3, The Lion of St. Mark and some stories of Venice.
- 10, Knights of the White Cross and stories of the military orders.
- 17, By England's Aid and the story of Sir Philip Sidney.
- 24, Bonnie Prince Charlie and the Rebellion of the Forty-five.
- 31, With Clive in India and the East India Company.



FROM THE OLD APPLE TREE.

Photo by Miss Editha B. Terry, in the Camera Club of Hartford Exhibition.

- Aug. 7, In Times of Peril and stories of the French Revolution.
- 14, Held Fast for England and the story of Gibraltar.
- 21, The Young Englers and the story of the Peninsular War.
- 28, Out with Garibaldi and the story of modern Italy.

Summer is the time for cutting and mounting pictures for school and club use, and for preparing for the year's work. With vacations to plan for and consider, when the place of one member of the staff must often be filled by another, there is little leisure for those who are on duty.

Like the sunlight which fills the air all around us and enters wherever there is an opening, so does the presence of God fill the whole universe, and enters every heart that opens to receive Him.

Selected

Thinking a man high I always find him higher than I thought he was

—Ruskin

"Don't Be Grievin',"

"Coon Song" Comfort



Some coons jes' keeps a cryin' an' a grievin'—
 Quiet face a glowin' wi' de heaven-lit
 smile,
 Jes' 'cause a white soul a black skin an'
 leavin',
 Changin' o' de garments for de angel raiment
 o' style.

Chorus

Now honey don't be grievin',
 Keep your heart jes' bright an' believin',
 They'll be waitin' on the threshold o' the door,
 Beyond the clouds o' silver shinin',
 Whar de mansion lights an' skinin',
 We shall live an' love together evermore—
 evermore.

Lark in de prison cage a frettin' an' a bustlin';
 Beatin' o' its wings for to sing an' soar,
 Flutterin' o' de heart while angel robes an' rustlin';
 But de silver cord when Jansen forns de
 latch-string o' de door.

Chorus

Poor little wiggie-worm a crawlin' an' a
 gropin',
 Bruised by de world an' a 'spectin' jos to die,
 In de sugar maple bark jes' a hidin' an' a hopin';
 In a snawy, silky shroud right cosy he lie.

Chorus

Lark in de air soarin' high an' higher!
 Singin' like it were a happy seraph song!
 Butterfly a flyin' after trials o' de mire,
 Wi' de glorified beauty o' de heavenly
 throng!

Chorus

Touch o' fadin' hand an' de springtime
 skinnin'!
 Life-wine a bubblin' in de sweet-hearted
 tree!
 Livin' flowers a bloomin' from de seed for
 which you're pinin'—

Now, honey, don't be grievin' for de best soul
 free!

Chorus

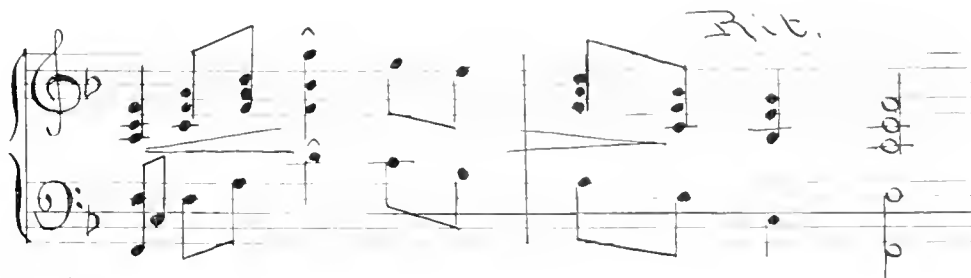
Edward Asahel Wright
 Music By Herman L. Bates

"Don't Be Grieved"

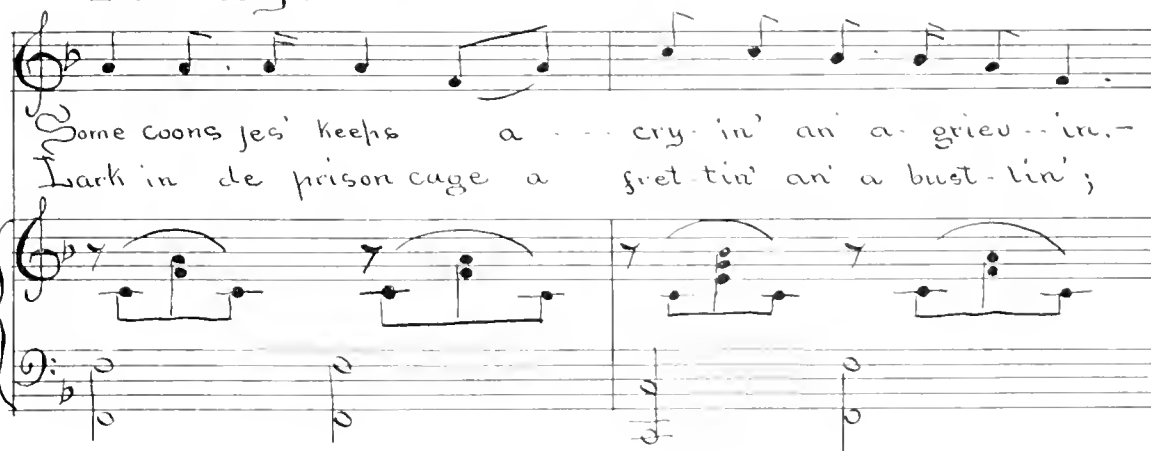
Edw'd Asahel Wright.

H.L. Bolles.

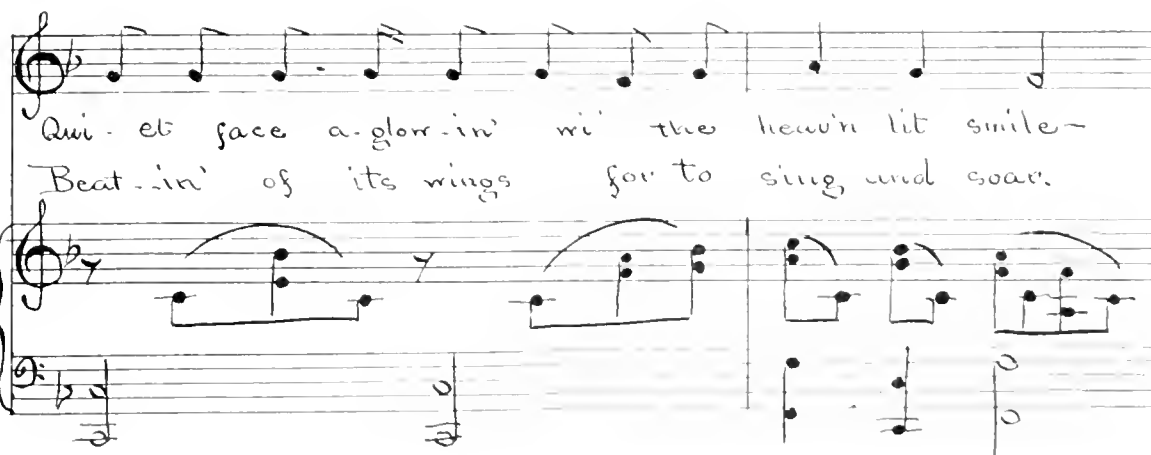
Piano. *Rit.*



Plaintively.



Some coons jes' keeps a . . . cry-in' an' a-griev--in'--
 Lark in de prison cage a gret-tin' an' a bust--lin';



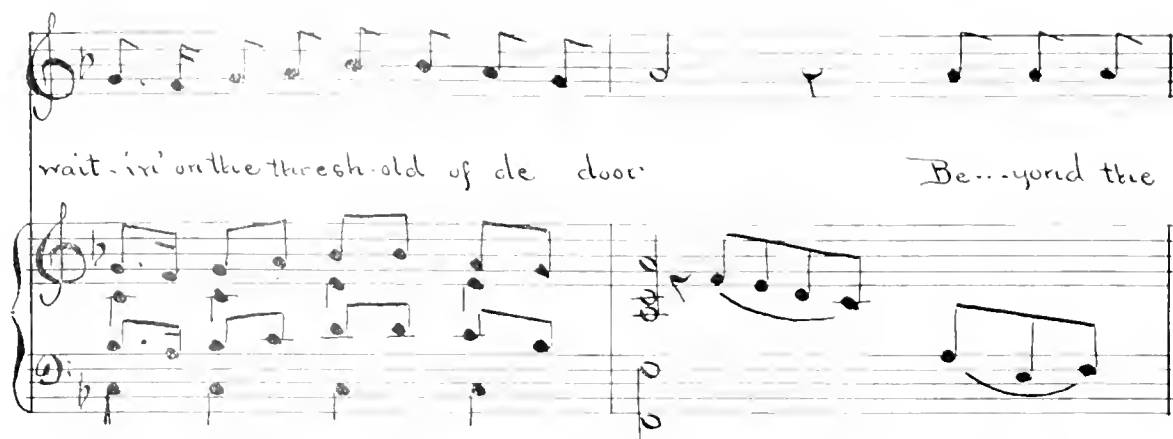
Qui-et face a-glor-in' wi' the heav'n lit smile--
 Beat-in' of its wings for to sing and soar.

Jes' 'cause a white soul a black shin an' a leav'-in';
Flutterin' of de heart while an-gel robes an' a rust'-lin'; -
But de

Chang-in ole gar-ments for de an-gel rai-ment style. Now
sil-ver cord when loos-en' forms de latch-string of de door..

Chorus. *Brightly and faster.*

hon - ey don't be griev'-in'; keep your heart jes' bright an' bliev'-in'. They'll be



wait-in' on the thresh-old of the door Be...yond the



clouds of sil-ver lin-in', What the man-sion lights are shin-in', We shall



Rit.
live and love to-geth-er, ev-er more - er - - er more.



"Give me a man whose heart
Is filled with ambition's fire;
Who sets his mark in the start,
And moves it higher and higher
Better to die in the strife,
The hands with labor rife,
Than to glide with the stream in
an idle dream,
And live a purposeless life."

HEROIC FIRE FIGHTERS.

GREAT disasters develop correspondingly great heroes; the more appalling the calamity the grander the heroism displayed. Among no class of men is this more conspicuously or more admirably proven than among the system-disciplined and self-disciplined men who constitute the almost invariably praiseworthy police and fire departments of American cities.

The noble heroism and self-sacrifice which such men seem always willingly, even naturally, to exercise in their devotion to public safety and protection, and an almost incredible power of endurance are shown in this account of firemen's work in the recent San Francisco disaster. It is from a letter written by Stephen Russell, a captain in the San Francisco fire department, to his sister in San Jose, Cal., as published in the *Mercury*, of the latter city.

The captain describes the terrible experiences and work of these heroes as follows:

"We will never be able to give any kind of a description approaching accuracy of the terrible scenes during the earthquake and for the three days follow-

ing. As soon as possible after the shake I ascertained that all my family was uninjured. Then commenced our fight with the fire, which lasted amid harrowing and nerve-racking scenes of fifty-two hours without intermission.

"It took two firemen to hold the hose while two more sheltered them with a wet blanket. And many, many times, we would lie down in the gutter and roll in the water, but it would not be two minutes till we were perfectly dry again. Our coats fell from our backs. Rubber coats lasted no length of time at all. Our caps were burned or baked on our heads. Our feet were blistered by the heat on the rubber boots. Yet every man fought on for fifty-two hours, when ordinarily a two hours' fight will exhaust a man.

"The doctors and nurses went up and down the line and injected strychnine into us, so we could go on. And one volunteer citizen who had good judgment, went up and down the line with a sack and dipped it in the gutter, then applied it to the backs of our necks. Many times were we trapped by the fire and could not get the horses to our engines, but always the citizens volunteered and pulled them out for us.



(11) MIDNIGHT RELIEF. HARTFORD POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

Photo for The Hartford Monthly by Akers.

In The Theatres

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please must please to live,
—Dr. Johnson.

DEVELOPMENT OF ARTISTIC SYMPATHY.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By HENRY McMANUS.

WHILE the regular theatrical season has ended with the coming of the stock companies, the real dramatic season began and, let it be recorded to the credit of Hartford playgoers, liberal patronage has been the rule at both the theatres.

variety of changing personalities, have a certain fascinating educational value which is incident to no other product of the theatre; and to the consistent student of the drama they offer an admirable field for the cultivation of a really critical judgment.

To see the same players, week after week, present a series of dissimilar roles must of necessity force the thinking auditor to the habit of observing, reflecting and comparing. Unconsciously the most valuable adjunct to the stage is thus instilled into the mind of the playgoer and a bond of artistic sym-



ORME CALDARA
Of the Hunter-Bradford Players.

The opportunity to witness twenty good plays, properly produced and well acted will be afforded those who care to take advantage thereof and at a cost that is well within the means of nearly all amusement seekers.

Stock productions, while perhaps lacking the

pathy is established; and this priceless fellowship is the hook, line and bait that catch the finest dramatic fish.

Hartford had been told for many years that it was a cold and critical audience until, in fact, it was prepared to believe it and determined to live

up to the responsibility, forgetting the fact that a timely round of applause is the graceful way of saying the "welcome" or "well done" or "thank you" that inspires the actor with a desire to earn approval, not as a sop to vanity but as the reward for painstaking effort.

The coming of the stock company last season broke the ice on the river of enthusiasm and left each and every one of us sitting on his or her own individual little cake; and while it didn't quite clear the current, it gave the sunlight of human emotion a chance to respond to enjoyment and not try to hide its pleasure in a pose of judicial consideration.

During the winter the change was noticeable, for the habit of playgoing had improved with practice, as the temper of the audience had become more



EVA VINCENT
Of the Hunter-Bradford Players.

cordial. So now in the middle of the second stock season we are beginning to think with our hearts as well as our minds and let the warmth of our appreciation temper our opinions and the expression thereof in applause.

In time perhaps Hartford may earn a new reputation, when "keen" will take the place of "cold" and "kindly" be substituted for "critical"; and when that time does come let us hold our honors modestly but defend them as we would our lives.

AT PARSONS' THEATRE.

MORME CALDARA, the new leading man of the Hunter-Bradford Players, came out of the West with one of Daly's "Nancy and Company" productions and has made such rapid strides in his second profession that he is considering a number of flattering offers for next season. Starting life as a dentist, like Talma the great French tragedian, he soon found indoor occupation not suited to his robust and athletic disposition and when the company found itself in need of a juvenile comedian he jumped in and to quote his own technical description, "blat" through the part.

After "Mr. Barnes of New York" he made his debut as a comedian in a stock engagement in Kent's company, then an engagement with the big

Kent company in Philadelphia. Frohman gave him a chance as Telemachus in "Ulysses" and he made such good use of it that E. H. Sothorn engaged him for leading man. A short season with Mrs. "Pat" Campbell, an appearance in pretty little Marie Duro's picturesque failure "Friquet," "The Truth Tellers," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," and "Money Talks" brought him to Hartford where his excellent work and genial personality are making him many friends.

The spirit of capricious merriment seems to lurk in the eye of Miss Eva Vincent and the realism of this laugh impelling quality is paramount in her acting, as every patron of Parsons' Theatre has found out with amused satisfaction. To give Miss Vincent's theatrical record would be to recount a brilliant series of successes, for this talented lady has enlivened the stage with many delightful character studies. She has found a hearty welcome in Hartford and let us trust she will enjoy it for many seasons.

The Players have presented since our last issue, "The Liars," "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," "The Cowboy and the Lady," and "Trilby," and as one of our daily papers has called the engagement "champagne at beer prices" and another has declared it was a "dramatic table d'hôte at the price of a stew" and the public has attended in large numbers, a financial as well as an artistic success is assured.

"The Night Off" occupies the seventh week of the season, to be followed by "The Duke and the Dancer," the first production of this new play by Miss Charlotte Thompson.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt appeared at a matinee in Foot Guard Hall in Dumas' drama "Camille." The attendance was light and the production was faulty, but the playing was marvelous and beautiful and inspiring. It's a pity it was to say, "Good bye."

POLI'S.

The Poli Stock Company is now in its fourth week of successful existence, pleasing large audiences and giving capital entertainment at popular prices. Miss Pitt comes of distinguished theatrical stock and her acting shows the family talent as well as her own natural ability. Stratton Campbell's robust talents are proving very interesting and the productions are well staged and elaborate.

Comedy and melodrama will alternate throughout the season.

THE HARTFORD OPERA HOUSE.

The Hamilton stock engagement terminated abruptly and as five cent vaudeville did not prove profitable the "old theatre" has been dark most of the month. A fine line of "bookings" is promised for the winter and "the antis" will probably make this house their home in the city.

Four things come not back;
The spoken word;
The sped arrow;
Time past;
The neglected opportunity.

—Omar Ibn, *Al Hafif*.



— SUBURBAN —

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wildwood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

— Shelley

FARMINGTON.

Shakespeare speaks of "the spire and top of praise." The beautiful spire of the Farmington Congregational Church for more than a century has gracefully held its position at the top of praise among all church spires of its chaste style of beauty. It is generally conceded to be the daintiest and most exquisitely



lined church spire in rural America.

Stately church edifices in the city exhibit in tower and turret far more of the grand and varied powers of art in church architecture; but nothing in city or country can present a more perfect illustration of the impressive beauty and inspiration possible in a simple idea artistically developed and given to the world in its perfection.

This much admired spire has not only turned thoughts upward during these many years, in which it has with suggestive grace pointed constantly "as with silent finger to sky and stars," but in its refined beauty it has been a tranquil power among the aesthetical influences of a community which holds it in admiration amounting to a tender reverence. It has held aloft a standard of symmetry and of perfection of workmanship that has been a social and educational inspiration.

The steeple was built with the church in 1771. The quality of the material and workmanship put into the structure by the builders was in keeping with the spirit of those days when the foundation

of a staunch and abiding republic was being planned. An indication of this is found in the fact that the shingles on the roof did faithful service for over a century and a quarter, and it was only five or six years ago that it was found necessary to replace them with new roof coverings. This is among the numerous churches for which is claimed the one time attendance of George Washington. Its beauty and its newness would certainly have attracted the attention of a man of Washington's tastes.

The village of Farmington is peculiarly residential and educational in character, and is fortunately situated for the further development of these characteristics. It has no manufacturing industries, a bank and two or three small country stores representing its business element. Its quietude and retirement with its pleasing natural attractions make it desirable for suburban residence among a rather exclusive class.

The same qualities have made it desirable as a location for the school for girls, which has caused Farmington to become a cherished part of pleasant school-day associations in distinguished families throughout the United States. This school, established and made famous by Miss Porter, is maintaining its old time prestige under Mrs. Keep's management and gives evidence that its most prosperous and best days may be just before it.

The Elm Tree Inn is crowded with guests, it being popular not only with patrons of the school and other summer visitors making long stays in Farmington, but also among what might be spoken of as wayside inn patrons of the better class, living parties, automobilists, country club visitors, etc. The Country Club near by is an extensive affair, having much more than a local character. Its membership is largely from Hartford and other cities and towns more remote.

Farmington is conspicuously interested in the good roads movement. Within the past few years the town has done much creditable work in the construction and improvement of sidewalks and highways. Its most important undertaking is the construction of a modern macadamized road to the West Hartford line. The work was commenced last season and will be completed within a few weeks.

This will give a fine driveway of five or six miles through a beautiful rural section, and connect a number of improved properties such as "Birdseye View" and others, more advantageously and more pleasantly than ever with Hartford.

A valuable book is soon to appear, in which the social life and natural attractions of Farmington are fully and very interestingly pictured with pen and camera. "Farmington, Connecticut, The Village of Beautiful Homes" is the title of the book. It is being brought out by Mr. A. L. Brandegee and Mr. Eddy N. Smith. It will be a large volume printed on paper of good quality, bound in cloth and profusely illustrated. It will contain six hundred or seven hundred photographic reproductions, including a picture of every home in the village, pictures of familiar old-time and modern local characters, ancient tombstones and landmarks and favorite hillside and valley haunts and views.

The schools of the days of old are strikingly contrasted with the modern school system by photographs of school houses and groups of school children. A reminiscence and historical article on "Old Houses in Farmington," by Julius Gay, is illustrated by sixty or more half tones.

A completely illustrated article on Miss Porter's school is among the other features that, as advance sheets show, will make the book of far more than local interest. It is sold by subscription and will be issued early in July.

WEST HARTFORD.

A CREDITABLE indication of the spirit and educational aims of West Hartford is shown in the fact that about one-third of the entire value of the property owned by the town is in school plant. The last town inventory showed the value of all the town property and investments in permanent improvements to be \$236,955. Of this amount \$87,000, in round numbers, was in improved highways; \$32,000 in bridges; \$41,000 in town hall and miscellaneous properties; and \$76,800 in schools.

The large and substantial school house, conspicuous in its fine elevation and the solidity, if plainness, of its style of architecture, is a \$27,000 building. It was built ten years ago. It has a frontage of eighty-nine feet and is about two-thirds as deep as it is long. Its beauty or dignity is somewhat marred by a diminutive and unbecoming cupola, which suggests an intellectual personage of massive proportions up to the shoulders doing its best to maintain a dignified appearance under a six and one-half hat covering a neckless head. This, however, is a slight and easily remedied blemish to a school building such as few other towns of its size, if any, in the state, possess.

The total mileage of West Hartford public roadways is about sixty-seven miles. Of this twenty-two miles, approximately, is macadamized, the average cost of which is estimated to have been \$1.00 a running foot for the macadam and telford, indicating a roadway of good quality. Roadways of this character when properly constructed and cared for are among the most valuable assets of a modern suburban town adjoining a prosperous and growing city, from which comes an increasing

demand for good driving places and road-machine opportunities among a pleasing variety of natural attractions.

Among other assets of the town is the important one of the town hall property, having the choicest location possible, at the junction of Farmington Avenue and Main Street. It includes a large lot, the old town hall and the new \$20,000 office building, the valuation of the land and buildings being \$31,000.

The town has over \$32,000 worth of good bridges, the cost of improvements and repairs of which last year was only about five per cent. of their valuation; and this in a year when some unusual and important improvements were made on one bridge, the New Park Avenue bridge, at a cost of about \$1,000, or two-thirds of the entire expenditure for bridge maintenance.

West Hartford has one bridge worth \$10,000. It



A CORNER IN THE RECEPTION ROOM OF THE CAMERA CLUB OF HARTFORD.

Photo for The Hartford Monthly by De Faichamps.

is the granite arch structure on Farmington Avenue. It has stood the test of nearly forty years of hard and heavy service on the main thoroughfare for a large and important traffic section, having been built in 1868. It is so similar in solidity to the most substantial roadbed and so unassuming in its strength that it is seldom thought of by the large number accustomed to cross it daily, nor often recognized as a bridge by strangers who are absorbed while crossing Trout Brook with the natural beauties bordering the pretty and romantic stream and extending along the hillside into the handsome, well-groomed village stretching out in liberal spaces on the long plateau just above.

This bridge record proves that many years ago there must have been those with foresight and public spirit enough to build for the future in a way indicating confidence in the coming West Hartford—a confidence that is now being happily justified in this rapidly growing suburban town.

EAST HARTFORD.

DURING the town year ending September 11, 1905, the number of books drawn from the public library of East Hartford was 14,749. For a population of perhaps half that number in a widely scattered community this is a remarkably creditable record; creditable both as to the quality of the library and as to the proportion of readers among the people, especially where so many of them are engaged in agricultural and manufacturing work with little spare time for reading.

Another thing very creditable to those who draw books from this library is the large and steadily increasing percentage of those who draw books other than fiction. More than one-quarter of the books drawn by children last year were instructive

On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays the reading room of the Raymond Library Association is open for the use of children. Considerable attention has been made to using the room for social gathering on the days when it is not used as above. Probably a cautious but fair discrimination in regard to the purposes for which the room shall be used on the unoccupied days will adjust matters satisfactorily to the general public, for the highest benefit of which the generous donor established the Raymond library and made provision for its maintenance and increase.

On Being Kind.

Not everyone is steadily beset by a grievous and all but irresistible temptation. Not everyone has



"IN GREEN PASTURES"

Photo by Paul De Fatchamps. Camera Club of Hartford Exhibit

and descriptive books, not classed under the head of fictitious story books. This percentage was considerably larger than that of the previous year. The demand for books of direct practical value has been increasing from year to year for several years past.

The Raymond reference library is proving of great value as an educator and as a very abundant source from which to obtain information from standard and special works. It is also of great service to the town in providing a good library building and furnishing heat, light and care free of charge. The relief from these expenses permits the purchasing of more books annually than would otherwise be possible. Three hundred and fifteen books were added to the library last year.

to recast his life against the sombre background of a lifelong remorse for wrongdoing, repented of, but, humanly speaking, irreparable. But everyone has cause to bewail the kind act omitted, the kind word withheld, the small slight or discourtesy to the aged or infirm, the petty meanness which was not quite a sin. In the flush of our youth and strength we forget that death is ever impending. If we truly realized that to-morrow may be too late for the honest acknowledgment and expression of regret which erases the memory of our unkindness, we should never let the sun go down on repair from unaccomplished.

More than half the pain and discomfort of ordinary lives comes from the petty unkindnesses and slights among kindred and friends. More than half

the wrecks of what were once promising friendships are caused, not by the discovery by one or other of great deficiencies in mind or character in the friend, but by petty tricks or deceptions revealed, or small neglects, or those slights—hardest of all to pardon, and never, we fear, quite forgotten—that are done not to one's self, but to the near and dear ones whose feelings we would safeguard at any time at the expense of our own.

Be kind in time. Be kind even at the risk of personal inconvenience. Be kind to the infirm and old and uninteresting. Be kind to the people you don't like. Forbear the irritating word. Send your thought just a second or two ahead of your speech, that want of tact may not effect as much mischief as positive ill will.

—*The Catholic News.*



THE VIOLINIST.

Photo by Miss Editha B. Terry, in the Camera Club of Hartford Exhibition.

MERIDEN'S CENTENNIAL.

AT this writing, on the third week of June, the city of Meriden is most successfully celebrating its one hundredth birthday as a town. The week is filled with interesting and important events in carefully arranged variety, including conventions of several Connecticut fraternal and industrial associations, daily parades and literary, musical and athletic entertainments. The celebration is the result of much planning and work that has been under way for a year or more. This enterprising city is in brilliant holiday attire. It is crowded with old friends and new and in generous hospitality is abundantly proving that it is growing old gracefully and cleverly.

SOME OF THE KIND THINGS SAID OF THE HARTFORD MONTHLY.

THE Waterbury American's mention of The Hartford Monthly, June 2, may be of service to readers of the July number who may not have seen the June number and would like information as to the contents of the first issue. For this reason we publish what The Waterbury American says in full, as follows:

"The latest newcomer into the field of periodical literature is The Hartford Monthly, a bright, newsy, attractive magazine, devoted, as its name indicates, to the interests of the city to which it belongs. Mayor Henney opens the number with an article on 'The Citizens and the City,' which summarizes in a pleasant, conversational way, the advantages of the State capital. A quotation from Senator Hawley on 'The Dignity of Politics' forms a pendant for the Mayor's opening speech, and then comes 'The People and the Parks,' by Superintendent Parker, which is followed by a short exposition on the advantages of Hartford as a rapidly growing trade center. 'A City-Country Club's Work,' in Pittsfield, Mass., interests Hartford people who summer in that town, and the work of the Hartford public schools is described at some length by the superintendent, Thomas S. Weaver. City Engineer Ford pleads for measures to render the city clean and healthful by abandonment of the plan of turning crude sewage into the Connecticut River; a considerable space is devoted to the work of the Hartford Camera Club, the Get-Together Club, various smaller clubs and fraternities. The Hartford Philharmonic Orchestra, the Athenaeum, the Y. M. C. A., the churches, the police and fire systems, the theatres and the suburban towns receive their due meed of attention and all articles are finely illustrated. A dainty fairy tale, 'The Fairies of Bonnie Dell,' is contributed by Edward Asahel Wright and illustrated by James Britton. The whole magazine is a credit to its promoters, and should be generously supported by all persons having any associations with Connecticut's Capital City.

—*Waterbury American.*

The first number of The Hartford Monthly has just appeared and makes a very good showing. It is excellently illustrated, many of the drawings being by James Britton, and highly effective. One specially deserving notice is the heading to the department called "In the Churches." There are also good photographs. The text of the magazine includes an unusual number of articles of direct local interest.

—*Hartford Times.*

The magazine is well written and makes an excellent typographical appearance.

Bright number is The Hartford Monthly. The keystone of the magazine is a publication "devoted to the good things, the brightest and the best in our city and its suburbs."

—*The Hartford Evening Post.*

It has a good list of contributors and is artistic in typography, as well as entertaining in text.

—*The New Hartford Tribune.*

The first number certainly sets a high standard to follow, and the success of the enterprise seems assured from the start. The magazine is artistically illustrated from drawings and the camera.

—*Connecticut Valley Advertiser.*

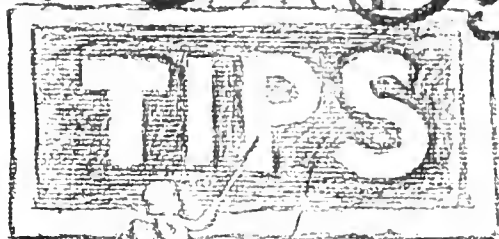
Handsomely printed, and well illustrated, containing various matters of interest to the citizens of the city who take pride in its beauties.

—*Hartford Courant.*

It is profusely illustrated and very attractive in every way. The magazine has a splendid field to fill and we wish every success to the editors and publishers. It starts out auspiciously and should receive adequate support.

—*Bridgeport Daily Standard.*

SOME GOOD BUSINESS



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CITY GUIDE Police Calls and Fire Alarm

How to Call a Policeman.

A key fitting all police call boxes will be furnished to any reputable citizen, free of charge, upon application at police headquarters, Market Street.

To call a policeman, and for this purpose only, insert key in key-hole marked "Citizen's Key," in center of outside door; push key in as far as possible; turn key to right as far as it will go, or one-quarter way around; let go of key and leave it there. Do not try to open the door nor to release the key, the key once inserted can only be released by a policeman.

Location of Police Call Boxes.

- 12, cor. Morgan and Front Streets.
- 13, " Morgan and Main Streets.
- 14, " Windsor and Avon Streets.
- 15, " Main and Pavilion Streets.
- 16, " Judson and Barham Streets.
- 21, " Union Depot.
- 22, " Main and Ann Streets.
- 23, " Albany Avenue and East Street.
- 24, " Albany Avenue and Blue Hills Road.
- 25, " Asylum Avenue and Woodland Street.
- 26, " Sigourney and Collins Streets.
- 27, " Farmington Avenue and Laurel Street.
- 31, " State and Front Streets.
- 32, " Front and Sheldon Streets.
- 33, " Commerce and Potter Streets.
- 34, " Main and Arch Streets.
- 35, " Charter Oak and Union Streets.
- 41, " Pearl Street, Hook & Ladder House.
- 42, " Park and Broad Streets.
- 43, " Zion Street and Glendale Avenue.
- 44, " Broad and Howard Streets.
- 45, " Park Street and Sisson Avenue.
- 46, " Park and Laurel Streets.
- 51, " Wethersfield Avenue and Bond Street.
- 52, " Main and Congress Streets.
- 53, " Washington and Vernon Streets.
- 54, " Lafayette and Russ Streets.
- 55, " New Britain Avenue and Broad Street.
- 56, " Maple Avenue and Webster Street.
- 57, " Wethersfield Avenue and South Street.
- 61, " Selectmen's Office, Pearl Street.
- 62, " Franklin St., near County Building.
- 63, " House of Comfort, Bushnell Park.
- 72, " Farmington Avenue and South Street.

How to Give a Fire Alarm

There are 130 fire alarm boxes, located conveniently for use throughout the city. A few of them are "keyless," requiring no key to give an alarm. Any reputable citizen can

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as one of the contributors to this "Interest
ing Magazine," and desire that the readers
shall peruse what we have to say, as
the substance will be mutually
advantageous.

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If it's anything in Furnishings you
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your liking here. We supply
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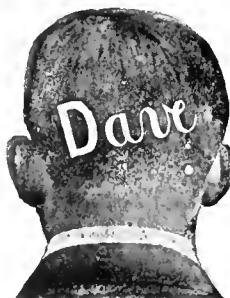
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Dave

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face to face."

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CITY GUIDE---Continued.

obtain a key to be kept on hand in case of need, by applying at the fire department headquarters, 43 Pearl Street.

To give an alarm, open the door of the red box, pull the hook to the bottom of the slot once, and let go; then close the door. The key will be released and returned as soon as convenient. Do not pull the hook if the fire bell or the small bell in the box is striking, as that indicates an alarm has already been given. In using the keyless box, when the door has been opened, follow the same directions as given for ordinary box. Private boxes will only be pulled for fires on the premises where located. Always give the alarm from the box nearest to the fire. Key holders, upon changing their locations, will please notify the superintendent of fire alarm telegraph, at department headquarters.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

The numbers given below correspond with the strokes of the fire alarm bell. From the strokes and these numbers a fire can be very closely located, the strokes indicating the number of the box from which the alarm has been given.

- 12, Asylum St. and Union Pl.
- 13, Asylum and Farmington Aves., Junction.
- 14, Walnut St., opp. Chestnut.
- 15, Flower St., front Pratt & Whitney Co's.
- 16, Hook & Ladder House, Pearl St.
- 17, Engine House, No. 4, Ann St.
- 18, Trumbull and Pearl Sts.
- 19, Trumbull and Main Sts.
- 22, Myrtle and Edwards Sts.
- 23, High St. and Foot Guard Place.
- 24, Ford and Asylum Sts.
- 32, Farmington Ave. and Beach St.
- 41, Lumber St. |
- 142, Albany Avenue and East St.
- 143, County Jail, Seyms St.
- 144, Windsor Ave. and Florence St.
- 161, So. N. E. Telephone Bldg. (Private).
- 21, Asylum and Trumbull Sts.
- 23, Main and Pearl Sts.
- 24, State and Market Sts.
- 25, Engine House, No. 3, Front St.
- 26, Grove and Commerce Sts.
- 27, Main and Pratt Sts.
- 28, Main and Morgan Sts.
- 29, Morgan and Front Sts.
- 213, Trumbull and Church Sts.
- 231, Main and Asylum Sts.
- 241, Market and Temple Sts.
- 251, Kilbourn and Commerce Sts.
- 271, Main and Church Sts.
- 31, Front and Arch Sts.
- 32, Main and Mulberry Sts.
- 34, Trumbull and Jewell Sts.
- 35, Main and Elm Sts.
- 36, Capitol Ave. and West St.
- 37, Colt's Armory.
- 38, Main and Buckingham Sts.
- 39, Engine House, No. 6, Huyshope Ave.
- 312, Charter Oak Ave. and Governor St.
- 313, Capewell Horse Nail Co. (Private).
- 314, Sheldon and Taylor Sts.
- 315, Old Screw Shop, Sheldon St.
- 321, Grove and Prospect Sts.
- 361, Capitol Ave. and Trinity St.
- 371, Edward Balf Co., Sheldon St. (Private).
- 381, Charter Oak Place.
- 41, Capitol Ave., front of Pope's.
- 42, Park and Washington Sts.
- 43, Russ and Oak Sts.
- 45, New Britain Ave. and Summit St.
- 46, Zion St., opp. Vernon.
- 47, Park and Broad Sts.
- 48, Broad and Vernon Sts.
- 49, Trinity College.
- 411, Hartford Machine Screw Co. (Private.)
- 412, Russ and Lawrence Sts.
- 413, Putnam St., opp. Orphan Asylum.

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cases as they were originally and
as they are since they
have been corrected

CITY GUIDE---Continued.

421. Buckingham and Cedar Sts.
423. Washington and Jefferson Sts.
424. Broad and Madison Sts.
451. Fairfield Ave. and White St.
452. New Britain Ave. and White St.
461. Hamilton and Wellington Sts.
471. Engine House, No. 8, Park and Atleck Sts.
5. Engine House, No. 1, Main St.
51. Maple Ave. and Congress St.
52. Wethersfield Ave., opp. Car Barns.
53. Retreat Ave. and Washington St.
54. Wethersfield Ave. and Alden St.
56. New Britain Ave. and Washington St.
57. Retreat for Insane (Private).
512. Franklin Ave. and Shultas Place.
513. Franklin Ave. and Morris St.
514. Hartford Hospital (Private).
521. Wethersfield Ave. and Preston St.
522. Wethersfield Ave., opp. Capitol Park.
523. Engine House, No. 10, Bond St.
524. Franklin Ave. and Brown St.
531. New Britain Ave. and Broad St.
532. Julius and Crown Sts.
561. Maple Ave. and Bond St.
6. Asylum Ave., opp. Sumner St.
61. Farmington Ave. and Smith St.
62. Engine House, No. 5, Sigourney St.
63. Farmington Ave. and Gillett St.
64. Engine House, No. 11, Sisson Ave.
65. Capitol Ave. and Laurel St.
67. Capitol Ave. and Sigourney St.
611. North Beacon and Cone Sts.
612. Farmington Ave. and Oxford St.
613. Kenyon St.
614. Warrenton Ave. and Beacon St.
621. Cathedral, Farmington Ave. (Private).
622. Woodland St., opp. Niles.
623. Farmington Ave. and Laurel St.
631. Farmington and Sisson Aves.
632. Forest and Hawthorn Sts.
641. Smith and Davenport Sts.
642. Park and Heath Sts.
643. Bartholomew Ave.
644. New Park Ave. and Kilbe St.
645. New Park Ave. and Merrill St.
651. Underwood Typewriter Co., 581 Capitol Ave. (Private).
652. Electric Vehicle Co., Park and Laurel Sts. (Private).
653. Laurel and Willow Sts.
7. Albany Ave. and Williams St.
71. Woodland and Collins Sts.
72. Alms House (Private).
73. Garden and Collins Sts.
74. Albany and Blue Hills Aves.
75. Vine St., west side, front T. J. Blake's.
76. Albany Ave., west of Lenox Place.
711. Asylum Ave. and Gillette St.
712. Collins and Sigourney Sts.
713. Ashley and Huntington Sts.
714. Sargeant and May Sts.
715. Sargeant and Woodland Sts.
721. Vine and Capen Sts.
731. Sargeant and Garden Sts.
732. Garden and Myrtle Sts.
741. Blue Hills Ave.
742. Blue Hills Ave. and Holcomb St.
751. Albany Ave. and Burton St.
8. Windsor Ave. and Mather St.
81. Windsor Ave. and Capen St.
82. Clark and Westland Sts.
83. Windsor Ave. and Frankfort St.
84. Capen and Garden Sts.
812. Mahl Ave., opp. Arsenal.
813. Suffield and Bellevue Sts.
821. Charlotte and Barbour Sts.
831. Opposite Engine House, No. 7, Windsor Ave.
9. Main and High Sts.
91. Engine House, No. 2, Pleasant St.
92. Windsor and Pleasant Sts.
93. Foot Windsor St., Smith, Northam & Co.

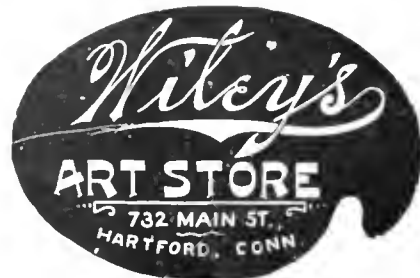
Fire Bell Signals.

Two single strokes is the recall or signal
that the fire is out.

Ten strokes is the general alarm, calling
out all reserve companies.

Two rounds of twelve strokes each is the
military call.

The fire bell gives one stroke for 12 o'clock,
noon daily, except Sunday; and one stroke
for 9 o'clock p. m.



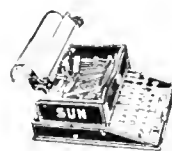
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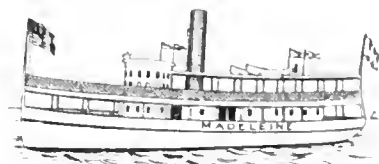
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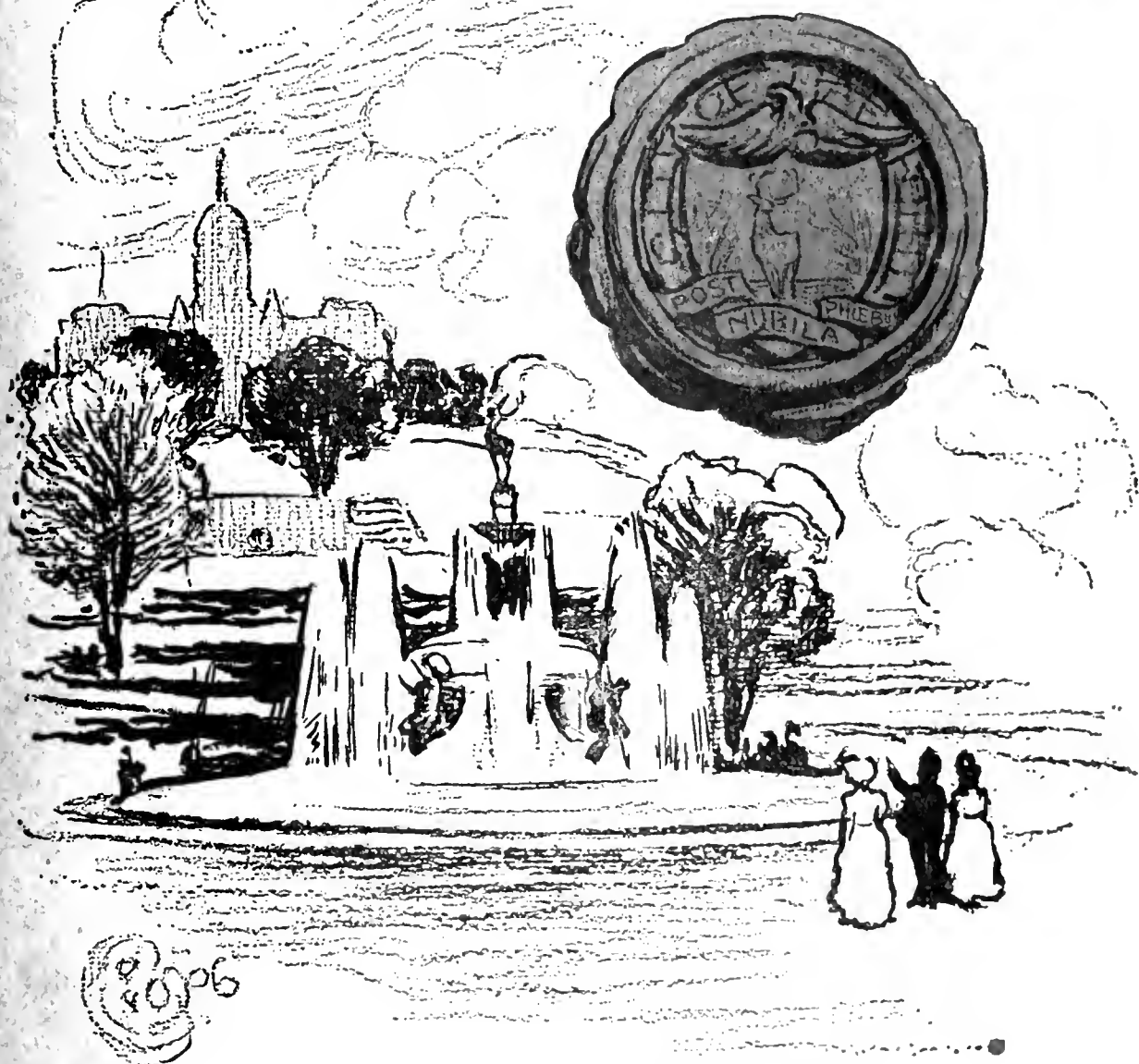
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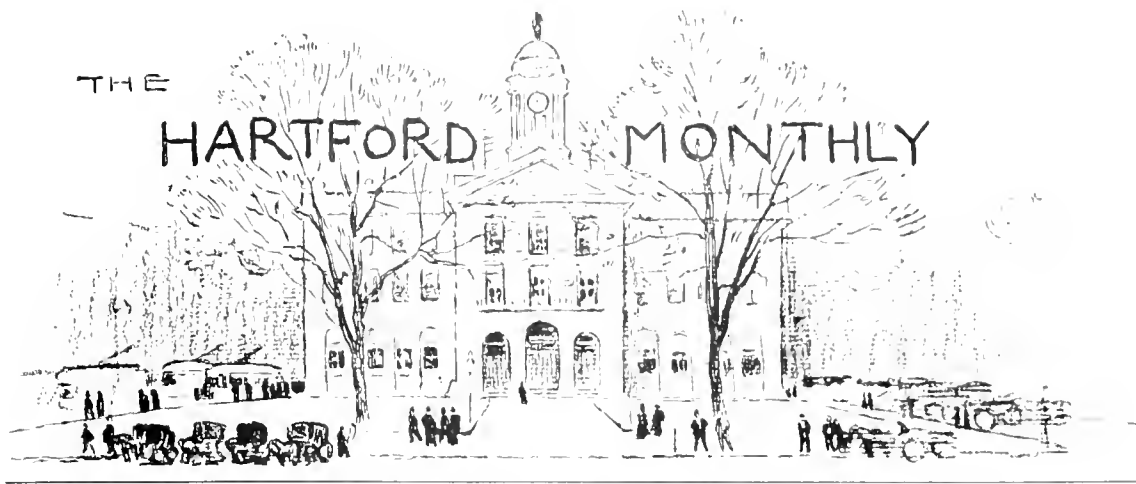
THE HARTFORD MONTHLY



The Hartford Monthly Publishing Company
Courant Building, Hartford, Conn.

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A MAGAZINE devoted to
the GOOD things, the
brightest and the
best, in our city and
its suburbs *o o o o*



SOME SPECIAL FEATURES

of the
August Number.

ILLUSTRATIONS (DRAWINGS) BY JAMES BRITTON.

Frontispiece—"Mamma, Remember I am a Girard!"

BY JAMES BRITTON.

Some Pleasant Summer Friends—Midsummer in Elizabeth Park, and Hill Town. Pen and Camera Sketches. Illustrated.

Non-Literary Uses of The Hartford Public Library.

BY CAROLINE M. HEWINS, LIBRARIAN,
and

ESTHER B. OWEN, HEAD OF REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.

In the Eyes of a Dog—Painting by Mrs. Julia H. Goddard.

The "Placing Out" System—Inadequate Inspection of Foster Homes for "Children of the State" may afford opportunities for Wrongs as Cruel as were those of Southern Slavery.

The Blind Nidia—Photograph by Horace L. Bundy.

Rufus Henry Jackson—Portrait and Editorial Tribute.

PAINTING BY JAMES BRITTON.

The Musical Fire Escape—Story of a Raysville, Connecticut, Invention. Illustrated
BY EDWARD ASHIEL WRIGHT.

The Younger Artists of Hartford—Continued from July Number. Eight Illustrations.
BY JAMES BRITTON.

"In Twilight's Glow"—Illustrated Summer Song. New Music.
BY BRITTON, WRIGHT, BOLLES.

Bright Attractions of The Y. M. C. A.—First Announcement of Fall and Winter Lectures, Entertainments, Classes, etc. Illustrated
BY HARRY M. GERRY, EDUCATIONAL DIRECTOR.

Show Windows and "The City Beautiful"—Influence of Tasteful Window Displays Upon the Character of City Streets. Illustrated.

In The Theatres—The Spirit of Dramatic Criticism. Illustrated
BY HENRY MCMAHON.

Birds of Farmington. Illustrated. New Britain schoolgirl and schoolboy write cleverly of their Ideals—Secretary Hay and "Little Breeches." Poetry. Miscellany. "Some Good Business Tips." Police Signals—Fire Alarm, etc., etc.

Press of C. M. Goss.

1906
Vol. 1, No. 3.

Published by
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10 Cents a Copy
\$1.00 a Year.

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"MAMMA, REMEMBER I AM A GIRARD!"
Illustration by James Batten, for "The Musical Fire Escape."



"STAY-AT-HOME" RECOMPENSE, MIDSUMMER, ELIZABETH PARK, HARTFORD

Photo for The Hartford Monthly, by Paul De Fafchamps.

SOME PLEASANT SUMMER FRIENDS.

A Page From a Hill Town Visiting List.



Knowing of the "stay-at-home" recompense possible to our friends in a city of Hartford's wealth of park and water attractions, we enjoy the more happily and contentedly the delights of our summering among the beautiful Berkshire Hills and by the waterfalls, along the trout streams and in the meadows of Hampshire. Were it

not for the size of Mt. Tom and his cronies, everlastingly hanging around the banks of the Connecticut, we could almost look right down upon our "stay-at-home" friends enjoying themselves in their Elizabethian elysium.

We have been introduced to more pleasant rural friends and scenes about here perhaps, certainly more quickly, through pretty and frolicsome Fannie than any other medium; though the sedate and moderate old dowager Kitty has run us up, or walked us up, against quite a number of interesting personages and things. Kitty is a kind hearted and cautious "2.40" farm horse—two miles in forty minutes. Fannie is a spirited young farm belle, who in face and complexion closely resembles Rosa Bonheur's famous beauty, whose portrait graces the introduction of this visiting list.

One of our first Hill Town friendships, and a very entertaining and pleasant one it has proved, was that formed with "Frank," a local celebrity over "Smith Holler" way. Frank has many original and interesting characteristics; two of them are his com-

placent equanimity and his ambition, always successfully gratified, to be the first in his section to "turn his feet out to grass for the summer," as expressed by him. As to his equanimity and his ambition, so far as we have been able to learn not a wave of trouble has ever been known to roll across his peaceful breast—a big and healthy heart tide seems to turn any wave of the kind back and off before it has gained momentum enough to roll half way across that broad expanse. When Frank begins to revel in barefoot comfort and turns his feet out to grass the summer season in Hill Town is recognized as opening agriculturally. In the picture Frank and his inseparable companion are opening the season; Frank congratulating himself; the chum looking abroad for recognition of the event and



approach of the exercises. Up here the sky will reveal its beauty and open the spirit's season.

Frank and his chum attend to the summer opening and are happy.

Two fortunate little ones, whom we have met, may well sing, as they are perched on the rocks blinking in sunshine, "How Firm a Foundation."



Photo by Helen Stanton.

A short time ago they were both "State Kids," little waifs of the state. Recently the little girl has been adopted into a prominent family, where she will always have an excellent home, and happily her little brother is permitted to live with her. The home is a beautiful one on a large farm, of which the meadows here pictured are a part. This is a rarely happy case and one which goes to prove that the placing out system, with all its defects, has a bright side of blessing; which is probably true of



Photo by Chas. H. Raymond.

most things in this well meaning but imperfect world of ours.

In the Hampshire meadow scene is a collection of our summer friends making themselves useful as well as ornamental and healthy. A city-country-international possibility in the line of cooperation is illustrated in this picture. The driver on the load of hay is the well-to-do proprietor of the farm; his companion on the load is a bright young student from Japan, a city visitor; the young lady running the horse rake and the "Maud Muller" are city guests of the farmer and his wife; whether our stalwart friend, the Polander, is under that big forkful of hay going on to the load we are not quite sure, he ought to be around there somewhere; anyway Charlie, a bright little "state boy" is very much in evidence as usual near the center of operations, and a glimpse of the pretty white neck of our frolicsome Fannie can be seen on the off side of the team.

One of the noblest figures in animal life ever

seen among these hills was that of "Glendale Duke." He was not only noted for his huge and impressive presence but also for his kind and pleasing disposition. This noted Durham, 2,700 pounds of him, has recently been reincarnated into Yankee through the Brighton market process. Never in his distinguished farm and cattleshows career did he do an unkind act. It is customary to lead and control such as he by a stout pole attached to a nose ring. In Duke's case such a safeguard was wholly unnecessary and never used, a small strap being sufficient to guide him anywhere. In the picture a young lady guest wholly unaccustomed to such animals is holding him in camera pose.

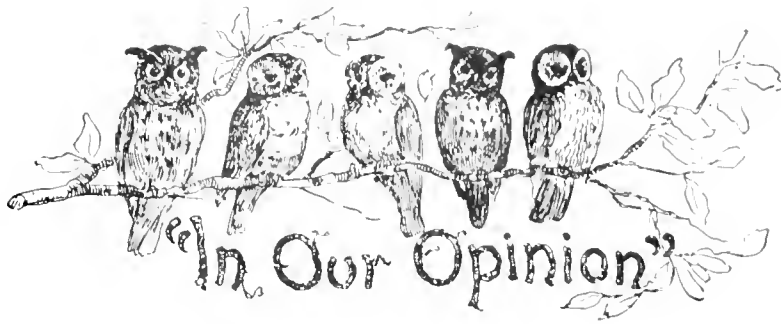


Photo by Chas. H. Raymond.

More friends are met and more goodbyes said at the cattle shows, which September and October bring to the hill towns, than at any other event. The balloon ascension on the fair grounds, when available, gives an upward-look close with a graceful float-away suggestiveness to the season, opened on a substantial and broad-gauged basis by our friend Frank, his feet and his approving chum.



Photo by Chas. Butler.



"Wings for the angels, but feet for men;
We may borrow the wings to find the way.
We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise or we will fall again."

THE CITY HALL OASIS.

ONE of the quickest and prettiest transformation scenes in the art of gardening ever witnessed in Hartford was presented in May, when Superintendent Parker, of the department of public parks, with thirty-five men, in a few hours changed the barren grounds about City Hall into a verdant and flowering oasis of beauty and grateful refreshing, in the stony precincts of the heart of a busy city. The work may prove effective in more ways than one. Its new environments will add to the artistic influences that may give a longer lease of life to the venerable City Hall.

THE GIRL AND THE BOY OF IT.

IN an article on "Men and the Churches" in the July number of this magazine allusion was made to the fact that women are naturally more spiritual in their tastes and longings than are men. In reference to this characteristic in girls and boys it was claimed that the girl's divinity is her hero; the boy's hero will become his divinity.

Very interesting and decidedly unique confirmation of the above statements was found, a few days after the article appeared, in the New Britain Grammar School Review for June, a bright and creditable publication edited by grammar school pupils of New Britain, Connecticut. Apparently a girl and a boy had been appointed to write with a free hand or naturally of what in their opinion constituted the ideal, each respectively, of her and his sex and age. We give the productions below. In sentiment and in method of expression they are strikingly characteristic and sexy. The sweet earnestness of the one; the natural light-heartedness and assumed sang-froid of the other, with lots of good back of it all, represent about right the average American girl and boy of today.

AN IDEAL GIRL.

In my opinion, an ideal girl can be just as womanly as an ideal boy can be manly. She must learn to be self-sacrificing, gentle and kind, and live in harmony with the rules of religion. Modest in dress, thoughtful in action and courageous in danger, she can accomplish much. Though humorous, she must not slight anyone through thoughtlessness. By laboring diligently at the work intended for her to do, she can learn to persevere, for labor gives

strength and sweetens life. No matter how exasperating an ordeal or how disagreeable a duty, she must never swerve from the right. If it is her lot to suffer, true fortitude with trust in God will aid her. To be an "ideal girl" requires much tact, self-sacrifice, and a strong soul to go with it.

Susanne M. Worcheck, '06.

THE IDEAL BOY.

Reader, I warn you, do not read this, for if you do, you will regret it. Well, since you have started you may as well finish, only, do not blame me for the result because this lacks logic.

To begin with let me define ideal—"the conception of a thing in its most perfect state." Let me define perfect—"finished." Well, a boy is a human being is he not? Is he finished? No. A human being is not perfect because he is never finished. He may be minus a tooth, a hair or an eyelash, hence he is not perfect. Again to be nearly finished, a human being must be a man, if male; and a boy may be twenty-one years away from a man, hence he is not finished, perfect or ideal. Let me break this rule since I make it, and it is such fun to break a rule, you know.

The so-called ideal boy *must* be a gentleman; all other qualities are of minor importance. For instance it is not necessary for him to have a soft, sweet, and melodious voice,—all he needs is a good, healthy roar to be a boy; and he cannot be ideal because he is not finished. Neither is it necessary for him to have the appearance of a youthful Adonis. All that is necessary is grit, bound with tough, active muscles, and enclosed within a good crop of freckles, a pair of knickerbockers and a shock of hair. His face, must it be clean, rosy and angelic? No, it may be dirty, scratched and rough, but in his eye there is that twinkle of roguishness, a boy's.

I am not describing the perfect boy or what I think he ought to be when he matures. But think, which do you like better, the faultless specimen, artificially educated, or the rough, natural specimen?

In order that you may decide for yourself, I leave this composition unfinished, imperfect, hence not ideal.

—William W. Squire, '06.

Great Hearts.

Hearts that are great beat never loud,
They muffle their music when they come,
They hurry away from the thronging crowd
With bended brows and lips half dumb
And the world looks on and mutters, "Proud",
But when great hearts have passed away,
Men gather in awe and kiss their shroud,
And in love they kneel around their clay.
Hearts that are great are always lone,
They never will manifest their best,
Their greatest greatness is unknown
Earth knows a little, God, the rest

—A. J. Ryan

Consoling.

There is some aggravation in city street life in hot weather; there is also consolation to be found in it unexpectedly at times. For instance, what must the Farmington Avenue citizen's opinion have been of consolation after an experience like this. Substantial, corpulent and fairly well self-satisfied, he is walking in dignity and perspiration down Main Street on that hot Saturday afternoon in June, when a small boy accosts him:

"Say, Mister, what time is it?"

The citizen stops and politely and with some difficulty reaches around under and draws out by its fob his watch and says patronizingly to "my little man" that it is just five minutes of two.

"Well, when it's two o'clock you'd better go and sell yourself for soap grease," and the ungrateful small boy runs down the street with the indignant citizen in as close pursuit as relative years and avoidipolis will permit.

A friend meeting the citizen in this unwonted state of agitation and flush grabs him by the arm and says, "Why Judge, what in the world's the matter?"

"You see that little wretch running down Asylum Street," puffs out the citizen, mopping his brow excitedly; "well he told me to go and sell myself for soap grease at two o'clock."

The consoling friend glancing up at the city hall clock reassuringly says, "Why Judge, there's no need of being in such an awful hurry about it on a hot day like this; you've got three minutes yet."

THE NON-LITERARY USES OF THE HARTFORD PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Written for The Hartford Monthly

By CAROLINE M. HEWINS, Librarian,

and

ESTHER B. OWEN, Head of Reference Room.

LAST year out of 165,635 books taken by grown-up readers at the Hartford Public Library, aside from 113,741 novels, 8,414 volumes of magazines, largely but not entirely of a literary character, 23,421 of literature, travel, biography and history, and 2,825 of philosophy and theology, there were circulated 14,914 of arts and sciences, pure and applied, including fine arts.

The use of these books is explained by some of the subjects in demand in the reference-room, at the catalogue-cases or the information desk, such as: Metal, labor unions, nickel-plating, the fashions of 1860, coal-tar products, the United States ambassador to France, the manufacture of cotton, advertising rates, the destructive distillation of wood, the origin of the first railroad, methods of helping the poor, church work in connection with immigration, refrigeration, army corps badges, statistics and salaries in Chinese education, the uses of charcoal, asparagus culture, plumbago, the development of the manufacture of musical instruments in America, the flour industry, the lawful rate of interest for pawnbrokers, elevators, different makers and their dangers, resinous gums, receipts for soap-making, map of localities where hay-fever is not found, receipts for house painting, wood-pulp, grasshoppers, vivisection, model yacht building, celery culture,

gunpowder, lists of abandoned farms in Connecticut and Rhode Island, the migration of birds, "assembling," etching on glass, blue vegetable dyes, electric wiring, the gypsy moth, child-labor, milk, electric generators, finishing of wood, building-plans for an ice box, rabbits, neostyling, plumb-level-bob used in physics, working design for gasoline motor, employers' liability, the mechanism of a popgun, the use of the slide-rule, concrete-steel construction, the propagation of fish, the relations of parents and teachers, toasts on cider, motor ability in children, a picture of the oldest bicycle, the construction of a drum, Kaolin, pontoon bridges, the power house of Niagara, the practice of banking, helium, japaning and enameling, cost-keeping for civil engineering, emulsions, rice-culture, the business of a commercial traveller, turpentine-farming, by-products of timber, how to make a graphophone, the raising of exhaust valves, juvenile courts, pyrolitic acid, how to build a telgraph machine, grape-pruning, useful bacteria, how to help make a heliograph.

Technical words or phrases, like worsted tops, often puzzle librarians, who have not had a course in a technical or scientific school. They had only just learned the bicycle tongue when automobile and golf technicalities came to the front. "Advancing your spark" in the modern vernacular does not mean inviting your best young man to call, but "turning the whole thing over" (doubtless not the vehicle itself).

Besides technical books and periodicals (there are forty in the periodical reading-room) two departments of the library have grown steadily in the last few years. It has more than a thousand volumes of bound music—piano for two and four hands, violin, organ, the scores of operas, classic and light, from Parsifal to Love's Lottery. Music is taken on a red or non-fiction card, and 2,284 volumes were circulated last year.

The library sends out thousands of mounted pictures, most of them from illustrated papers or magazines too badly torn to bind. Portraits are classified alphabetically under names of the artists. A large collection of pictures cut, but not mounted, is ready for use for picture bulletins. The pictures are used by teachers and clubs, for costumes, etc. The other day the reference assistant was asked to bring to the librarian what we had unmounted on the Crusades, Venice, the military religious orders, the rebellion of the Forty-five, India, Gibraltar, the French Revolution, the Peninsular War, and modern Italy, and she was able to furnish from her stock all that we needed for bulletins to illustrate the book-talks of the summer. Within an hour after the news of Queen Victoria's death came, we had forty or fifty pictures of her, her family and events in her life, upon the walls, and when any celebrated person dies, can usually put his or her portrait on the bulletin-board at once.

In the last year we have spent twenty-five dollars for photographs of celebrated pictures, and twenty for a collection of colored reproductions from the great masters, and expect to send abroad as often as possible for more photographs.

The income of the library is small in proportion to its needs, so small, indeed, that a three-hundred dollar list of books on chemistry, engineering, etc., carefully selected by an expert, must be cut down

to two hundred before it can be ordered. This seems a pity, especially as the greater number of the men who need these books in their work are just discovering the possibilities of a public library and should be encouraged rather than disappointed in their use of it. Many of them have taken books from other libraries and are surprised when they do not find the same books here as in Waterbury, for instance.

There is still a tendency to think that the library is exclusively for art clubs, literary clubs, students

of history and belles lettres, the schools and readers of fiction with almost no provision for the technical workers and business men, a mistake partly traceable to the impossibility of supplying expensive technical works without the assurance of sufficient use to warrant the expense. In the list referred to above is a technical dictionary priced at \$50, for which there had been no demand until we began to cut the titles; since then there have been several calls for it, accompanied by statements of its value as a work of reference.



IN THE EYES OF A DOG.

Interest in nature study has developed rapidly in these days when forests and fields are growing in popularity; when camp life pleasures for summerings are becoming more thoroughly appreciated and far more generally taken up in place of the ordinary summer resort offerings. But it is not necessary to go into the woods to learn that there is something more than mere instinct that puts so much of the soul look into the eyes of some of our most familiar animal friends.

Study for a little the expression in the accompanying picture of a head of a dog. See what you read in the eyes of this faithful friend. One person may

read one thing, another something quite different, so some may regard such eyes as simply "mirrors," but may they not be really "windows?"

The picture as here given is reproduced from a painting, how much original and how much copy we are not sure, by Mrs. Julia H. Goddard of Essex, Conn. Mrs. Goddard catches the spirit of animal and nature studies well and has done much creditable work both in oil and water colors; a number of Hartford homes have pretty specimens of it on their walls. She has herself quite a varied collection from which selection could be made to advantage, especially for decorative purposes. Some of them may be seen in the office of The Hartford Monthly.

THE "PLACING OUT" SYSTEM.

State Waifs in Country Homes—Bad Defects in a System of Good Intent—Inadequate Inspection a Cruel Injustice to Unfortunate but Innocent "Children of the State."—
Some Illustrations from Massachusetts.

Written for The Hartford Monthly By EDWARD ASAHEL WRIGHT.

"O H, I ken tell yer all about God!" Eddie, a six-year-old state boy, was exploiting his religious acquirements while making a new acquaintance. They were walking on a country road when hearing a clap of thunder the bright little chap, of waifish brand but make-the-best-of-it pride, attributed the phenomenon to the orthodox source.

Upon being asked what he knew about God the above declaration, calculated to inspire respect and confidence, was promptly made. Not having been so fortunate as to meet many so well informed in this direction, the boy's interested companion sought information and obtained the following:

"Oh, God he pokes down the rain an' he pokes down the snow; an' little Jesus up in heavin is always good an' helps his mother."

"Helps his mother" will be appreciated as an indication of the personal and somewhat materialistic character of the religious development possible under the placing out system, when it is understood that the little children, under ten or twelve years of age, who are placed in homes with their board paid by the state and not old enough to work their way nor expected to do so, make a pitifully libelous use of the sacred word mother and apply it to the one into whose hands they and the quarterly check from the statehouse fall. "Always good an' helps his mother" is a conception in keeping with the experience of too many of these little paid boarders, or such of them as are taken at low prices under agreements made with mental reservation as to domestic or farm service possibilities.

"I never had a wholly bible."

"What kind of a bible have you had?"

"Only just a little one."

This is part of the conversation that could have been heard at a "camp fire" chat, on a farm in western Massachusetts, one winter's evening; at a camp-like haunt which a disconsolate state boy had sought in the hope of finding a little good cheer and to have a chance to read by a warm fire and a suitable light. He had seen a holy bible on the camp table.

This boy was twelve years old, exceptionally bright and ambitious and very fond of reading. Though he had been a state charge for several years and had lived in at least four New England families as a state boy, he seemed to know absolutely nothing of the word holy as applied to the bible and apparently never had known of the old testament nor of the stories of its heroes beloved of boys, Joseph, Samson, David and the rest of them.

He was given a "wholly" bible and soon was absorbed in its stories, spending many winter evenings over them. Without intending to be humorous, he said he liked the bible better than "Grimm's Fairy Tales," which had been given him about the

same time. Another state boy offered him three dollars for the bible, but he refused to sell.

Three little "State Kids" in one farmhouse, in a family not at all qualified to care for the sick, about five miles from a doctor or a drug store, each of the children so plainly in need of medical treatment for chronic ailments as to cause an unauthorized visitor, not a medical man, to realize at first sight that all three should be in a hospital, give indications as to the desirability of the placing out system from physical standpoints.

"Johnnie," one of the three, a good-natured, dwarfish little five-year-old, with his head painfully twisted to one side, was so evidently suffering from spinal complaint that the unprofessional visitor at once so diagnosed the case. A bad chronic blood disorder was readily apparent in another of the little boarders. The third boy was supposedly old enough and smart enough to earn his board and clothes. He certainly earned them. He was called "queer." He was an honest, plodding little drudge of a Finlander, who farmed it and patiently cared for his little companions as best he could. It was plainly evident that a suitable place for him would be an institution where he could be treated for mind development and for a discharging disorder in his head.

These children were under no medical treatment. A walk of five miles and back to ask a physician his opinion on these matters resulted in the visitor learning that the physician knew of these cases and that his opinion of the placing out system from a physical standpoint, and perhaps in other respects, was similar to that of the interviewer.

A few months later the visitor coming again found that "Johnnie" had been permanently "placed out" by kindly hands. He had died of spinal complaint, while still in the same family, after great suffering. The oldest boy had been removed to parts unknown. The little fellow with the bad blood disorder, after months of delay, was removed to a hospital. Meanwhile a new series has been started in the family, including a crippled little girl and a crippled boy. Four state children have been in the family at a time.

In a familiar talk with an interesting and unusually bright and earnest state boy, working for his living and having rather "hard lines," a friend was reminding him that if he felt dispirited he should always remember that he had the great state of Massachusetts back of him; that if he had occasion to make complaint of his treatment he should talk freely with the inspector having him in charge.

"That's the first time I ever knew I could do that," was the boy's reply, with something of honest and eager surprise in his voice.

"Has the inspector never told you this?" inquired the friend, also with something of honest but indignant surprise in his voice.

"No sir," said the boy emphatically, "he has never spoken to me but twice. Once he said, 'You are a pretty good looking boy'; the other time he said, 'How is your eye?'" The boy had hurt his eye in some way.

The boy had been under this particular inspector's charge about a year and a half. Thus do paid inspectors sometimes inspect!

"A defective foster-home, imperfectly inspected, is a small hell. The child is a drudge night and day of ignorant savagery." This is the opinion of one of England's best informed authorities on child labor and the care of state minor wards, Gertrude M. Tuckwell, author of the book entitled "The State and Its Children." This book, from which the above opinion is quoted, is one of the very few works as yet produced on this line in an unprejudiced spirit by a writer having personal knowledge of the matters treated. The many facts given in it are authentic; the conclusions and suggestions are well based and practical.

The state placing out system, while generally acknowledged to be economical and humane in intent, is proving in Massachusetts to be far from perfect in its workings. Under this system most of the children who have become wards of the state through no crime or fault of their own are placed in private homes, chiefly in farm houses. They are boarded and clothed at the expense of the state, if considered too young to earn a living. Children over twelve years old are almost invariably placed with farmers to work for their board and clothes until sixteen or eighteen years old, regardless of natural qualifications, tastes or general fitness for farm life.

Defects in the placing out system, which have been abundantly proven in England where the system has been more thoroughly tested and compared with other plans than it has been in this country, are becoming readily apparent here to careful observers; so much so as to warrant serious public attention to the matter and scrutinious study by experts in charity administration.

Massachusetts cared for its minor wards for many years up to 1879 chiefly through the state primary school at Munson, where most of them were first taken upon becoming charges of the state. A few were maintained in the state almshouses at Tewksbury and Bridgewater. About one thousand children were living in families where they had been placed from these institutions. The supervision of these placed out wards was in the hands of a state visiting agency. In a general reorganization of state charity and reformatory work in 1879 the supervision of all state charitable institutions was given to the state board of health, lunacy and charity, and the state visiting agency was abolished.

During the past ten years, or since the primary school at Munson was abolished in 1895, state minor wards, or the neglected and destitute children of the state not classed among those whom it is deemed necessary to keep in reformatories or hospitals, have been cared for, as they are now, almost wholly in rural families or foster-homes. The homes are selected and the children placed out and subsequently looked after, usually until eighteen years of age, by the department of state minor wards, a special department of the State Board of Charity. Some

of these homes are very desirable and are proving havens of blessing for the children so fortunate as to be cared for in them. Some of them deserve an inspection far more regular and thorough than they are receiving.

The strong redemptive feature of the placing out system wherever adopted has been the free work done by good women and men as volunteer visitors. This is due not necessarily to lack of capability or good intent of paid inspectors, but to the fact that the corps of paid inspectors is usually too small and distances too great for frequent and proper inspection of the foster-homes and an intelligent guardianship of the physical, mental, industrial and moral welfare of the children. In fact no one inspector, unless having an intellectual equipment far superior to and more varied than that of the average mortal likely to be found in such a position, could be expected to be qualified to do justice to any large number of children in all departments of their isolated lives.

In England the homes in which the minor wards of the state are placed are certified homes. The character of these homes must be determined and their continued suitability and efficacy assured by a voluntary committee consisting of three or more women and men. These unpaid examiners and visitors are called the boarding out committee. They agree to look after the welfare of the children while in the certified homes and to see that the foster parents or keepers treat them properly. The foster-homes must be convenient to an elementary school and reasonably near the residence of some member of the committee. Only two children are allowed in one foster-home except in the case of brothers and sisters. The local governments appoint inspectors.

In former years an important feature of the placing out system in Massachusetts was the work done by volunteer visitors. These volunteers were charitable people of good standing, mainly residents of localities where the state wards were placed in families. They worked without pay. In addition to these a limited number of paid visitors or inspectors were employed by the state.

Unfortunately for the mass of neglected children now placed in families by Massachusetts state officials, voluntary visitation, valuable as it proved itself to be, has been practically done away with. Some of the girls in their teens, however, are still favored by visits from kind women who give their services without expense to the state. Several charity societies not under state management place destitute and neglected children in homes and have different inspection and visiting systems of their own. In some respects such societies have an advantage over state boards. They are more flexible and freer to adopt new and improved methods of child care, which are constantly developing under modern organized charity.

Earnest and humane members of the State Board of Charity must at times regretfully realize how enumbered is that organization by lack of appropriations and by legal restraints, when urgent appeals and peculiar circumstances requiring special and immediate treatment are unexpectedly presented.

Paid inspectors or visitors of both sexes are now relied upon by state officials in Massachusetts to see that suitable homes are selected and the

children properly cared for. There are abundant evidences that however good as to intent and personal qualification this inspection may be it is far from adequate in frequency and minuteness. The writer has been told of one such woman inspector, locally designated as "The State Lady," having three hundred children in widely scattered homes to look after. Many of these homes were among the hill towns far removed from railroad or trolley lines. Adequate inspection under such conditions of distances and numbers is a physical impossibility. By a sort of wireless telegraphy method of communication keepers of state children seem to be able to spread with remarkable alacrity interesting and profitable information concerning the advent of "The State Lady."

In making a hurried inspection the well intentioned but over-confiding visitor can be easily misled by appearances. The little children do not know how to tell of their wrongs even if given a fair opportunity; some of them would be afraid to do so. Soft soap and a recently washed face may produce pleasant and assuring impressions, but they are not reliable proofs of kindly care or a cleanly and healthy body. A collar pinned on to a coat tells little of the condition of the shirt or the shirtless back.

An object lesson in this direction has been furnished by a hideous case which occurred in Plympton, England. It is given as follows in the book, "The State and Its Children." "A foster-mother employed by the Plympton committee had also a baby farm. The ladies who visited the home were struck by the woman's kindness and her way of handling the little ones, and they objected to an investigation suggested by the guardians. When one of the babies died and it was discovered at the inquest that both its legs and one of its arms had been broken and left to set themselves at right angles to the little body they possibly realized that searching examination is necessary even in the face of aggressive plausibility."

A doctor should be employed to make frequent and unexpected visits and examine the minor wards of the state placed in homes. The exposure of native children to disease is to be taken into consideration, as well as the welfare of the little strangers brought among them from unknown sources and placed side by side with them in the common school room, on the playground and, as sometimes happens, in the same family.

Massachusetts is by no means exceptional in regard to inadequate inspection of placed out children. For instance, the State Charities Aid Association of New York in 1898 established an agency for placing destitute children in family homes in that state and adjoining states. In the report of the association for 1904, it is stated that three hundred and thirty-four children in families were under its oversight that year, seventy-three of whom had been placed in the families during the year. The number of visits made to the three hundred and thirty-four children in homes during the year was only five hundred and ninety-three.

It is but just to presume, however, that of the seventy-three children mentioned some of them may have been in the homes only a few weeks or even days and visits to such previous to the time of making out the report could not be expected. But with this allowance it would appear that the average

child received a visit from the one looking after its welfare only about once in six months. To the ordinary observer this would hardly seem adequate inspection. It is at least safe to say that few mothers would so regard it while suffering a forced separation from their children, of whom they may be in some cases as fond as are more fortunate mothers of their carefully guarded little ones.

But the association referred to deserves great credit for its unusual carefulness in selecting homes. The report shows that during six years one thousand and eighty-three applications were received from families desiring to take children. Of these nine hundred and forty-two were investigated and only five hundred and forty-one approved. Such careful examination of homes before placing children may make more frequent visits afterwards less necessary than where the scrutiny of applications is comparatively slight and formal.

The placing out system as commonly used unquestionably has serious defects. One of them is the difficulty and expense of proper inspection and of humane guardianship over widely scattered children. Another is the limitation it places upon the future life and occupations of the state wards. This is especially true of the boys, who are seldom given an opportunity to learn a trade until after they are eighteen years old and free from farm servitude; or until four or five of the best years for learning a trade are past.

Many of these boys are forced into a farm life for which they may be wholly unfitted by inclination or physical ability. In many cases they receive a poor quality of farm training; for the most thrifty and up-to-date farmers seldom seek this class of help from preference.

The maintenance of dependent children in large institutions is not approved by the best authorities unless the children are separated into cottage or family life.

If some of the neglected and low-priced farms of New England were used in different parts of the states for the placing of minor wards in groups of perhaps thirty, a desirable number for a school having one teacher, with opportunities in some of them for learning trades, it would centralize and lessen the cost of proper inspection and definitely locate responsibility.

A superintendent and matron, preferably a man and wife, should be provided for each group. A physician should make frequent inspections and there should be a general hospital centrally located in the country with ample play grounds for the exclusive use of these wards. If the superintendent of the groups where farming was the specialty could be a graduate of the state agricultural college then the commonwealth would receive additional important benefits from its agricultural institution not only by the improvement of considerable waste land but also through developing a desirable class of farmers and much needed farm help from its now dependent minor wards.

Connecticut's method of caring for its neglected and dependent children, while by no means perfect, is in several respects more reassuring in its manner of working than is the placing out system as illustrated in Massachusetts, especially so as to proper inspection. In Connecticut one of the most impor-

tant features of the system and one carefully maintained and enforced is that of voluntary visitation and guardianship of placed out children by responsible local residents.

The Connecticut Children's Aid Society is a large and well constituted organization, having several branches and various departments of charitable work in different parts of the state. It is a requirement of this society strictly adhered to that in every town where a child is placed there must be a duly appointed local visitor, a reliable and permanent resident, who personally looks after the welfare of the child. Provision is also made for paid official visitation and inspection in addition to this volunteer guardianship. It is planned to give in a future article an account of some of the excellent work being done by this society.



OF DUTIES WELL PERFORMED.

Photo by Horace L. Bundy.

My Rag Carpet.

This gem, exquisite in sentiment and figure, is from a collection of poems by Henry R. Remsen published in artistic and unique book form in 1897 by Clark & Smith, of Hartford. Mr. Remsen, a brilliant Trinity man, is now devoted to mission work in the slums of New York.

I have a carpet of Bagdad
Made not in Eastern lands,
With colors running wayward mad,
Crimson, blue, with golden bands;
I have a carpet of Bagdad—
And fairer far it seems to me
Than any from across the sea.

For when I sit, the light burns low,
Outside the wind howls loud and long
And watch those cheery colors grow.

I seem to hear a distant song
And see fair fingers patiently
Weaving those bits so dear to me.

The State Board of Charity of Connecticut has no department conducted like that of the department of state minor wards of the Massachusetts board. So far as the state government is concerned Connecticut fortunately is not strongly committed to the placing out system and the general public knows little about it. The placing out of neglected and dependent children in this state consists chiefly in what is done through the "county homes," the Connecticut Children's Aid Society and other charitable organizations. Systematic and careful inspection is required of all agencies doing this work.

Without adequate inspection, humanely adjusted and carefully supervised, the placing out system as beautiful as it is in theory and intent, has possibilities of evil in its workings as cruel as were those of southern slavery.

Then what care I for treasures old
From Moslem mosques of far Bagdad!
With crimson bands and threaded gold
And colors running wayward mad—
I have a carpet woven fair
From silks my mother used to wear.

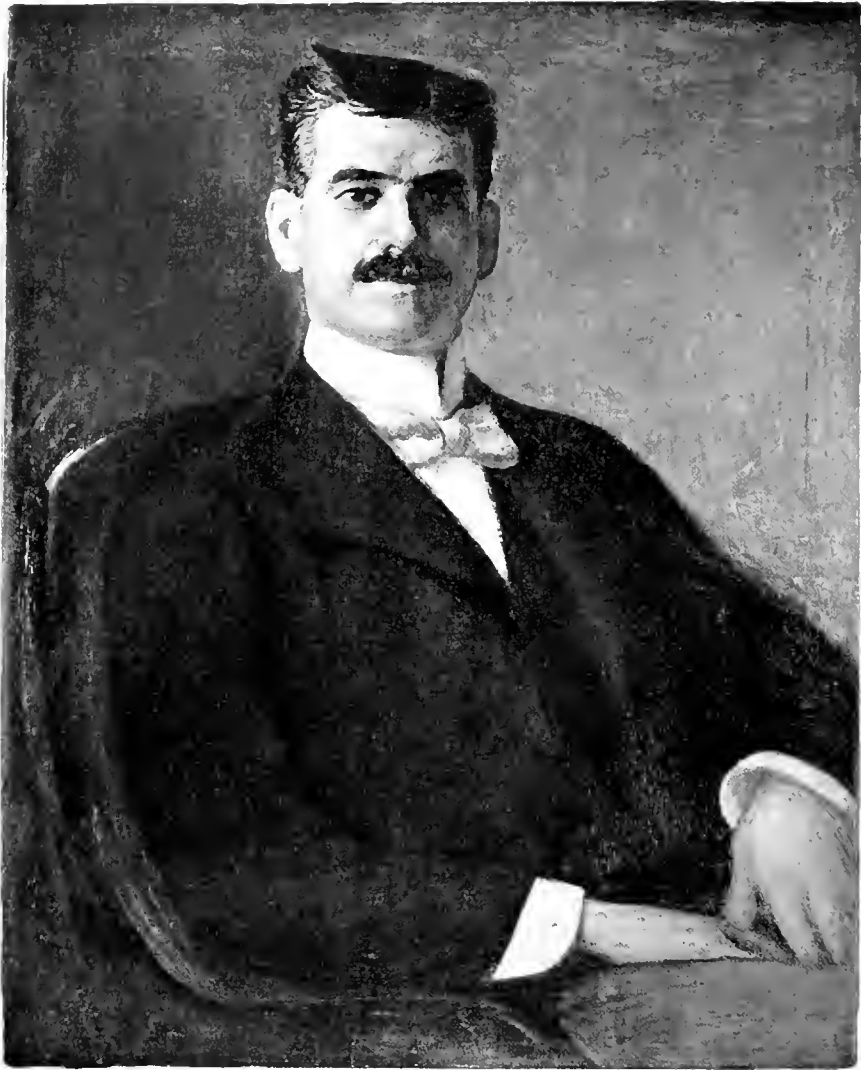
He who loves with purity considers not the gift
of the lover, but the love of the giver.

—Selected.



BLIND NIDIA, THE FLOWER GIRL.

In Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii."
Photo by Horace L. Bundy.



Painting by James Britton.

RUFUS HENRY JACKSON.

In the sudden loss of a man like Rufus Henry Jackson from the very heart of its business life Hartford experiences a sad deprivation, but is afforded a rare opportunity for thoughtful appreciation of the meaning and value to the community of a life like that of this practical business man, this earnest worker for public good, this devoted son, this loyal citizen and friend.

Mr. Jackson's strong characteristics, those which made him not only conspicuous among publishers as the business manager of *The Hartford Times* in its rapid, well-balanced and creditably progressive growth, but also among the representative men in the commercial and industrial circles of the city; those qualities and traits which made him a prominent local example of the clear-cut modern man of affairs, ever ready and always reliable, were peculiarly the products of the spirit of Hartford of today.

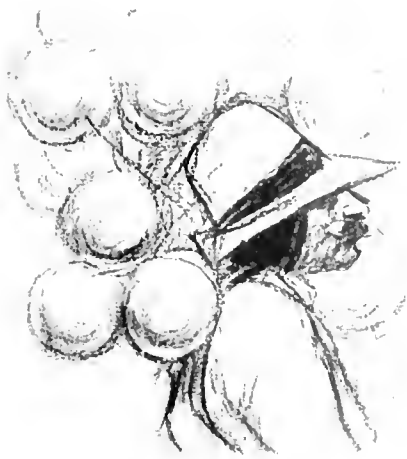
Here he was born, educated in the public schools and obtained his industrial training; and here he exercised his full and valuable business experiences. Himself a development of Hartford's educational

and business life, in turn he became a leader in the city's best and highest commercial development. Hartford gave him his life and opportunity; he made the most of the opportunity and as his life grew in value he gave it unsparingly to Hartford.

Fidelity, devotion, public spirit, mastery of self and a skillful direction of others, tempered with a fine sense of right and justice to others and to himself—these today stand before the community he honored, composite influences rarely interwoven and balanced, a power for good today and for years to come, even if it must be that the active living force so recently visible in our midst shall continue its work only as a strong and helpful memory.

We like to believe, we do believe that nothing of honest work in self-development can be lost; that in some other sphere the mission faithfully wrought in this is continued, ever progressing toward perfection. As Smollett says of his admirable naval character, Tom Bowling, so may we say of Rufus Henry Jackson:

"Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft."



The MUSICAL FIRE-ESCAPE

CRESCENDO
DESCENDER ..

Written for The Hartford Monthly By EDWARD ASAHEL WRIGHT.

Illustrations by JAMES BRITTON

HARRY GILBERTSON, lawyer by profession, promoter by force of circumstance and royal good fellow by common consent, received at his New York office one September morning the following letter from a former class-mate:

Raysville, Conn., September 22, 1905.

Dear Harry:—

My patent has been granted. It's great! I want you to promote the thing and organize a bang up company. I've got a fire escape that makes escaping a luxury and delight.

You might put that last in the prospectus, also something like this: The Musical Fire Escape and Automatic Crescendo Descender robs flames of their terrors, while plucking brands of all kinds from the burning. It's just great!! Plays lively airs and cheering tunes; more fun than a circus. Men with or without insurance, weepity women, giggling girls, hilarious boys and all household pets seek its protection and diversion with equal avidity, safety and glee; likewise babies.

You can ring in any other good words you know of in the dictionary. It will stand them all. It's just great!!!

We are coming down to the city next week to celebrate and demonstrate. I'll bring a good demonstrator with me, and another girl. Please engage rooms for three of us; the other girl, my sister and me. I'm going to marry the other girl. It's just great!!!! There's money in it. Two front rooms, high up; the higher up the better.

Yours truly,

Adelbert Atkins.

When the patent certificate arrived at Raysville, Conn., in an impressive long envelope bearing the imprint of the Interior Department, it was received with reverential enthusiasm. The document went on to say, "To all to whom these presents shall come," that to Adelbert Atkins, of Raysville, Conn., had been granted "Letters patent for an alleged new and useful improvement in fire escapes." This and what else was necessary was certified to by the discerning and dateful officials as having been done "In the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and five, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-ninth."

Priscilla Parsons happened to be calling when the important document arrived. Adelbert, long wedded to his mechanical devices heretofore kept secret from her, loved Priscilla with an honest but somewhat incidental love. A wedding was an understood thing between them, contingent, in his mind, upon the success of his first patent now actually in hand.

She was sedately enraptured of the rich parchment so pleasing to the touch, like dress goods of quality, and charmed by its embellishment of "narrow blue silk ribbon and big red seal, scallop-edged with a glorious bird on it." She noted blushing the remark about "these presents" and observed that it was "nice to have such tasteful friends and real sweet of them to send such a lovely one for framing," as she wondered how they found out about the wedding in Washington.

Kate, the buoyant sister of the patentee and his inspiring confidant, approved of the whole thing, especially of the independence revelled in by the United States for so many years, as affirmed in the latter part of the date line.

Adelbert was happy with the silent and self-satisfied happiness of the successful savant. He casually expressed gratification that "the servants of the people knew a good thing when they saw it." He announced that he was going down to New York to arrange with a promoter to organize a limited stock company and would treat the young ladies to a trip to the city.

After the acceptance of the invitation with an alacrity expressive of creditable devotion to the cause of life saving, Priscilla and Kate began a more careful perusal of the certificate by themselves, Adelbert having hied himself to his machine shop. They were resolved to fit themselves for intelligent talk about the matter in the presence of the promoter "at the city company." Priscilla expressed satisfaction over the fact that the company to which they were invited was to be a limited one; it seemed to her "so desirable to make a party exclusive in a city where there were so many bold, bad men."

As they critically scrutinized the precious certificate their attention centered upon the figures 7,137,713 in the upper right hand corner, which, after various surmises, they correctly guessed to be the number of the patent.

"Oh my!" exclaimed Priscilla in dismay. "Just look at those horrid thirteens, two of 'em! And on a life saving patent too!"

"We'll soon fix that," reassuringly responded Kate, with a touch of mingled surprise and indignation in her tone. "Hand me those scissors with the sharp points. The idea! Such an alarming number as that on a lovely musical fire escape; I guess not! They ought to have known better, but men are so indifferent and stupid about some things, you know."

Figures enough in it for a calculating machine; They'd make any escaper dizzy. Three are plenty. There, that's something like it." And the objectionable thirteens were deftly cut out by the resourceful and sisterly hands.

"I'm not superstitious about such things myself," resumed Kate, "but some people are and there might be folks in the company who have the nerves or something. It's just as well to leave out the thirteens. But look here, just see what's left! All sevens; nothing but sevens and three of 'em! What luck! The seven wonders of the world, the seven wise men of Greece, the seven hair-oil sisters and all such things as that! Oh, sevens are fine! And our patent has a number worth having, 777."

"That's lovely," admiringly remarked the mild-eyed Priscilla. "But what are these funny marks down at the bottom, below the lovers' knot and the red bird?"

"Why, they look more like names than anything else. Must be autographs of some of Del's Washington friends; just the thing for albums. Here's one for you and one for me. I'm going to call mine, 'Respectfully yours, President Roosevelt';" and Kate brought the scissors into skillful requisition again.

"Lovingly thine before this romantic looking name, whatever it may be, would look real pretty in my album. But Kate, Adelbert wouldn't care or be jealous or anything, would he?"

"Care, of course not; he's sure of you and his patent now. We'll leave all these handsome fixings and diagrams for him; he cares for diagrams mostly and will never miss the names. Del is so careless about his papers; I'm going to take care of this one for him. But it's time for me to be practicing on the melodeon; I'm to be a demonstrator, you know, and help show off the machine."

"Oh, Kate, how much you do know! If I could only be such a help to my Adelbert as you are." With this expression of womanly aspiration the modest fiancée started for home, the latest acquisition to her album snugly tucked in the palm of her glove.

Harry Gilbertson was in a dilemma. A favorite in his Murray Hill fashionable set, he had been assigned by its matrimonial autocrats to the eminent domain of Miss Genevieve Girard. Her rather indifferent sovereignty, while never formally established, had been complacently exercised and up to this time more or less willingly accepted as being quite the proper thing.

But the arrival in New York of Kate Atkins with her brother and Priscilla Parsons, followed by two delightful weeks of informal dinner and theatre parties of four, and an interesting study of fire escape problems, in all of which the fresh beauty and naivete of the ardent demonstrator were charmingly conspicuous, had aroused Harry to the desirability of a little self-investigation. He found he still had a susceptible heart and that, but for recent touches, twists and consequent excitements, it never had been seriously disturbed. With her crowning work still before her, the fair demonstrator had demonstrated more and better than she knew.

There were already symptoms of incipient rebellion in the conventional realm of Miss Genevieve Girard. In fact, the innocent agitator from Rays-

ville had kindled a spark that was liable at any moment to explode a social bomb in the Murray Hill coterie, with the result of giving desired honorable liberty to a promoter now ambitious in other directions.

"Well, you see it was like this," explained the inventor to the promoter of The Musical Fire Escape Company, on one of the few occasions during these eventful weeks when the two were able to talk by themselves without interruption. "The result of escaping is relief—for instance, from a book agent, an imperious woman, a bull with a grievance, a young lady scurrying with an open umbrella, a house on fire or any other terror; and the means of escape should be pleasurable. I believed that if you could invent means delightful enough you could make escaping the natural thing to do, elevate it to a popular pastime and win plaudits and dollars. You see, millions of people of all ages lose their lives at fires because they first lose their heads. Unnatural surroundings, appliances and noise make 'em panicky."

"Yes," assented Harry with manifest interest and a nervous easement of his newly creased trousers' legs, "a happy escape would relieve the situation materially; and I've observed that the loss of a head is quite liable to cause the loss of a life."

"Well, the crescendo descender obviates all this. My invention is based on the principle that familiarity breeds nerve. A fire escape ought to have something inviting, reassuring about it, even enjoyable. It should be as easy of access and as comfortable as an old shoe; add something diverting to it, make it familiar enough and you create contempt for danger. Familiar music is great for this, so I put jolly tunes that everybody knows in mine. Catch the idea?"

"Like whistling to keep one's courage up?"

"Exactly. You're catching on all right. Great, ain't it? Well, I take a cradle, a thing that everyone ought to be familiar with and that should be on each floor ready for use in every well regulated house or hotel."

"How about bachelor apartments?"

"Oh, portable bath tubs or champagne baskets are all right when there are no cradles handy. I attach a lot of good, strong toy balloons"—

"What, squawkers?"

"Sure! Those pretty balloons, that new jumbo size, such as you see attached in bobbing bunches to Dagoes on the street. Great bouyancy power. Between you and me, it's not safe for a light weight baby to be tied to more than one big squawker, especially on an empty stomach; liable to take a flight any time. The earthy attraction or affinity is all that prevents the Italian vender from soaring away when he happens to be overstocked. But they are very careful about that."

"I recall now," observed the promoter thoughtfully and corroboratively, "that balloon venders are universally big men or fat women."

"Yes, and they probably carry ballast in their shoes and pockets to lighten up as their stock decreases. Singular how great ideas are born to the inventor under slight circumstances; I obtained the figures for my problem through observing a fat Italian attached to a bunch of toy balloons, a full stock. He was sort of wafted along the street on tiptoe. I noted the perfect poise and balance. I

hired him to tie his balloons to a lamp-post and step on a penny-in-the-slot weighing machine, got his weight, counted the balloons and there I had my figures of squawker buoyancy. Then I had him let a dozen of 'em squawk and inflate themselves, and when he resumed trade he was no longer wafted on tiptoe but ambled along after indulgent parents with expectant children in a flat-footed, natural way. The buoyancy and gravity of the situation were demonstrated. That was practically the birthday of the musical fire escape."

"But how about the tunes?"

"Oh, that's easy. I attach the squawkers to a keyboard in the cradle by means of flexible organ tubes and just play away. When not in use the balloons are not kept inflated, only a few for playthings or ornaments if you like, and the thing can be used like an ordinary cradle. The old folks get familiar with it by seeing it around and the children by sleeping in it, playing with the balloons and listening to the music. Tunes like 'Up In a Balloon Boys,' 'A Hot Time in the Old Town,' etc., are good."

"I see. You and Locke have the same idea. The English philosopher says, 'A child will learn three times as much when he is in tune as when he is dragged unwillingly.' Your plan is to keep him very much in tune."

"Oh yes, Locke's all right. Then I have a long anchor line, with a weight, attached to the cradle. The pillow is a bellows. In case of fire you put the empty balloons on a window sill, all jump into the cradle like aeronauts, pump the bellows and as the balloons inflate they float off with the cradle, ear in tow; and there you are, escaped. Oh, it's just great! When you are floating around out of reach of the fire, throw out the anchor line and enjoy the view. Play the organ softly at first and you begin to descend gently as the squawkers gradually deflate. As you near the ground or some neighbor's house where you want to alight let out the music louder, crescendo style, the squawkers deflate rapidly and the passage is performed with a constantly increasing volume of tone, as the musicians say. That's where the name Crescendo Descender comes in. There's money in it and millions in the corner."

"Corner? What corner?"

"Why, the corner in toy balloons you and I can get up. By manipulating the market right we can corner the Italians, be the squawker kings and make Rome howl. Are you with me? I'll let you in on the ground floor of course, if you do the promoting."

With an understanding of the real character and province of the limited stock company there came to Kate an increased interest in its development. As an untiring promoter and entertainer Harry was given an enviable position among the secondary objects of her admiration. The idea of the corner was grasped by her speculative mind with special enthusiasm. She lost no time and neglected no opportunity in working it up. In the frequent promenades of the absorbed quartette she captured every bunch of ample-sized squawkers in sight at good wholesale bargains. On occasions of marked success each member of the party, with varying emotions, accepted a proper share of the acquired property and floated it, or was floated by it, homeward fully occupied in body and mind.

"So I am to understand that unusual pressure of legal affairs is what deprives us of your society of late, Mr. Gilbertson," remarked Miss Genevieve Girard, with rising inflection of voice and cool dignity between sips of tea. Harry, by way of apology, had dropped in at a five o'clock tea, in the Girard mansion on the Avenue nearly opposite the towering hotel where his Raysville friends were quartered. With added sarcasm Miss Genevieve continued, "One of your recent law cases makes unbecomingly public, as it seems to me, some rather unique features. Who are those extraordinary persons I see you piloting about, clients?"

"Yes, clients and friends of mine, and you will please omit"—

"Ah, clients with squawkers very much in evidence! Oh, it was really too funny for anything, you and your friends and your bobbing balloons swinging up the Avenue, squawkers a-squawking and an abominably healthy looking country girl chattering like a magpie; even you so inflated as not to notice Miss Van Dyke and me. But seriously, Mr. Gilbertson, you will do me the favor of abandoning a case which requires you to make yourself ridiculous in public. You will please cut"—

"I'll do no cutting. I'm promoting a balloon fire escape and if I cut anything it will be"—

"Disastrous?"

"No, you"—

"Mercy, what's all this hubbub on the street! Just look at the crowd! Is it a fire? No, something up in the air, over our house too; they're all looking up and shouting like mad!" And Miss Genevieve Girard and her excited guests abandoned tea and good form precipitately and rushed in the most plebeian way to the windows.

"Hear that strange noise!" exclaimed the affrighted Miss Van Dyke. "Sounds like a baby calliope or a hurdy-gurdy up in the sky!"

"Wild geese," suggested Harry, as he rushed down to the street with a presentiment.

The eager gaze of the crowd was riveted upon an unwonted spectacle; an aerial contrivance discoursing something evidently intended for music and hovering about three hundred feet above the housetops. It resembled a corpulent cradle suspended from innumerable floating orbs, clustered like grapes and forming a sort of parachute shaped canopy with a myriad of multi-colored globular projections. The general contour of the thing was not unlike that of an elongated washtub with huge soap bubbles floating from it and swarming above it in open-umbrella formation.

Adelbert had just thrown out his anchor line. Through a skillful movement the line had lassoed a chimney of the Girard mansion, but the anchor attached had reacted and landing on a skylight had broken through, to the consternation of the family and guests.

In the midst of the consequent confusion an excited servant girl ran to the private signal box in the hall and, not being familiar with the calls, turned the crank two or three times over the whole scale of signals to make sure of calling a policeman; with the result of succeeding in ringing up the New York police force, fire department and district messenger service. This accounted for a bedlam of steaming engines, rumbling hose carts, puffing policemen and

hilarious small boys in uniform, the latter clamoring like sparrows for admission to what they disrespectfully designated as "de Fift' Av'm' Lun'tic 'Sylum."

A squad of policemen and the fire department chief, followed by Harry as self constituted master of ceremonies, forced their way through the house and on to the roof. Harry in an almost breathless condition reached the leader of the policemen as the latter was shouting to the aeronauts, "Come down out of that there sky, or I'll shoot!"

The exasperation of the guardians of the peace was aggravated by the tantalizing music, which having predicted a warm evening for the ancient town, was giving gratuitous advice in the perpetration of "Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun" with striking variations. Harry averted a threatened tragedy by hurriedly explaining the situation and the philanthropic intent of the performance.

The apparition gradually and gracefully descended, as Kate, comfortably seated in the cradle with her face radiantly beautiful in the consciousness of success achieved, beamed down upon the fascinated crowd and manipulated the keyboard for the crescendo movement, the balloons one by one collapsing with the subsidence of their squawks.

During the descent Adelbert, standing proudly erect in the cradle like a sea captain on his railed bridge, swung his hat to the vast audience in the streets and let fall a shower of circulars descriptive of the merits of the musical fire escape.

"It's just great! Surprised, you, old man, didn't we?" was the greeting to Harry, as Adelbert and Kate stepped blithely on to the roof from the safely landed cradle. "You see, Priscilla was out buying wedding toggery and you were at a party, so Kate and I thought we'd do some promoting in the escaping line and help you along."

"I guess you've succeeded," was all Harry could gasp, as he ardently and protectingly seized the hand of the fair demonstrator and gazed down upon the amazed Girard group gathered at the foot of the skylight stairs.

Rarely had Miss Genevieve Girard given her pink tea guests a more original or piquant entertainment than on this afternoon of varied demonstrations. The breeze coming down through the skylight into the attic of the Girard mansion was bracing with originality, while the atmosphere suddenly developed between reception room and attic was intense with pique over the disturbance of pink tea equanimity and the social harmonies.

The group of awestruck guests standing near the foot of the skylight stairs suggested in facial expression that of a "siss-boom-a-h" circle of sky rocket watchers. Miss Genevieve Girard advanced from among them and posed under the skylight in dignity, "like the thought of a sculptor carved in marble, snowy and cold," awaiting the appearance of her unacknowledged rival from the skies and Raysville, Conn.

Kate untangled herself from the flexible organ tubes of the crescendo descender, shook out her skirts and came down the skylight stairs shockingly picturesque, pretty and pink, her brown hair tumbled and tossed and her eyes sparkling in the light of successful accomplishment.

"Oh Dell, where in the world are we?" she ex-

claimed in mingled merriment and consternation, as Adelbert and Harry reached her side.

"You are safely in the house of friends of mine," Harry hastened to reply assuringly.

"Former friends," came severely from the statuesque Miss Genevieve Girard.

"Oh, my Adelbert, my Adelbert, where hast thou been? Why this agitation?" and Priscilla Parsons threw herself from up the stairs into the long and practical arms of the inventor. "I was reading a poem by the hotel window, when gazing up into the heavens, over Hyler's, I saw you and Kate descending from the skies like seraphs and such things. There was lovely music, and Kate's hair was a-flying and you were sending messages to earth and you were bare headed and smiling, with a lovely halo on the back of your head and"—

"Halo? That was nothing but my bald spot. Oh, it's just great; there's millions in it!"

"Genevieve, my dearie, restrain those emotions no longer but come with mamma and have a good cry; these extraordinary events and persons are more than you can endure," interjected the matronly Mrs. Girard.

"Mamma, remember I am a Girard. A Girard and a statue can break; they cannot weep nor bend."

"Dell, is my hat on straight?" whispered Kate.

"Oh, I guess so; but great Scott, child, how can you women be everlastingly asking about your bonnets being on straight even when enjoying the luxury of escaping from fires, Girard statues, and such terrors? But the musical fire escape is a charmer! Well, let's we three hie away and leave Harry to finance the soiree. It's just great!"

"Mrs. Girard," said Harry, earnestly, "I regret exceedingly this unexpected and most unwarranted intrusion. The officers will take the interesting properties from the roof to the station house and keep it until we call tomorrow and pay the fines for false alarms, etc. We'll settle skylight and nervous shock damages with Mr. Girard. And Miss Girard, I take it for granted that it will be mutually agreeable to call all suits pending between you and me nol-prossed?"

"Most assuredly, sir, after such remarkable proceedings," assented Miss Genevieve Girard with mingled hauteur and disdain.

Harry hastened to reach his friends, who had preceded him and were merrily enjoying a lively levee on the front stoop. As the stately door closed behind him with the silent dignity befitting its social importance, he involuntarily but fervently ejaculated, "Escaped, thank heaven!"

"Oh yes, we're all right," said Adelbert in a matter-of-fact way, trying to suppress his pride and enthusiasm as they started to cross the Avenue to their hotel through a more or less respectfully saluting crowd of policemen and exuberant district messenger boys. "I told you the crescendo descender would make escaping a luxury. Kate, you did yourself proud. Hope we didn't disturb the tea party."

After a few days the promoting was found to have progressed so well that Adelbert thought it time to return to Raysville, having received Harry's opinion that there was money enough in the intrinsic merits of the musical fire escape to render further operations in the corner scheme inadvisable,

together with his positive assurance that no more demonstrating was required.

On the eve of temporary separation the friends were gathered in the hotel parlor. Adelbert expressed his thanks for being spared the annoyance of arrest as a disturber of the peace, though at the same time saying he had given the exhibition with the intent of "being arrested, getting into the papers and obtaining a lot of first class free advertising." He was satisfied with results, however, as he didn't see "how twenty dollars could have been better invested for advertising purposes than in that line for bringing out the New York fire department." The fact that no Guard bill was obtainable for skylight or trespass was appreciated by all parties, though in different ways and with varied emotions.

Kate bore her honors modestly and received the promoter's congratulations sweetly and by no means indifferently. As custodian of the patent certificate she demurely listened to various brotherly and legal opinions concerning her removal of objectionable figures and valuable autographs. Harry privately assured the overwhelmed patentee that he could eventually obtain a duplicate which would meet all requirements; but basely exaggerated the situation when appealed to by the fair mutilator of the document.

"Of course, Mr. Atkins, it's a serious business tampering with government figures," unblushingly proclaimed the heart disordered, artful man. "And procuring official signatures from under the seal of the United States and attaching them to sentiments of your own in an autograph album or other irrelevant place, the judges of the supreme court might construe to be felony and forgery, punishable by imprisonment for the term of your natural life, transportation or something. Of course you must be prepared to be summoned into court at any time now."

"Oh, but I wouldn't go near their old court if they should invite me. I didn't suppose they'd be silly about their names. My number is ever so much better than theirs for a patent, anyway; three lovely sevens. But now we've had such good luck I'm willing to put their horrid thirteens back if they say so. Perhaps I'd better write the Washington folks and ask 'em to please excuse me. What do you think?"

"If you ask my opinion as a lawyer and will kindly accept it as from one who would be a well, more than a friend to you, I would advise you to put the interesting case, and in fact yourself, absolutely into the hands of some legal man, retain him and intrust everything to him; that is to say, if you know any one worthy of such confidence."

After a few preliminaries, of only personal interest, Harry was permanently retained.



The End



"Henry asked you if you had made that cake, did he? Well, what was there in that to wound your feelings, child?"

"It was the—the way he said it, mamma. He—he didn't ask m-me if I'd made it. He—he said, 'Darling, d-did you perpetrate this cake!'"

Chicago Tribune.

Mr. News-berry—"Did you hear of that narrow escape from a horrible accident in the shopping district the other day? A young lady, one of the dress fitters in a Main Street department store, was just backing down an open elevator shaft when a customer she had been fitting fainted right in front of her. The dress fitter sprang forward to assist the customer and so saved herself from an awful fall."

Mr. Coldfax—"Ah, I see, a very interesting case of the survival of the fittest."

There is nothing too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.

Selected

Optimism.

Get all the good there is today.

Don't fret about tomorrow.

There's trouble 'round us all the time.

What need is there to borrow?

The wise man gets what joy he can,

And leaves the fool his folly.

He knows too much to waste his life

In gloom and melancholy.

Look on the bright side every time.

Don't waste your days repining

When any cloud looks dark and dull.

Turn out the silver lining.

Be wise! Be cheerful, bright and glad.

Leave to the fool his folly.

And let your motto be—"Cheer up!"

Your rule of life—"Be jolly!"

Somerville Journal

LITTLE BREECHES.

THE following "Pike County view of special Providence" was written for the New York Tribune by John Hay, the late Secretary of State. It was one of the early productions of the accomplished writer and distinguished statesman, who in the first conspicuous days of his literary career was connected with The Tribune, in the later years of Horace Greeley, its founder. Though John Hay at that time was becoming known as the author of several brilliant literary productions, among them "Castilian Days," a classic on life in Spain, this rugged, rustic rhyme may be regarded more than anything else as the means by which he was popularly introduced to the American public.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, Sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last Spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong.
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store.
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door,
They scared at something and started—

I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little-Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft, white mound,
Up sot, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critters' aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

* * * * *

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep fold
That he said was somewhere thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white.
And thar, sot Little-Breeches and chirped
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
"And that's what's the matter with me."

How did he get thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.



THE ROSE GARDEN IN JULY, ELIZABETH PARK, HARTFORD.

Photo for The Hartford Monthly, by Paul De Fafchamps.



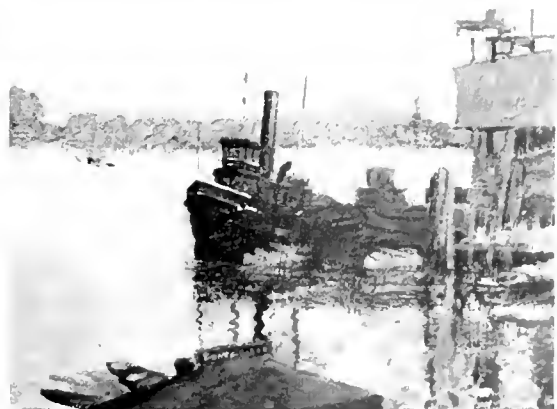
THE YOUNGER ARTISTS OF HARTFORD.

[Continued from the July number.]

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By JAMES BRITTON.

SINCE the publication of our first article, millionaires have been seen dodging in and out of studios in work time, frequenting the haunts of "Boheme" during the hours of relaxation, where to the accompaniment of Pilsner and Swiss cheese, contentment, with the zeal of a budding district attorney, makes diligent search for the unknowable. Thus publicity ferrets out the mighty ones, who stand meekly in line, waiting in turn to touch the garment of him who bears the sacred flame.

What a spectacle for the commentator on current events; what line of thought do you bring to bear on this, the sympathetic blending of eternally warring human natures; the sight of affluence greeting rags in the common sunlight of a public street, in



ALONG THE RIVER FRONT.

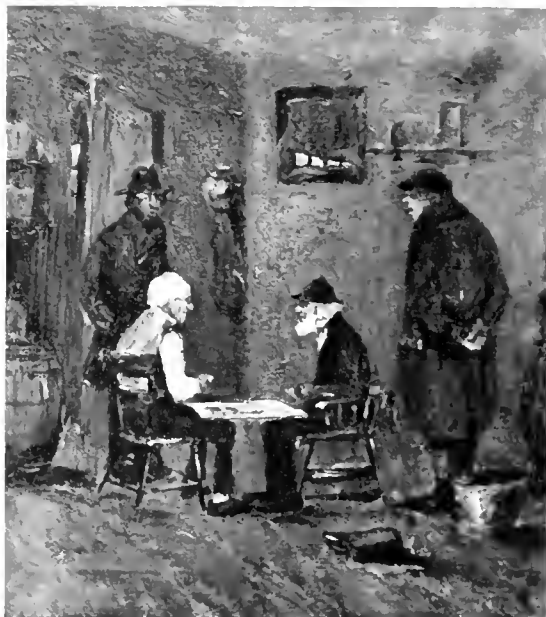
Painted by James McManus.

ART

the midst of an aristocracy of insurance clerks and a democracy of mere brawn? While the timid stand agog, the meek trudge and the foolish proudly prance in the wake, and the fastidious soar to a still higher critical plane, dropping with annoying accuracy, stone after stone upon the helpless.

In this beautiful city of Hartford, famous the world over for its pistols, art has never yet wanted champions, persons who, without the slightest show of conscious insincerity, could utter high and noble sentiment, and yet see their fine old city hall brought into ridicule through the agency of electricity.

All hail! king of light, who would rob the night of its beauty and bedeck a grim old structure with giddy brilliants; as well hang Nathan Hale with a diamond necklace or place a jeweled belt about the waist of a bronze horror standing aloft over the sacred ground of the old campfield, supposedly commemorating the glory of life sacrifice in the cause of national unity. Symbol of patriotism! graveyard effigy! with what an air he carries his responsibility.



"STUCK"

From a Sketch by Thomas Brabazon.

peering intently from under his jaunty slouch hat in the direction of the cemetery on Cedar Hill—Thrilling! A man from the West suggests that a city commission of sculpture be appointed with the privilege of using dynamite and the right also of selecting its victims. A bit of summer thought for our Aldermen, who might during their vacations, paint a landscape or two, or build a monument of sand on the beach, and return for the winter with the merest thread of an idea of what art is, what it might be and what it isn't.

Our artists, doubtless, stand in need of correction, so also do beef trusts, yet the failings of one may not be attributed to the source of the other's faults,



PORTRAIT.

Painted by Alfred Hepworth.

for greed shamefully lacks the power to inspire true art effort.

It is quite evident that the pictures here reproduced were painted, as real pictures always are, out of pure love of painting without regard for commercial value.

Artists are extremely rare who are able to express character as intimately as Alfred Hepworth has in his head of a woman; Mr. Hepworth studied at the Art Society under Walter Grimm, but this head was painted away from any influence of the school and is very unlike his school work, for it contains nothing but himself, his own method, his own feeling and the nobility of nature reverently interpreted.

likewise for decorative treatment and vivid color. Mr. Smith's marine must give pleasure to those who know the sea, the brightness of the skies, the reflecting water through the white sails are in a very high key, filled with clear, cool and warming sunlight. What could be more lovely than the dory skimming over the water with the little men bending to their oars?

Whistler couldn't have done it better, nor could Frost draw the Yankee farmer more accurately than Thomas Brazazon does in his picture of checker players. This is a picture of our own life, in every country town you meet these men; you see the same room even to the coal hod; the man who knows, watching the game, Simple Simon with his



IN QUIET WATERS

Painted by William H. Smith.

Mr. Griffin, Mr. Flagg and Mr. Brandegee make it possible to obtain here what Europe alone could furnish in the past. Our art schools now rank with the best in Paris. The younger men recognize their debt.

Just as did Beethoven, who, after taking his form, his method in thematic development, his type of melody from his master, declared in a moment of folly that "Haydn taught him nothing," and from that day, dilettantism the world over has been scotting. What flattery! while scoffers die and sink into uncomfortable obivion, the work of genius goes down the centuries with its message, to some a refuge, to others a guide, and to all an enjoyment.

Mr. Louis Orr is a very skillful young man as is shown in his head; he draws easily, with a certain smart touch, with a nice idea of effect. Mr. Orr is a pupil of Mr. Griffin, from whom he receives his

back to the fire and the blue curtain over the window. Why paint Venice when subjects like this invite attention?

James McManis finds it the water front many picturesque bits, the sketch here shown represents a familiar dock scene, well arranged, and painted with spirit. The head of a Jew is very like the model and in the original very good in tone; the pale yellow of the flesh, the black beard and the grays of the coat and back producing an harmonious and varied effect. Mr. McManis, like Rembrandt, has painted innumerable portraits of himself, but unlike Rembrandt, they are not as interesting as the model's.

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining just photographs, we are sorry not to be able to show the work of Henry Bryant, who has a good sense of color. But we believe that color alone is sufficient,

consequently his pictures lose their charm in reduction to black and white. Other pictures were received too late for engraving and will be printed at another time.

Taken all in all, these pictures, if they do not adequately represent each artist, do show the particular trend of each talent; and though all are bound to grow stronger technically, they have already shown themselves through their work to be men of ability, men of sincerity, highly sensitive natures, endowed with the power to discriminate between that which is nobly beautiful and that which is merely pretty. Their work is the best the city can produce of the younger men, and whether one likes it or not, it is representative; it reflects the artistic state of the



CHARACTER STUDY.

Painted by Louis Orr.

whole community; and if Hartford does not compare with the Florence of the Renaissance, is it because we have no Raphael, or because preceding there were no prophets, no foreboding muttering of a Reformation, no pomp loving princes, or because none possessed the illuminating mind of a Lorenzo the Magnificent?



Water Color, by Frank Giddings.



STUDY OF A JEW.

Painted by James McManus.

VIRGIN DREAM.

By Caroline E. Clark.

A little child fell fast asleep
Within my close embrace;
I dreamed he was my very own
And kissed his little face.

He opened wide his baby eyes
And smiled back into mine.
I dreamed that I was Mary,
The little Child, Divine!

Hartford, Conn., July 12, 1906.

"When in life's storm
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form
And breathes a prayer for him"

Ignorance is not so damnable a thing as humbug;
but when it prescribes pills it may do more harm.

—George Eliot.

God will excuse our prayers for ourselves whenever we are prevented from them by being occupied in such good work as to entitle us to the prayers of others.

—Colton.

There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.

—Emerson.

Unwillingness to acknowledge whatever is good in religion foreign to our own has always been a very common trait of human nature; but it seems to me neither generous nor just. —Mrs. L. M. Child.



BIRDS OF FARMINGTON—See Page 107.

Where the Sun Never Sets.

The following paragraph is from the description of a scene witnessed by Mr. Campbell and a party in the north of Norway, from a cliff 1,000 feet above the sea: "The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of the waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at 12, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave; a bridge of gold, running due north, spanned the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty that knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats, and no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung by perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up behind us—we had slid into another day."

The Would-Be Musician.

By Charles R. Mander.

I tried to play the banjo,
But pure notes could not get,
Because my fingers wandered
Far from the proper fret
And then I tried the trombone,
But great was my despair,
For when I blew hard in it
I found no music there.

I tried the ocarina,
The flageolet and flute,
The piccolo and saxhorn,
But all to me were mute
And then I tried the cornet,
Resolved to do or die,
But failed to find its music,
No matter how I'd try.

I tried the windy bag pipes,
The zither and oboe,
The triangle and cymbals
And drums that with them go,
And then I tried the bass viol,
The clarinet as well,
The violin and Jew's-harp,
Which made my failures swell.

I tried the grand piano,
The tambourine and bones,
The mandolin and organ,
But only produced groans;
And then a boy's tin whistle,
The harp and castanet,
Harmonica and others
Their names I now forget.

To-day I am discouraged;
I fear I've misapplied
My energies to music -
Yet do not me deride,
For I can find amusement
At night when I am home
And everything is quiet -
With paper and a comb!

—The Cadenza

Favorite Hymns.

The automobilist's— "Oft in danger, oft in woe"
The dentist's—"Change and decay in all around
I see."
The multi-millionaire's—"Ten thousand times ten
thousand."
The bookkeeper's—"A charge to keep I have"
The hypnotist's—"Art thou weary, art thou lan-
guid"
The divorce lawyer's—"Blest be the tie that binds"
The hoaster's—"Blow ye the trumpet, blow"
The life-saver's—"Breast the wave"
The pugilist's—"Fight the good fight"
The Esquimaux's—"From Greenland's icy moun-
tains"
The Chicago girl's—"How firm a foundation"
Henry Miller, in 1 ppnetts

In Twilights Glow

by *Emil A. Wright*

She comes, a radiant star of light;
She fills my soul with joy.
Her heart is true and brave and bright
Pure gold with no alloy.

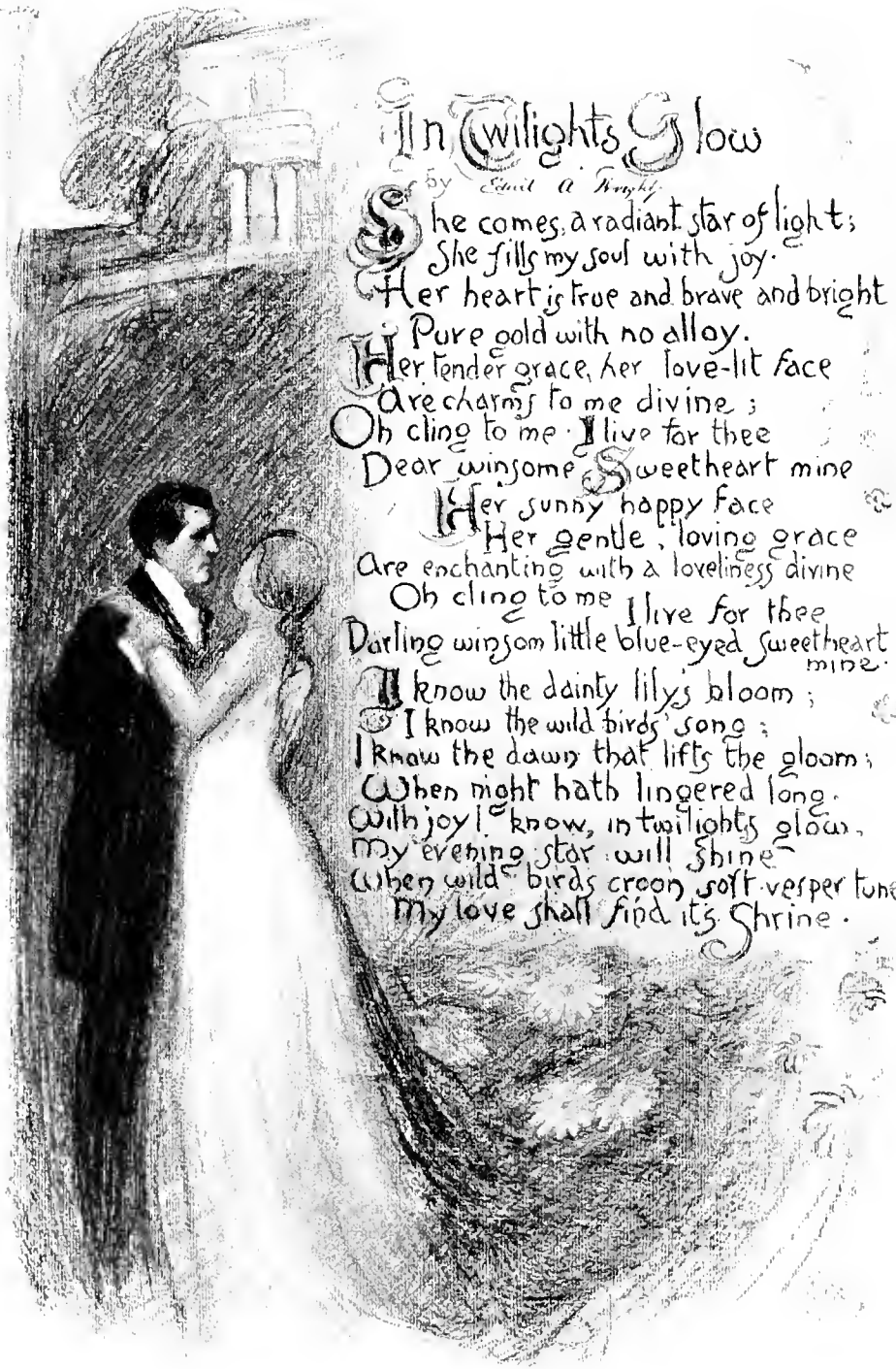
Her tender grace, her love-lit face
Are charms to me divine;
Oh cling to me I live for thee
Dear winsome Sweetheart mine

Her sunny happy face
Her gentle, loving grace
Are enchanting with a loveliness divine
Oh cling to me I live for thee

Darling winsom little blue-eyed Sweetheart mine.

I know the dainty lily's bloom;
I know the wild birds' song;
I know the dawn that lifts the gloom;

When night hath lingered long.
With joy I know, in twilight's glow,
My evening star will shine
When wild birds croon soft vespers tune
My love shall find its Shrine.



In Twilight's Glow.

Edwrd Asahel Wright.

Herman L. Bolles

Andante

Piano.

Slowly *cres. . .*

She comes a ra - -diant star of light, She

fills my soul with Joy." Her heart is true and brave and

bright, Pure gold with no al--loy. Her ten-der

grace, Her sun-lit face, Arc charms to me di-

Red ----- x Red

vine. Oh cling to me; I live for thee; Dear

L.H.

Refrain.

Win--some sweet--heart mine. Her

sun-my happy face, Her gen-tle lov-ing grace, Are en--

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

chant-ing with a love-li-ness di-vine. . . . On

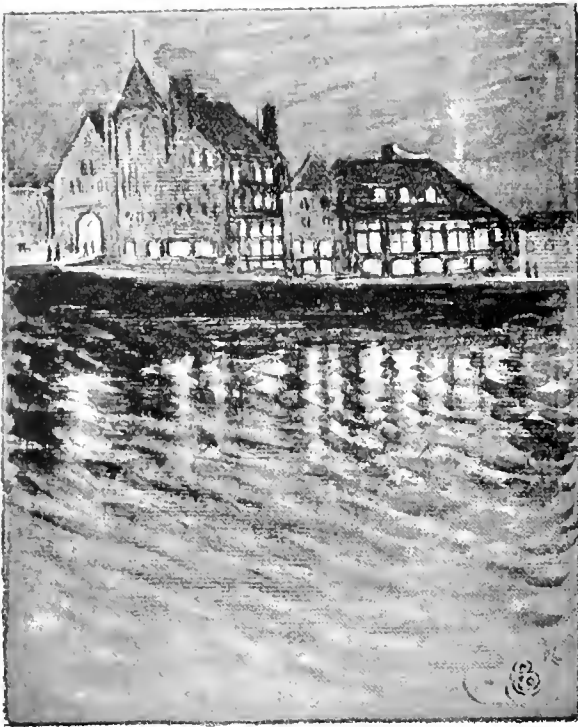
The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

cling to me; I live for thee; Dar-ling
va - - - - -

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

wit-some lit-tle blue-eyed sweet-heart mine

The fourth system of the musical score. It concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.



BRIGHT ATTRACTIONS.

Hartford Young Men's Christian Association.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By H. M. GERRY, Educational Director.

THE athletic field adjoining the association has been in almost constant use since it was opened in May. A baseball league of three teams from the senior membership was organized in the early summer months. Two games are played a week with the indoor baseball and small bat on account of the size of the field. The young men, however, enter heartily into the game and much enthusiasm is shown, both by players and spectators.

The employed boys enjoy this form of exercise on Tuesday and Thursday evenings while the other boys play in the afternoon. Three athletic contests have been held, which were participated in by a large number. Thus the interest has been kept up out of doors, but has not been allowed to lag in the building. Swimming contests have been a special feature, while many enjoy the bathing facilities and some use the gymnasium in these hot months.

The summer school for boys of the sixth, seventh and eighth grades opened up the first of July in Jewell Hall. The seats have been removed and desks take their place. There are thirty-seven boys enrolled in this school and as one looks into the room between nine and twelve on any day except Saturday one would think it was a room in our grammar schools. The object of this work is to aid boys who have fallen behind in their work and wish to catch up, and to assist those who have not mastered a given subject. The instructors are Miss Maud V. Keyes of the Wethersfield Avenue school, and Miss Annie Fisher of the Second North school.

Plans have been completed for a series of men's meetings addressed by well known and exceptionally strong men for the month of September. All of

Y.M.C.A.

the speakers for the winter months have been secured with a few exceptions. The September meetings will open on the second with an address by Will Carleton, the well known author of "Farm Ballads" and "City Ballads." On the ninth, Rev. Rockwell Harmon Potter, D. D., of the Center Church, will give the address. For the sixteenth, Prof. James McConaughy of the Mt. Hermon school has been secured. Prof. McConaughy is a thorough bible student and is the author of several books pertaining to bible study.

Prof. McConaughy in addition to his Sunday address on the sixteenth of September will deliver three illustrated addresses at eight p. m. in Jewell Hall: September 17, "Side Lights on the Old Testament;" September 19, "The Land of the Bible;" September 20, "Great Scenes in the Life of Christ." These will be free to men.

Hon. G. A. Gearhart of Buffalo, N. Y., who is one of the great orators of the day, has been secured for the twenty-third. He possesses a magnetic presence, great brilliancy of thought and beauty of speech and gracefulness of delivery. The association is extremely fortunate in having for the thirtieth Dr. Wm. J. Dawson, author, orator and preacher, of London, England. Over seventy thousand persons heard Dr. Dawson in the first six weeks of his American tour in 1905.

Four bible classes are being planned for. Prof. A. D. Call of the Second North school will take a class again. Mr. Jacks, the secretary of the association will also have a class. Mr. Dixon, the physical director, will give a course in "Faith and Conduct." Mr. Gerry, the educational director, offers a course on "The Life and Works of Jesus."

The Star Course committee have arranged a very attractive course of nine entertainments to be given in Foot Guard Hall during the winter months. The price of seats varies, according to location, from \$1.00 to \$2.00. The attractions and dates are as follows:—

1. Wednesday, October 17, The Commonwealth Ladies' Orchestra.
2. Wednesday, November 7, Shungopavi, The Wonderworker, and His Company.
3. Wednesday, December 5, President Russell H. Conwell.
4. Tuesday, December 18, Richard F. Outcault, Artist, Creator of Buster Brown.
5. Friday, January 4, The Juanita Boynton Co.
6. Friday, February 8, The International Grand Concert Co.
7. Tuesday, February 26, Rosati and His Royal Italian Band.
8. Tuesday, April 30, The Whitney Brothers' Male Quartet.
9. Wednesday, May 8, Frank R. Roberson.

In addition to the Star Course a series of six lectures has been arranged. These are instructive and entertaining as well. They are as follows:—

- Monday, October 1, Dr. Wm. J. Dawson.
November 20, Dr. Henry R. Rose, of Newark,

N. J., will give "Parsifal and the Holy Grail," illustrated by many beautiful views.

January 14, Dr. Roland D. Grant will give his illustrated lecture on "Wrinkles, Cracks and Erosions," a study of earth convulsions.

January 28, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Metcalf of Colorado Springs will present "Panoramic Colorado," illustrating it by two hundred magnificent views.

February 16, Dr. D. E. Fox of Chicago has been secured.

March 18, Prof. S. A. Long will speak on "The

Man of Destiny—Napoleon Studied in a New Light."

These lectures will be held in two of the churches of our city. Course tickets are \$1.00 and can be secured of the Young Men's Christian Association after the first of September.

The opening reception will be given on Monday, September 24, at eight p. m. The program will consist of impersonations, comic songs, and monologues by Walter Eccles of Boston. There will be other attractions worth hearing and seeing. Men are cordially invited.



SHOW WINDOWS AND "THE CITY BEAUTIFUL."

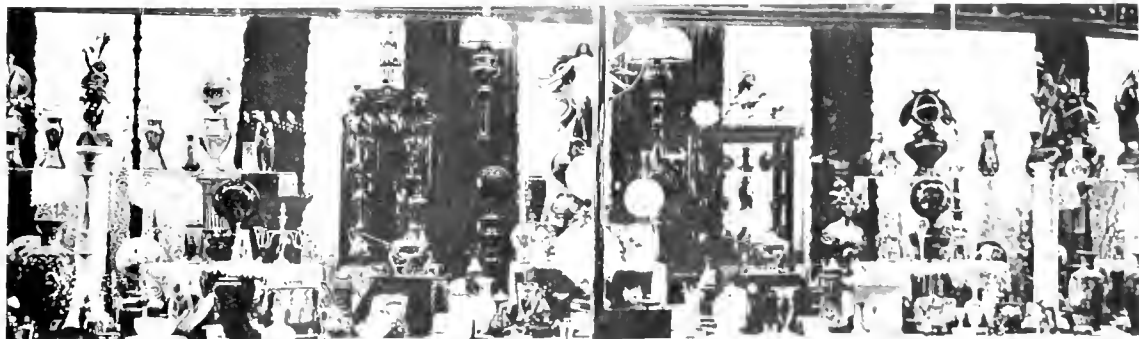
FEW residents of a medium sized city realize how much of the good impression made upon its visitors depends upon the attractiveness added to its business streets by handsome window displays in the shopping district. As compared with much larger cities Hartford cannot be said to have remarkably handsome business streets, so far as roadways and buildings of themselves have to do with it, though they compare favorably with those of cities of its own size. The striking beauty of Hartford, and it is a rare and generous beauty, is furnished by its residential sections and its superb public parks.

Aside from its beautiful and famous Capitol and a few large office buildings, Hartford's business streets do not afford many handsome or strong architectural characteristics; perhaps the most noticeable feature to a stranger is the diversity in size, age and quality of the buildings used for stores, from the little old cottage with its first floor transformed into a market or grocery where important

and profitable business may be transacted in unpretentious manner, to the large department store buildings in the center of the shopping district.



J. W. TURLEY, WINDOW DRESSER,
Brown, Thomson & Co.



ONE OF BROWN, THOMSON & CO'S. SHOW WINDOWS.

As for building "sky-line," now much discussed among workers for "the city beautiful," streets of Hartford like crowded Asylum Street and parts of Main Street are certainly irregular enough to be



J. D. BREWER, WINDOW DRESSER,
G. Fox & Co.

picturesque, if not exactly pretty or in conformity with views of "sky-line" enthusiasts and reformers. But regardless of architectural defects, visitors to the city are almost invariably impressed with the attractive appearance of the shopping district. This is due almost entirely to the attractive window displays.

gentlemen's wearing apparel does not include remarkably pretty objects for successful dummy or hook exhibits) to hold the pleased attention of the passerby, so that his opinion of the city's up-to-dateness and of individual taste and enterprise are formed from what he sees on a level with his eyes and not from what he might observe if he took an upward "sky-line" glance, stumbled over the omnipresent and irreverent small boy and walked away with an obnoxious title associated with "rubber" thrust upon him.

The show windows of Hartford have more than a local reputation for taste and for adding greatly to the pleasure, entertainment and instruction of visitors. The residents have become so accustomed to expect handsome and artistic window displays in the shopping district that they have come to take them as a matter of course. We estimate them as among the very important influences brightening the street life of our city and giving to visitors a favorable opinion of the standing of our shopping district as an important and modern trade center.

So we purpose to give from time to time pictures of creditable show windows of Hartford and other cities and towns of this section. Those given in this number are from two large department stores. But the size of the establishment will have nothing to do with the selection of windows to be photographed. The aim being to encourage pleasing and artistic street effects, we shall try to picture those



ONE OF G. FOX & CO'S. SHOW WINDOWS.

The first floor fronts of the stores are as a rule arranged and used to the best advantage, even in small establishments with limited window space. There is elegance and variety enough even in the windows of the clothing stores on Asylum Street (and

which are most creditable in this direction, however small the store may be, whatever department of legitimate trade it may represent.

There may be those who imagine that window dressing is a sort of haphazard throwing together

in a window of merchandise which it is particularly desired shall be speedily disposed of. Others may imagine that saleswomen and salesmen can run up to the window and stick in anything which they think ought to go, from a washtub to a statuette, from a wedding dress to a cradle, regardless of harmony and suggestion. The dressing of windows is a profession that requires an artistic sense combined with considerable ingenuity, some mechanical skill

and a practical line between buying and selling ornaments. Of course the primary motive is advertising, but beyond that is the aim to cultivate as well as to please public taste. And so the show window should have an educational as well as a decorative and ornamental value on the streets of 'the city beautiful,' and surely that city, if any, regardless of its business street architectural defects, must be our own bright queen city of the valley.

In The Theatres

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please must please to live.
—Dr. Johnson.



KATHY MORSE OF THE HARTFORD THEATRE

THE SPIRIT OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By HENRY McMANUS.

AS the Constitution of the United States grants to us all the right of free speech, so very often the payment of an entrance fee at the theatre makes us dramatic critics; and in proportion as we are satisfied with what we receive in return for our money we become just, or flattering, or critical.

The general public has a habit of expressing its opinion freely and ending it off with, "Of course I don't pretend to be a critic, but I know what I like."



CLARENCE HANDYSIDE,
Of The Hunter-Bradford Players.

And the "but" is so vigorously emphasized that it makes one wonder whether it is intended to suggest that a critic should not know what he likes or to throw a modest doubt on the fore part of the assertion.

And so it goes, from the gushing young lady, who insists that everything is "perfectly beautiful," to the fastidious man of the world who at eighteen has discovered that everything is "rotten."

To offset this condemnation of praise and this praise of condemnation it has been deemed expedient that a class of writers should record their views in the public print on the day following dramatic productions; and for the want of a better name they have been called critics. They usually do not pay an entrance fee but in many other respects are quite like the general public.

To be a real dramatic critic implies the possession of a skillful judgment and the ability to make nice distinctions, quite as much as it insists that the fault-finding faculty be always the inspiration; and while the conscientious critic must tell the truth on all occasions, it is not mandatory that it shall be told in the most brutal manner. The function of the critic is to guide, to help and to enlighten; and all these things are better accomplished with a kindly pen than with a club.

Under ordinary circumstances the critic is driven by lack of time and stress of occupation into forming snap judgments and recording them as rapidly as pen or typewriter will permit. Therefore the need of a sympathetic interest in his work and a long and well stored memory is apparent, for without these essential qualifications his judgment will become biased by fatigue or be imperfect from want of comparison. An intimate knowledge of the habits of the theatre is a wonderfully helpful adjunct; for without it the ever present incidentals of "the first night" become glaring faults and the "macaronies" of the actors hooks to hang self-advertising rail-leries on. Once this censorious analysis habit is established the critical value of the writer has vanished; for although he may become a conspicuous advertising medium for his paper and an inky terror to a few actors, he no longer retains the respect of his thoughtful readers, who recognize that he writes for himself and not about the play. "With one eye on himself and the other on the gallery" may be a finely safe rule for a showman; it is the beginning of the end when the critic adopts it for his own guidance.

While the actor devotes to each role hours of patient study and weeks of tireless rehearsal, the critic must gain his knowledge of the character in the two hours and a half allotted to its presentation. In view of this fact is it fair or just or honest to condemn a player's work because it does not meet all the details of fancy that a new view point suggests? Is it not better to advise and encourage rather than to "roast" or abuse? For the actor is as anxious that the part should "go" as is the critic and a word or two of kindly suggestion may start him on the path of improvement where a "stickful" of brilliant banter would only arouse his obstinate indignation.

On the other hand the critic must have a firm hand and a fearless heart, for a slovenly performance can have no excuse and a negligent player deserves no consideration. There are some fixed facts in acting and play writing that can have no alternative—they are either right or wrong—and here the critic must be governed by conviction; for to condone intentional offences is as dishonest as to condemn unjustly or to praise without reason.

Fault finding is no more commendable than is flattery. To tell the truth, remembering always that criticism is reaching nearest to its goal "When mercy seasons justice," should be the ever present ambition of every dramatic reviewer, who would keep faith with his readers and maintain the integrity of the theatre. Then, in time, as education cultivates and observation refines his judgment, if the humanity of appreciative sympathy is numbered among his talents, he becomes a real critic.

AT PARSONS' THEATRE

WITH this number it becomes our unwilling duty to say bon voyage to the Hunter-Bradford Players, who closed their second successful season at Parsons' Theatre on the twenty-first. Each and every one of them has earned the artistic good will of our theatre going public by conscientious and admirable work during the ten delightful weeks of their stay here and the management has established its name as a trademark of excellence. It is the present intention to reassemble the company for another summer season next year and Messrs. Hunter, Bradford and Reid may feel assured of a cordial welcome. It is one of the policies of this magazine to recognize and applaud talent, and for that reason we publish two portraits of Players who have appeared in minor parts so well and played them so cleverly that they assumed importance more by virtue of the players than the playwright.

Miss Kathryn Morse appeared in but few of the plays, but in each one of them gave such a good account of herself that her return to the city will always be welcomed. This charming lady has had but seven years' professional experience; starting her stage career as understudy in Mr. Nat C. Goodwin's company for the part of the "Firefly" in "When We Were Twenty-one," the same role, by the way, in which she finished her season here. She went with Mr. Goodwin to England and remained there a season or two, playing both London and the provinces. An engagement in the Lyceum Stock Company at Rochester followed and last winter



MISS LORNE,
Of The Hunter-Bradford Players.

with an unusual lot of talent" and it fits her so well that there seems little need for trying to better it.

Mr. Clarence Handyside and Mr. John Findlay are too well known to need an introduction to Hartford readers. They both have earned their spurs in the dramatic world and their acting this and last season shows just how they earned them.

BIRDS OF FARMINGTON.

AT Miss Porter's school in Farmington is a very interesting collection of birds inhabiting the fields and woods of that immediate locality. One not familiar with the bird life of this section is surprised at the number and variety of the kinds of birds to be found so near a large city and the glamorous haunts of busy man, and of active boy of nest hunting and destructive proclivities.

In the forthcoming book, "Farmington, Connecticut, The Village of Beautiful Homes," published by Mr. A. L. Brandegee and Mr. Eddy N. Smith, is a valuable article on the "Ferns and Birds of Farmington" by Mr. Robert B. Brandegee, an authority on local nature study matters, as well as on art, and an ardent lover of birds. The article is finely illustrated by pictures made from the collection of birds in Miss Porter's school. Through the courtesy of the publishers we are permitted to quote from Mr. Brandegee in advance of the appearance of the book, and also to use the accompanying pictures of Farmington birds.

In speaking of the collection in Miss Porter's school and describing the birds in the two pictures here reproduced, Mr. Brandegee says in part:

"There are three large cases, two holding the large birds, the big herons, the hawks and owls, and the others filled with sparrows and warblers. The large heron in the picture was collected on the Farmington meadows. It is a shame to kill these big heron, but they are so large they excite the ambitions of the gunners.

The night heron at the right of the picture is known by the long feather hanging from the back of its head. The night heron is more often heard than seen. In the night time his quak quak may often



JOHN FINDLAY,
Of The Hunter-Bradford Players.

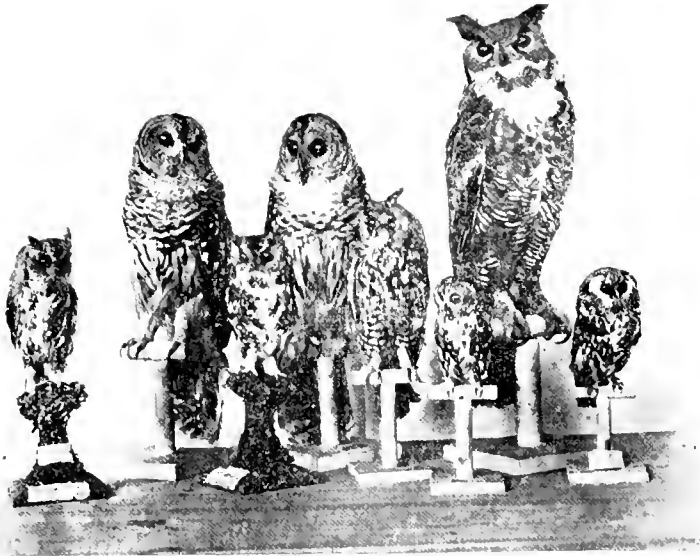
she attracted favorable attention as Clara Foster in "The Woman in the Case." She is to return with the Players next season.

Dainty little Marion Lorne abandoned Hartford for Springfield, which is the only suspicion on her artistic judgment, and yet her performances while here were so sweet and sincere and engaging that we are more than half inclined to forgive her for it. Some one has described her as "a stage-struck kid

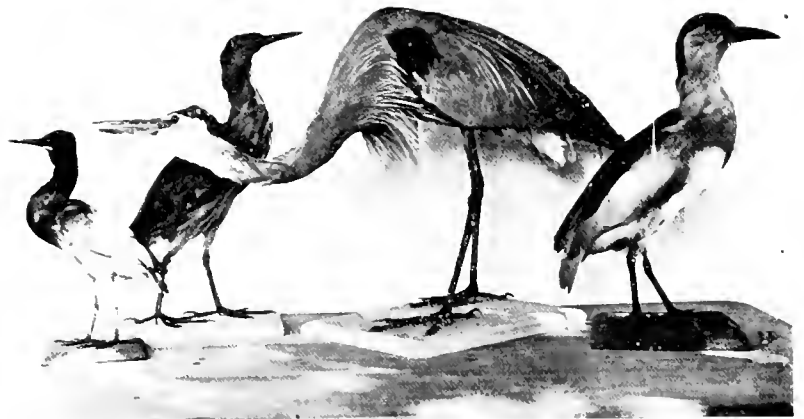
be heard as he flies from one pond to another. The bittern, the second bird from the left, is not often seen, but the green heron at the extreme left of the picture is often seen poking around the edge of a pond. The owls in this picture comprise about all of our Farmington owls. The largest, the great horned owl, is met with rarely. We once saw one on the bank of the river as we floated by in a canoe. The next largest are the barred owls. These in the picture are a pair, 'and are not separated in death.' These barred owls are without ears and are the only owls with brown eyes.

or more illustrations, which picture the "Village of Beautiful Homes" and its charming environments with skillful and generous completeness.

The conception of the publication is broad and its contents and general appearance are worthy of a book which is eagerly looked for now and in the future will be ranked among rare and valuable books of the kind. Among the contributors are some whose names and work will give it far more than



SOME OF THE FARMINGTON WISE ONES.



THE HERON FAMILY OF FARMINGTON.

These interesting pictures give a fair idea of the excellent quality of the many and happily chosen attractions of the book. The reminiscent and descriptive articles are of a character and quality that will surely give pleasure and satisfaction to local residents and visitors and to many tasteful friends and admirers of Farmington scattered throughout the country. Everyone who is favored with an opportunity to see them will enjoy the six hundred

local note and value, while the fact that only a limited number of copies will be issued, after which the plates will be destroyed so that the book will not be reproduced, is sure to raise the value of the edition. Each copy contains a special book plate, a distinctive number and the name of the subscriber. One-half of the edition has been sold in advance of publication. Delivery to subscribers will begin early in August.

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CITY GUIDE Police Calls and Fire Alarm

How to Call a Policeman.

A key fitting all police call boxes will be furnished to any reputable citizen, free of charge, upon application at police headquarters, Market Street.

To call a policeman, and for this purpose only, insert key in key-hole marked "Citizen's Key," in center of outside door; push key in as far as possible; turn key to right as far as it will go, or one-quarter way around, let go of key and leave it there. Do not try to open the door nor to release the key, the key once inserted can only be released by a policeman.

Location of Police Call Boxes.

- 12, cor. Morgan and Front Streets.
- 13, " Morgan and Main Streets.
- 14, " Windsor and Avon Streets.
- 15, " Main and Pavilion Streets.
- 16, " Judson and Barbour Streets.
- 21, " Union Depot.
- 22, " Main and Ann Streets.
- 23, " Albany Avenue and East Street.
- 24, " Albany Avenue and Blue Hills Road.
- 25, " Asylum Avenue and Woodland Street.
- 26, " Sigourney and Collins Streets.
- 27, " Farmington Avenue and Laurel Street.
- 31, " State and Front Streets.
- 32, " Front and Sheldon Streets.
- 33, " Commerce and Potter Streets.
- 34, " Main and Arch Streets.
- 35, " Charter Oak and Union Streets.
- 41, " Pearl Street, Hook & Ladder House.
- 42, " Park and Broad Streets.
- 43, " Zion Street and Glendale Avenue.
- 44, " Broad and Howard Streets.
- 45, " Park Street and Sisson Avenue.
- 46, " Park and Laurel Streets.
- 51, " Wethersfield Avenue and Bond Street.
- 52, " Main and Congress Streets.
- 53, " Washington and Vernon Streets.
- 54, " Latayette and Russ Streets.
- 55, " New Britain Avenue and Broad Street.
- 56, " Maple Avenue and Webster Street.
- 57, " Wethersfield Avenue and South Street.
- 61, " Selectmen's Office, Pearl Street.
- 62, " Trumbull St., near County Building.
- 63, " House of Comfort, Bushnell Park.
- 72, " Farmington Avenue and Smith Street.

How to Give a Fire Alarm.

There are 136 fire alarm boxes located conveniently for use throughout the city. A key of them are "keyless," in which the box will give an alarm. Any reputable citizen may

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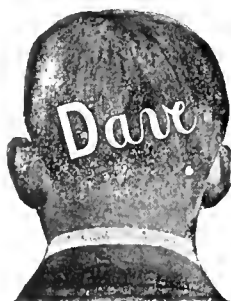
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CITY GUIDE---Continued.

obtain a key to be kept on hand in case of need, by applying at the fire department headquarters, 43 Pearl Street.

To give an alarm, open the door of the red box, pull the hook to the bottom of the slot once, and let go; then close the door. The key will be released and returned as soon as convenient. Do not pull the hook if the fire bell or the small bell in the box is striking, as that indicates an alarm has already been given. In using the keyless box, when the door has been opened, follow the same directions as given for ordinary box. Private boxes will only be pulled for fires on the premises where located. Always give the alarm from the box nearest to the fire. Key holders, upon changing their locations, will please notify the superintendent of fire alarm telegraph, at department headquarters.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

The numbers given below correspond with the strokes of the fire alarm bell. From the strokes and these numbers a fire can be very closely located, the strokes indicating the number of the box from which the alarm has been given.

- 12, Asylum St. and Union Pl.
- 13, Asylum and Farmington Aves., Junction.
- 14, Walnut St., opp. Chestnut.
- 15, Flower St., front Pratt & Whitney Co's.
- 16, Hook & Ladder House, Pearl St.
- 17, Engine House, No. 4, Ann St.
- 18, Trumbull and Pearl Sts.
- 19, Trumbull and Main Sts.
- 122, Myrtle and Edwards Sts.
- 123, High St. and Foot Guard Place.
- 124, Ford and Asylum Sts.
- 132, Farmington Ave. and Beach St.
- 141, Lumber St.
- 142, Albany Avenue and East St.
- 143, County Jail, Seyms St.
- 144, Windsor Ave. and Florence St.
- 161, So. N. E. Telephone Bldg. (Private).
- 21, Asylum and Trumbull Sts.
- 23, Main and Pearl Sts.
- 24, State and Market Sts.
- 25, Engine House, No. 3, Front St.
- 26, Grove and Commerce Sts.
- 27, Main and Pratt Sts.
- 28, Main and Morgan Sts.
- 29, Morgan and Front Sts.
- 213, Trumbull and Church Sts.
- 231, Main and Asylum Sts.
- 241, Market and Temple Sts.
- 251, Kilbourn and Commerce Sts.
- 271, Main and Church Sts.
- 31, Front and Arch Sts.
- 32, Main and Mulberry Sts.
- 34, Trumbull and Jewell Sts.
- 35, Main and Elm Sts.
- 36, Capitol Ave. and West St.
- 37, Colt's Armory.
- 38, Main and Buckingham Sts.
- 39, Engine House, No. 6, Hayslope Ave.
- 312, Charter Oak Ave. and Governor St.
- 313, Capewell Horse Nail Co. (Private).
- 314, Sheldon and Taylor Sts.
- 315, Old Screw Shop, Sheldon St.
- 321, Grove and Prospect Sts.
- 361, Capitol Ave. and Trinity St.
- 371, Edward Balf Co., Sheldon St. (Private).
- 381, Charter Oak Place.
- 41, Capitol Ave., front of Pope's.
- 42, Park and Washington Sts.
- 43, Russ and Oak Sts.
- 45, New Britain Ave. and Summit St.
- 46, Zion St., opp. Vernon.
- 47, Park and Broad Sts.
- 48, Broad and Vernon Sts.
- 49, Trinity College.
- 411, Hartford Machine Screw Co. (Private.)
- 412, Russ and Lawrence Sts.
- 413, Putnam St., opp. Orphan Asylum.

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CITY GUIDE---Continued.

421. Buckingham and Cedar Sts.
423. Washington and Jefferson Sts.
424. Broad and Madison Sts.
451. Fairfield Ave. and White St.
452. New Britain Ave. and White St.
461. Hamilton and Wellington Sts.
471. Engine House, No. 8, Park and Atleek Sts.
5. Engine House, No. 1, Main St.
51. Maple Ave. and Congress St.
52. Wethersfield Ave., opp. Car Barns.
53. Retreat Ave. and Washington St.
54. Wethersfield Ave. and Alden St.
56. New Britain Ave. and Washington St.
57. Retreat for Insane (Private).
512. Franklin Ave. and Shultas Place.
513. Franklin Ave. and Morris St.
514. Hartford Hospital (Private).
521. Wethersfield Ave. and Preston St.
522. Wethersfield Ave., opp. Capitol Park.
523. Engine House, No. 10, Bond St.
524. Franklin Ave. and Brown St.
531. New Britain Ave. and Broad St.
532. Julius and Crown Sts.
561. Maple Ave. and Bond St.
6. Asylum Ave., opp. Sumner St.
61. Farmington Ave. and Smith St.
62. Engine House, No. 5, Sigourney St.
63. Farmington Ave. and Gillett St.
64. Engine House, No. 11, Sisson Ave.
65. Capitol Ave. and Laurel St.
67. Capitol Ave. and Sigourney St.
611. North Beacon and Cone Sts.
612. Farmington Ave. and Oxford St.
613. Kenyon St.
614. Warrenton Ave. and Beacon St.
621. Cathedral, Farmington Ave. (Private)
622. Woodland St., opp. Niles.
623. Farmington Ave. and Laurel St.
631. Farmington and Sisson Aves.
632. Forest and Hawthorn Sts.
641. Smith and Davenport Sts.
642. Park and Heath Sts.
643. Bartholomew Ave.
644. New Park Ave. and Kibbe St.
645. New Park Ave. and Merrill St.
651. Underwood Typewriter Co., 581 Capitol Ave. (Private).
652. Electric Vehicle Co., Park and Laurel Sts. (Private).
653. Laurel and Willow Sts.
7. Albany Ave. and Williams St.
71. Woodland and Collins Sts.
72. Alms House (Private).
73. Garden and Collins Sts.
74. Albany and Blue Hills Aves.
75. Vine St., west side, front T. J. Blake's.
76. Albany Ave., west of Lenox Place.
711. Asylum Ave. and Gillette St.
712. Collins and Sigourney Sts.
713. Ashley and Huntington Sts.
714. Sargeant and May Sts.
715. Sargeant and Woodland Sts.
721. Vine and Capen Sts.
731. Sargeant and Garden Sts.
732. Garden and Myrtle Sts.
741. Blue Hills Ave.
742. Blue Hills Ave. and Holcomb St.
751. Albany Ave. and Burton St.
8. Windsor Ave. and Mather St.
81. Windsor Ave. and Capen St.
82. Clark and Westland Sts.
83. Windsor Ave. and Frankfort St.
84. Capen and Garden Sts.
85. Capen and Barboon Sts.
812. Mahl Ave., opp. Arsenal.
813. Suffield and Bellevue Sts.
821. Charlotte and Barbour Sts.
831. Opposite Engine House, No. 7, Windsor Ave.
9. Main and High Sts.
91. Engine House, No. 2, Pleasant St.
92. Windsor and Pleasant Sts.
93. Foot Windsor St., Smith, Northam & Co

Fire Bell Signals.

Two single strokes is the recall or signal that the fire is out.

Four strokes is the signal for calling out all reserve companies.

Two rounds of twelve strokes each is the military call.

The fire bell gives one stroke for 12 o'clock, noon daily, except Sunday; and one stroke for 9 o'clock p. m.



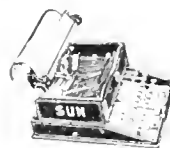
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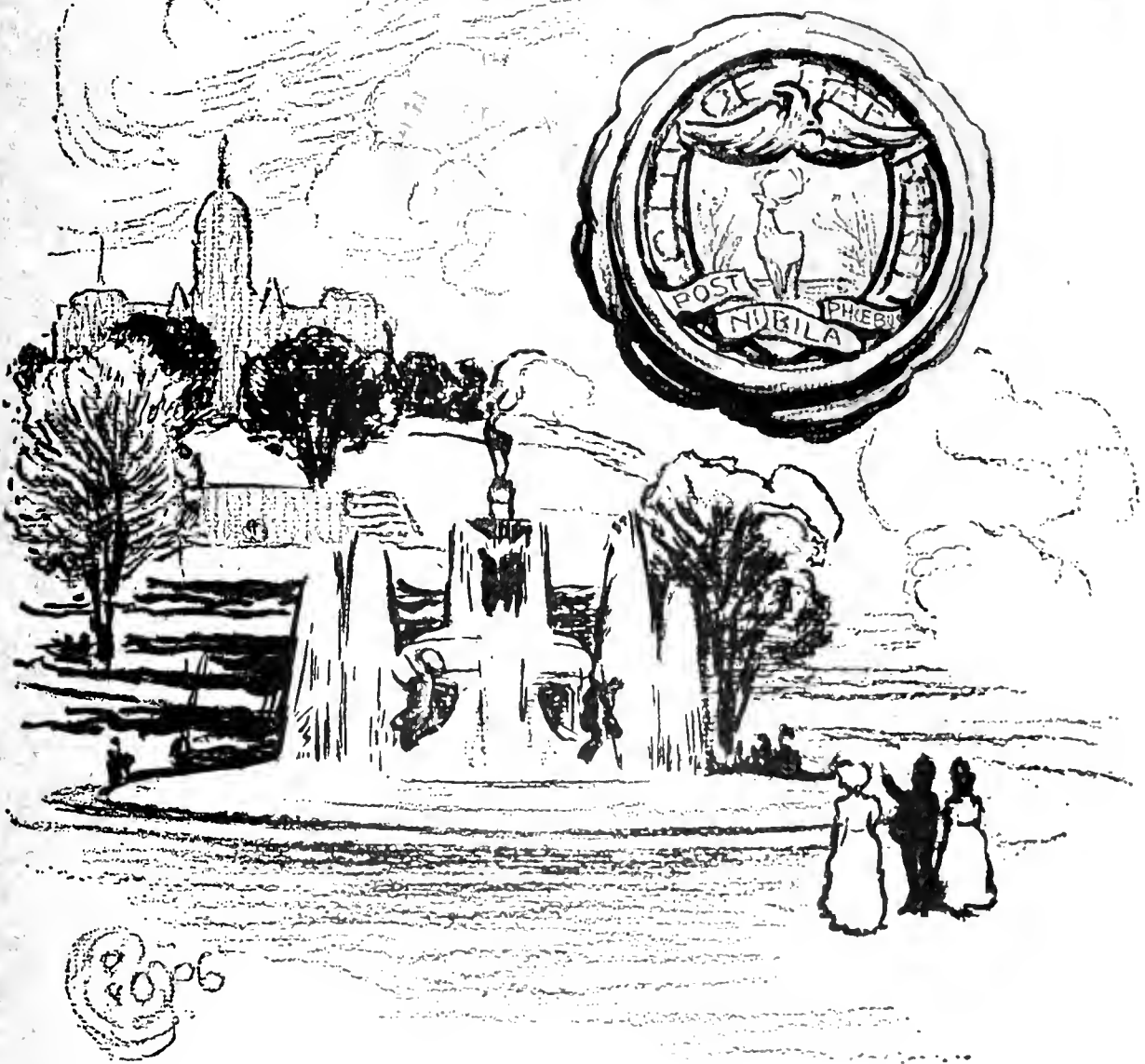
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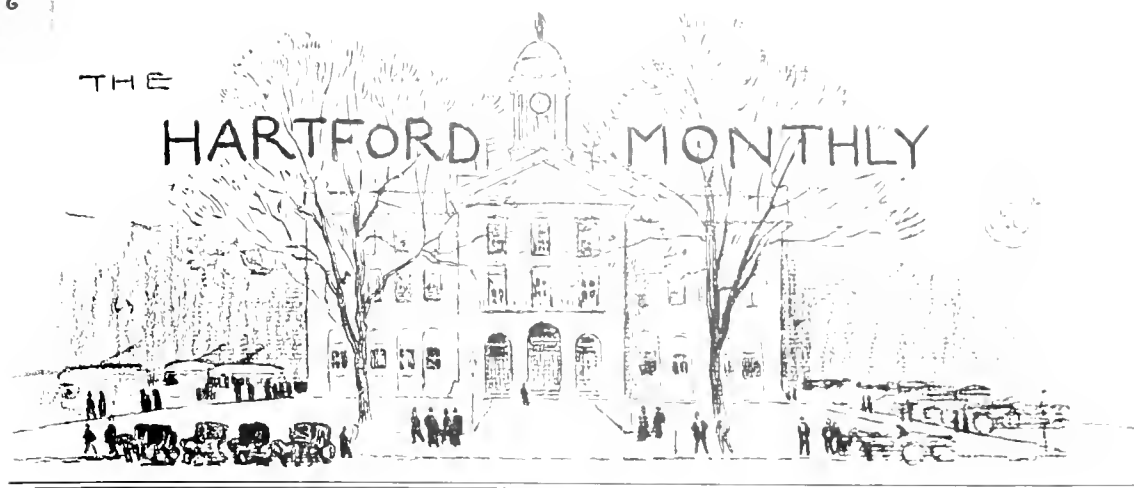


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SOME SPECIAL FEATURES

of the

September Number.

WETHERSFIELD. CHILDREN'S AID. CONCERT-MILITARY BANDS.

ILLUSTRATIONS (DRAWINGS) BY JAMES BRITTON.

Frontispiece—"His Trained Ear Had Caught a Strange Night Sound"

BY JAMES BRITTON.

The Wethersfield of Today and Tomorrow—Illustrated

The Pulpit and the Choir Loft—Music in Church Services

BY HERMAN L. BOLLIS

How Best to Enjoy a Modern Library—Information About Using the Hartford Public Library

BY CAROLINE M. HEWINS, LIBRARIAN

Rival Comrades on the Anadyr—A Story of Love and Adventure in Siberia—Illustrated

BY EDWARD ASHLEY WRIGHT

Work for Children—Beautiful Charity and Practical Workings of the Connecticut Children's Aid Society Interestingly Described—Illustrated

BY JOSEPHINE M. GRISWOLD, SECRETARY

Charles Noel Flagg—His Work as a Painter and His Influence as a Teacher—Illustrated

By JAMES BRITTON

Responsory for Offertory—Scripture Selections and New Music—Illustrated

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BY EDWARD ASHLEY WRIGHT

In the Theatres—From the Standpoint of the Actor—Herbert C. Parsons's Manager—Illustrated

BY HENRY MCMANUS

"The Acrobatie Lovers"—A Bass from Lee J. Waters—(Illustrated)—"Lying Face Buried Under the Chin"—A Gem from the Orient (Photo of one of our Prettiest Girls—Miss Margaret Sweet—18 1/2—1906—Costume)—Poetry—Selections—Police Signals—Fire Alarm—Notes

Press of C. M. G. Co.

1906.
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"THIS TRAINED EAR CAUGHT A STRANGE NIGHT SOUND."

Illustration by James Britton for "Rival Comrades on the Anadyr."



WETHERSFIELD, LOOKING TOWARDS HARTFORD.

THE WETHERSFIELD OF TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Importance to a Growing City of a Prosperous Suburban Town Like Beautiful Wethersfield—The Colonial and Modern Combined in Rare Attractiveness—An Old-Home Week Celebration Suggested—Sewerage and Trolley Improvements.

HARTFORD owes much to its suburbs. The indebtedness relates to esthetical points as well as to commercial and industrial; at least to the esthetical conditions so far as nature in esthetics is concerned, and that is much in this favored locality. The Capitol City is a city of parks, and a city surrounded by park-like towns and villages. The Capitol dome, itself a golden crown by day and a shining glory by night for a beautiful city park, looks far and wide over a country of marvelous beauty, of rare residential advantages and of an unsurpassed agricultural wealth; all of which taken collectively has had more to do than anything else with Hartford's healthful growth and permanent prosperity.

Two of the handsomest avenues of the city are justly named from two of its suburbs. Without the attractions of Wethersfield and Farmington there would have been little practical reason for the liberal construction and maintenance of these miles of superb driving and trolley thoroughfare. The productive farming lands convenient to the city and their thrifty and intelligent management gave to Hartford in its earlier days its stimulus for growth and development and continue today its surest support in that substantial advancement which is not dependent upon speculative enterprises nor the vicissitudes of trade and the changes of manufacturing demands and industrial conditions.

If Hartford looks forward with confidence to the "Greater Hartford," which shall embrace within its city limits the thriving towns now constituting its immediate suburbs, it will be disappointed in its expectations, unless it begins to study into the advantages and needs of these places in the right spirit and to make efforts to do something for

liberal scale to prove an intelligent appreciation of their merits and a sincere interest in their prosperity and welfare.

As matters stand now the practical resident and land owner in the most attractive suburban towns is not at all enthusiastic about having his town entified by annexation, not to even so prosperous and promising a city as Hartford. He cares less about being able to say that he lives in a city than he does to have his taxation rate ten mills, as it is in Wethersfield for instance, instead of Hartford's eighteen.

It is a mistake to think that the idea of annexation to Hartford is at present popular with either the best social, political or industrial elements of the choicest and most desirable suburban localities. Before they will think favorably of it they must see practical evidences of a desire on the part of city residents to assist in the enhancement of local rural values, at least to the extent of publicly and sincerely expressed interest in worthy suburban institutions and undertakings and a deserved patronage of the same.

An old home week celebration is one of the best possible events to develop an intelligent mutual interest between a city and one of its attractive and promising suburbs. Wethersfield could not do a better thing for itself than to have such a celebration; Hartford could not do a better thing for Wethersfield, nor a better thing of this kind for itself, than to unite with this beautiful and conveniently accessible suburb in making such a celebration successful and a thoroughly enjoyable affair, creditable to the town that originated it and the city that encouraged and helped it with liberal contributions of money and talent.

As to the suggestion that the idea of having

such a celebration in Wethersfield be taken into consideration promptly by both Wethersfield and Hartford people, for the benefit and healthful pleasure of both. October would be the best month for such a celebration in this particular locality. Sum-

are set aside more or less reverently now and given up largely to weeds and camera and note book "resurrectionists" in their sombre pictorial aims and tombstone literature ambitions. In Wethersfield the very old colonial burying ground, with its dates away



View North.



View South.



BROAD STREET GREEN.

mer vacations are then over; and in this month the event could be seasonably made a combined old-home week and harvest celebration. The first step in the matter would be to have a joint committee, for planning and arranging, selected from representative and public spirited men and women of both places. Once it is decided to have such a union celebration features for the program would be rapidly presented. A most enjoyable and helpful old-home week can be had at a very moderate expense in a town so conveniently near a city of abundant hospitalities; literary and musical entertainments and parades and athletic sports can be easily provided.

Wethersfield is a dateful town. It is rich in historical material. It is a thoroughly exploited gold mine of colonial reminiscence. But it is far more than all this. It is a town of rare agricultural wealth, of creditable and pleasant social life; a social life not stifled by ultra-exclusiveness nor demoralized by weakened safeguards and undue familiarity or license; a town of broad and wholesome public spirit, where worthy ideals of community life are well established and naturally maintained. It has splendid traditions; its pride is in living up to them rather than in an existence in them. It is not satisfied to be a "has been." Its past is a proud legacy, but it is also an inspiration for a good today and the better tomorrow.

A striking peculiarity of this old town is the way in which the colonial and the modern blend, several public institutions and private occupations that were established in colonial days being used and pursued in similar ways now. Plenty of old New England towns have their colonial burying grounds, but they

back of 1650, has been cared for and used continuously through all these years and is today an inter-



THE OLD ELM.

esting and well kept part of the beautiful modern cemetery, which is a credit to the tasteful spirit of the community. We know of only one other town

of which this can be said, the old colonial town of Ipswich, Massachusetts.

The dignified Congregational Church of Wethersfield, in superb corner setting of arching trees and picturesque roadway curve, tastefully retains in its handsome modern interior, and in its foundation stones and graceful spire, prettily suggestive features of colonial architecture in use in the eventful long ago. Over two centuries ago there was a noted goose pond in the corner of the village where down and feather swam and waddled and was plucked; something of the same goes on there still. From churchyards through churches to goose ponds and pluckings is not a natural nor happy line of thought and sentiment, perhaps, but the combination illustrates the striking feature of colonial continuance and its blend with the modern.

The approaches to Wethersfield from Hartford are as pleasant as they are convenient; the tie that

pleasant resides in the scenic roadway. This rise from the water front passes the residences at a fine elevation above the level of the Connecticut River. From this part of the ascent can be obtained the most charming view of water and hillsides with intervening river and meadows to be found on the same general level anywhere within ten miles of Hartford.

The cove is rapidly becoming a favorite resort. Over fifty pleasure yachts and steam launches can be seen there almost any day now, and new ones are constantly making the quiet waters of the cove their anchorage and haven while giving summer sailings on the Connecticut, only a few rods distant. It may not be generally known that quite extensive fisheries are established here as business enterprises, in addition to the large number of fishermen who seek the cove and the river in this locality for sport and recreation.



WETHERSFIELD COVE

so closely binds this suburb to the city is a beautiful one. From Hartford to the Wethersfield line near the railroad crossing it is courteously called Wethersfield Avenue; from Wethersfield toward the line it is with the same reciprocal courtesy called Hartford Avenue. In going out from the city over the four miles of good roadway, the change from the urban to the rural is so gradual that one cannot tell where the city ends and the country begins. The well groomed lawns of the city residents grow broader and more like expansive grass lands until the distinction is lost in graceful meadow sweeps and the flowering gardens and waving cornfields of the fertile farm lands.

The nearest and decidedly the handsomest natural waterview to be found in going out of Hartford in any direction is found as the village of Wethersfield is entered. From the west bank of the Wethersfield Cove the bordering lands for some distance rise in pretty incline of garden and orchard lands up to the

In entering the village the prison buildings, setting well back from the avenue in their spacious and ornamental grounds, are passed by the stranger with surprise to learn that this is the state penal institution which he has so commonly heard associated with the mention of Wethersfield. But for the grated windows and the simple notice of visiting hours over the gateway, the ivy clad, restful looking building in the shadow of abundant shade trees, with its broad foreground of green lawn and shrubbery, might be taken for some old classical institute, a section of Oxford or Cambridge, for instance, brought over here in a sensible desire to locate on the banks of the Connecticut and in a country where life is worth living. The pretty and inviting house, with its broad piazza, occupied by the warden and his family, on a slight elevation of the prison grounds, with the attractive lawn and flower beds and the fine tennis court, resembles a hospitable southern plantation villa more than the headquarters

of a prison official with stern and exacting duties to perform. Though usually distance is about the only thing that can lend enchantment to this particular kind of state institution, in the mind of the unmorbid, yet the attractiveness of Wethersfield is in no way marred by the buildings and grounds which keep their unwelcome guests so satisfactorily out of sight.

The main street of the village exhibits much of beauty and interest. The combination of the old and new, of the native and foreign, is very striking here. Near the stately colonial church on the corner is the pretty little Episcopal Church. Its brown stone and clinging ivy and the quaintly antique suggestions in its architecture cause one to think of it as a little gem bit of the Church of England, maintaining its family characteristics while companionably close to its breakaway relative of Puritan descent; while under the shadow of the Congrega-

sembles it. On Broad Street Green is the "Old Elm" of heroic size, said to be the largest elm in Connecticut if not in New England. We are avoiding dates, statistical figures and historical quotations entirely in this article, hoping to have it different from the way Wethersfield has been frequently and voluminously reminded of her wrinkles in the past; and so we do not give the dimensions nor the estimated age of the big elm, only to say that one of its mammoth limbs measures seventeen feet in circumference.

In looking northwesterly from the corner of the common on which is located the welcome and hospitable well of good drinking water, some upland farms can be seen with handsome farmhouses, picturesque windmills and slopes of great beauty and wealth of cultivated fields. This hillside lies in the direction of Griswoldville, a part of Wethersfield. There are few country villages of which rear views can be given



WINTER SCENE ON THE COVE.

tional steeple on the corner, on the other side of the street, is the same house, the same corner room in the house, having the same paper on the walls, in which Washington and Rochambeau and Howe, representing the greatest three national interests of colonial times, met and planned battle and capitulation that involved the life of our republic.

Several of the streets running off from the main street present interesting colonial features, a noticeable thing to the visitor being that those running northerly seem to have more of the modern tendencies in them than those running from the south side. But the grandest roadway common of all this Hartford region is furnished by Wethersfield in its beautiful Broad Street. A half mile of this street, known as Broad Street Green, in the number and size of its bordering trees in the width and evenness of the green and in the beauty and thrift of the adjacent residences and farming properties, is unsurpassed by anything in New England. The famous street in Old Hadley, Massachusetts, in many respects re-

sembles it. Without apologies, or with the assurance that they will not spoil the impression formed from front views. Any rear view of houses and barns and fields between Broad Street Green and the meadow lands toward the river will only strengthen the impression that Wethersfield is a prosperous community with a farming population that appreciates the value of keeping up its properties in good shape, whether located conspicuously or not. The fields of tobacco and corn and the vegetable and fruit gardens back of the houses on either side of the common are as handsome to look upon as anything of the kind in the United States; evidently they are as handsome in their profits to their owners.

Three things could easily be organized in Wethersfield that would be capable of greatly helping the community socially and industrially, and that could be made sources of delightful entertainment and pleasure; an old-home week celebration; a club organized on the city-country club plan, by which city and country people co-operate in club life, pastime



MAIN STREET



THREE APPROACHES TO THE CENTER

and village betterment, and, as the third suggestion, a village improvement association. If a city country club were organized, the old home week celebration

and the village improvement association could be instituted by the club. In fact, a village improvement committee is always regarded as a leading feature of the city country club plan.

No better place could be desired for old-home week out-of-door exercises, picnics, parades, athletic sports, etc., than the Broad Street Green, and for in-door exercises the Congregational Church would be perfection, with its convenient location, its spacious audience room and its historical associations. The Wethersfield Cove offers many attractions for city-country club pastime seekers, both summer and winter. For boating, fishing, coasting, skating and ice-boat sailing fine opportunities are here offered, easily available by Hartford people. A five cent fare carries passengers from City Hall Square through the village of Wethersfield to the end of the line at the further end of Broad Street Green.

The most public spirited and far-seeing among Wethersfield citizens realize the importance of two prominent matters having much to do with the future welfare of the village and vicinity; a good sewerage system and just how the trolley line shall be extended. The prospects are good for having the sewerage problem solved by constructing or continuing the Franklin Avenue sewer to deposit in the south meadows down Rocky Hill way.

The trolley matter will need serious and expert consideration at once to have it adjusted to the convenience of the largest number of citizens and the continued development of the most established or built up portion of the town. The present trolley line, passing through the village and now terminating as mentioned at the further end of Broad Street Green, will remain in use under any circumstances, but the question is how Wethersfield shall be connected with towns down the river, Middletown, Essex, Saybrook and intervening places.

There are some natural obstacles in the way of extending the present line through the low lands below, also a railroad crossing which the law will not permit at grade. But ways will doubtless be found to overcome the obstacles in preference to having the Franklin Avenue line extended over the distant

Walcott Hill route, as has been somewhat thought of. The adoption of the latter route would be a serious detriment to the village and could be used by people living in the thickly settled part of the town only at almost prohibitive inconvenience and loss of time. A solution of the problem may be found in the quite probable changing of the Valley Railroad, a Consolidated down-the-river branch from Hartford, from a steam line into an electric.

Wethersfield is too interesting, too beautiful, too valuable a town to Hartford and to its neighbors farther down the valley, to be side-tracked. It never will be. Famed in its yesterday, prosperous in its today, Wethersfield deserves and promises to be fortunate in its tomorrow and always fair and good to look upon, as it has ever been.



LOOKING WEST FROM BROAD STREET.

"Some Small, Sweet Way."

There's never a rose in all the world
 But makes some green spray sweeter;
 There's never a wind in all the sky
 But makes some bird wing fleetier;
 There's never a star but brings to heaven
 Some silver radiance tender;
 And never a rosy cloud but helps
 To crown the sunset splendor;
 No robin but may thrill some heart,
 His dawnlike gladness voicing.
 God gives us all some small, sweet way
 To set the world rejoicing.

—Anonymous.

THE PULPIT AND THE CHOIR LOFT

Written for The Hartford Monthly
 By HERMAN L. BOLLES.

THE time for the reassembling of choirs is at hand. Some churches close during July and August, giving the church committees and the choir a freedom during the hot season.

Whether it is a good plan to suspend all services during the summer is a debatable point; some churches furnish substitutes for their choirs and the services are carried on much as usual right through the summer, giving the few who attend during the warm weather a chance to hear different speakers and singers, and also giving chance summer visitors an opportunity to see the church in regular running order.

Some services are simplified a little during the summer season—made a little shorter—on account of the tiresomeness of sitting quietly for a considerable time in warm weather. However, a half-hour

service may seem long, or an hour and a half service may seem short, much depending on the presiding clergyman. If he is bright and tactful, or eloquent and graceful, or brilliant and magnetic, or all these combined, any time, long or short, will seem short.

Of course the musical part of a service is incidental; but it may be made to bud and blossom like a flower garden and add color and charm and beauty to the service, or it may be smothered and neglected and squelched, and the service will be the loser.

The condition of the mind of the leader, both in the pulpit and the choir loft, has a great deal to do with the impressiveness of the service. The mind must be in a happy, restful, peaceful and healthful mood, to leave the best impression on the listeners.

It is not so much what is sung as it is the ability of the singer and the state of mind at the time of singing; the same may be said of the preacher. An organist may play "Old Hundred" like a jig or "Yankee Doodle" like a requiem, according to the state of mind he happens to be in.

However elaborate the music may be, it should sound simple. Very difficult music may be made to sound easy by competent performers; simple music acceptable by tasteful and artistic rendering. A service may be greatly enriched and made graceful by short chants and antiphonal sentences and responses, introduced at the short pauses which occur in the service.

In this issue of "The Hartford Monthly" will appear some responsive offertory sentences which can be used while the offering is being collected.

God gives nothing better than the power to serve those whom we love; the bitterest pain is to be useless, to know that we fail to carry to their lives what their dear presence brings to our own.

—Sarah Orne Jewett.



HOME FOR INCURABLES

WORK FOR CHILDREN.

Sketch of the Connecticut Children's Aid Society.

By JOSEPHINE M. GRIEWOLD, Secretary.

THE Connecticut Children's Aid Society was organized for work among children in 1892, although many of its members had engaged in this phase of work for fifteen or twenty years previous. The outline of its work was expressed in the Articles of Association as follows: "To assist and care for dependent and homeless children, and to place such children in good homes, to search

for and unite, by united effort, until 1901, our agencies and means of relief provide for all classes of dependent children.

Many nationalities are represented in our circle of needy children, and there is no restriction as to race, color or religion. We help all children who need care whatever their condition, and the doors of our homes open to John and Thomas, to May,



GIRLS' HOUSE AT THE BOOTH

out and care for crippled and maimed children, and suitably provide for them; and to aid every child needing care of any kind."

Working constantly for fourteen years upon this broad platform, there has been each year an accumu-

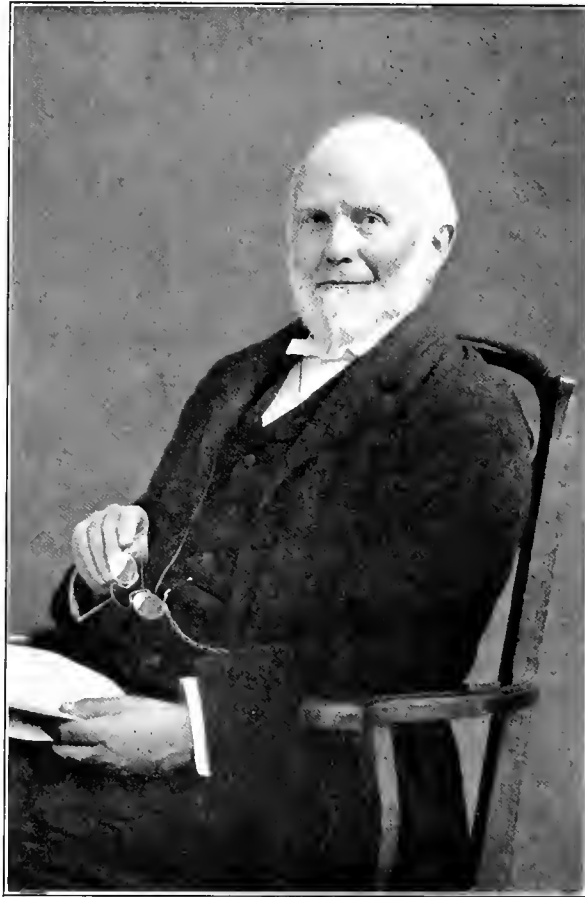
lation of need, and when our list of children in need of aid is long, we are glad to see that our work is not without success. Some of the children who have been placed in good homes are now growing up as healthy and happy as the children of the most favored. The following are some of the names of the children who have been placed in good homes:

president of the society once said, "We look into their faces, and we find out what they need."

Realizing the importance of personal work for children, we have given as much time as possible to the placing of children in good family homes. The boys and girls come to us from all parts of the state, from babyhood to young men and women, and we study their cases individually, and do for them the best we can after we know all the facts. Like the diagnosis of his patient to a physician, so is the record of each case to the charity worker, and while we are not overwhelmed with cards, blanks, files, etc., so that the child is lost sight of

great affection was the chief recommendation. How many waifs have been taken into bereaved hearts and homes, to take the place of the dear boy or girl who has gone out of the home life! There is a wealth of affection in such homes, and hundreds of little people have fared the better for it. One mother said, "He will never take the place of our own little boy, but we want a child in the house and we shall love him;" and another says, "After we have had her for two months she will be just like our own, she will win her way;" that's exactly it, they win their way.

In strong contrast are some of the families who



REV. JOHN T. HUNTINGTON, PRESIDENT CONNECTICUT CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

in the mass of records which in some quarters is considered so important, we gather as much information as we can and file the same systematically, so that each child's case is familiar and can easily be found. Then what to do with the child? If he is able-bodied and eligible to a family home, we try to provide one suitable for his needs, and what careful effort to locate the little boy or girl in just the right place!

There are homes and homes, but if we can find the one where a child is wanted for the love of it, and to fill a real longing in the mother's heart, there is the place for the child. It is not often a home of wealth, for those who take little children to love and care for, are generally kindhearted, plain people, and we have often placed a child in a poor family where

want children almost entirely for what they can do. Workers of long experience sometimes say it is always the case; but we find many families who take children not entirely with mercenary motives, and many whose patience is greatly tried with the misdeeds of a boy or girl, whose early training has been so neglected, and whose natural tendencies are so bad that they need firm discipline before entering well ordered families, or any families.

We might also fill chapters with experiences of the people who want boys and girls to bring up; usually they are wanted "right away," and this is the suspicious part of it. In most cases they are wanted to relieve an overworked family, and the advantages to the child are small indeed. Then how often that other question comes up, "How long will

they have to go to school. — There is a possibility of showing the inmost thought of the family that is applying for a child, and our invariable reply is "Wait" fourteen years of age, and much longer we hope."

A word about supervision. In our method of using blanks, we have followed largely the Philadelphia Children's Aid Society. We require an application blank to be filled out, also a reference blank, then we must visit the family and find out for ourselves just how things are.

All this involves time and expense, but it is the most important part of the work of placing children. It saves trouble afterwards. The visitor of the town must also be notified that the family has applied for a child, and her approval must be gained as to the suitability of the home. Then after the child is placed the visitor becomes a sort of guardian

angel, and must be on hand to help the boy, but even our hundred or so boys and girls who have already passed through our hands, entered upon a favorable life. They have fulfilled the promise of success which attends those who are properly born, and we find the proportion of failures who have not succeeded in life, even when the starting point is no greater than with children who stay in their own homes.

Placements made this year. — At last June wedding we noted the names of a boy whom we had placed in a family, married to a young lady from one of our good Connecticut families, himself in business in a large city, another holds a good position upon a widely known newspaper, another has succeeded to the care of a large farm in the eastern part of the state. One girl is married to a doctor, another is teaching school in an institution. A boy is now filling a place in a railroad office, and another



ROOM IN THE BOYS' HOUSE
Furnished by Mrs. McClintock of Rocky Hill

for the child, and may always be written to for reports, and considered as the child's friend.

Our society has visitors in nearly every town where children are placed, and we are now revising our list and securing visitors for every town in the state as far as possible.

Our experience is that every child placed out should be under the care of some responsible person in the town who will visit the child and report its care and condition. Our society has also a special committee of eight in addition to the town visitors, who have supervision of all children in family homes, and hold meetings every quarter for reports, written reports being required twice a year. These are kept on file in the central office for reference.

What are the results? When we turn the pages of our records to note progress, and to find what care and training has done for the children, the evidence is at hand. If only a few were saved from

is in the navy, another has entered business, and has a fair bank account. Many are well married with families of their own, and scores of these boys and girls are absorbed into the towns where they live as a part of the active life of the community. Several have gone to other states and we hear of their success in business. So it is that waifs and strays, children who come into public care are helped to self support and usefulness.

Volumes of interesting data might be written of the value of home training for our dependent children, both from a scientific and philanthropic view. We now that charity conferences devote more time to the children's question than to any other one subject, and progressive societies treat child care, protection, or the prevention of crime and degeneracy the next generation, without fail to realize the good results of such training.

The training of children in family homes is another

phase of our work, and this is considered one of the best methods of helping parents to support their children. When families are broken up by changes, children come to our care, and we encourage in every way a father or mother to pay for the child's support. This is an important obligation, and while it involves close watchfulness, we believe the self respect of parents is maintained in hundreds of cases by this supervision.

Only a few months ago a case came up in the police court where the father and mother were both sent to jail, and we took the children. As soon as the parents were released a determined effort was made to help them to support the children, and thus far they have done so, the mother earning three dollars per week and the father coming every

Another great benefit to our sick and ailing children is our privilege of two free beds in the New Haven Hospital. Numbers of children have been sent there for operations, and have come back with straight limbs and whole bodies; one child who was terribly burned had skin grafting treatment, and is now nearly healed when it was at first thought he would be disabled for life.

A young man, now a successful workman, with money in the bank, was treated there for bow legs several years ago; another from Windsor, and still another child, a girl, who would not otherwise have been able to earn her living. A child from Torrington is now nearly recovered from a similar operation, and will be taken to her home very soon.

Children are also sent to the country in the sum-



MRS. VIRGINIA T. SMITH, FOUNDER OF THE HOME FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

week to our office to pay the board. Many mothers who are at housework earning three or four dollars per week, pay two dollars for the board of a child, and a young girl pays for the board of her sister in the country, because she will do all she can to have her in good surroundings. In good boarding homes the health of the child is often much improved, as working mothers cannot gain the time to give to their children the intelligent care they need.

We have seen scores of children who have suffered great neglect grow well and strong under the care of a foster mother, and we have in mind children whose mothers could not recognize them after a few months of proper care. It is true that children are much like plants and animals; given a good environment, they thrive spontaneously.

mer, and cared for during the vacation season. As soon as school closes in June the children and their mothers begin to come, asking for a chance to go to the country. Many are the reasons why they should go. "Mary is such a slip of a girl, and she needs the air," or, "Tommie wants to be out on the ground, and we have nothing but stones and dirt in our yard." There are many mothers who want to pay something for their children's care, and a dollar or two dollars a week is often given from their earnings, for the sake of having the children given a chance in the country. We send them to families, to the Prosser Farm in Bloomfield, and this year to Suffield, and to other places where they can be received for a small price.

The large and delightful seashore home of the so-

ciety, known as Playridge, is situated at Woodmont in the town of Milford. The house is fitted up to accommodate forty children and caretakers, and has all the advantages of a seashore place for children. It is kept open from the first of June to the middle of September, each party staying two weeks at least. The benefits of this seashore resort are untold, and we gather from the caretakers some of the expressions of pleasure which show how much the cottage is appreciated. The mother of several children who was having her first experience at the cottage said, "I could not have imagined how much good I was going to get here for mind and body, and it is an education besides."

Willie Clark, who had not been out of his city

the last eight years. Its founder, Mrs. Virginia T. Smith, raised the money by hard and determined effort, for the purchase of the property, and before her death in 1903 had the satisfaction of seeing the home well established. From four patients at the start, the work has grown to seventy inmates, and the erection of two large buildings has been necessary; one for the boys, built in 1899, and one for the girls, in 1902. There has also just been completed a new school building to meet the demands of the work.

Children afflicted with hip and spinal troubles are received, and those suffering from other non-contagious diseases. Several are in wheel chairs, others go with crutches, and still others are able



MRS. SUSAN J. CRANE, SUPERVISOR OF THE HOME.

street for eight years, got out of bed the first morning, and lifting the curtain, asked, "Is the water still there?" We hardly know which is the most satisfactory part of the life at Playridge, the playing in the sand, playing in the boats along the shore, the everyday bathing time, the eating, the fires of driftwood on the beach with toasted marshmallows; in fact, it is all so full of pleasure that it is hard to determine which is best. Over twelve hundred enjoyed the cottage and shore last year. Playridge was given to the society by the late Mrs. Francis Bacon of New Haven, and her sister, Mrs. Joseph Howland of Newport.

The Home for Crippled and Incurable Children, at Newington, is also another phase of the work which our society has organized and maintained for

to walk and run about. A voluntary board of physicians is in charge, each serving one month, and when operations are to be performed others are called in. Everything is done for the comfort of each child, and of our board of visiting physicians too much cannot be said of their faithful and painstaking effort.

The location of the buildings upon the elevation near Cedar Mountain is most advantageous, and the air and food are so good that the children improve and grow strong in body, notwithstanding their physical defects. Several of the boys are able to care for the lawns and work about the gardens, and the girls also have their light household duties and the flower beds to care for each season. The president of the society, Rev. J. T. Huntington, is al-

ways ready to supply outdoor games, balls, express wagons, and garden utensils, which the children all enjoy.

There is a piano and a library in each house, and much attention is given to music. The girls also help about the mending, and do various kinds of fancy work. The Hartford Branch of the society, Mrs. Mary O. Seymour, president, has recently added a sun parlor to the girls' house, built over the veranda on the south side. There is a charming outlook, and it affords an open air sitting room for several inmates who cannot be wheeled below stairs.



MISS JOSEPHINE M. GRISWOLD, SECRETARY.

Connecticut Children's Aid Society.

Photo for The Hartford Monthly, by Akers.

The endeavor is always to have a home-like atmosphere in each one of the houses, and the matrons work to this end. From the first the home has had many friends, not only in Hartford and vicinity, but all over the state, and not a day passes when there is not some gift bestowed upon this branch of our work.

A large amount of money has been given by friends to bring the home to its present state of usefulness, and the demands for admission are so constant that more room is needed in the boys' department, and plans for an addition must soon be made.

The state pays \$2.50 per week for each child committed to the home, and the town, parents, or guardians one dollar per week. A fund is needed for educational work, and this we trust will be provided soon. It is due to every child in the commonwealth that it should have the advantages for learning, and those children who are unfortunate by reason of physical disabilities need even more careful training. Many of them become self-supporting and it

is our desire to have such trades taught as will give to our boys and girls some useful occupation when they leave the home.

The foregoing is only a small part of the story of the children's cause, as we meet it every day. All workers in similar fields realize the value of the unwritten report, the daily experiences which never reach the printed page, and the practical, earnest effort which must be made to reach results which count for good.

No work seems to us more vital to the interests of our public welfare than the constant effort to reclaim and educate our neglected children. We believe in better homes, better tenements, more fresh air and light in all crowded sections where poor families live, and we welcome the advanced tenement house laws. Every step toward improved housing conditions helps child life. We believe in the effort to regulate child labor by prohibiting their unlawful employment and our society has already sent its petition to our senators and representatives in Congress to approve the passage of the child labor bill.

We also rejoice in the progress of sanitary and medical care of the children in the public schools, and we should be glad to see the inauguration of the juvenile court in the larger cities of the state, with several good men and women appointed as probation officers.

Our society welcomes the aid of all who are seeking in any manner to advance the children's welfare, and we co-operate with all the organizations of the state in the care of neglected and dependent children.

The Acrobatic Lovers.

Fanny Foo-Foo was a Japanese girl,

A child of the great Tycoon;

She wore her head bald, and her clothes were made

Half petticoat, half pantaloons;

Her face was the color of lemon peel

And the shape of a table spoon.

A handsome young chap was Johnnie Hi-Hi,

And he wore paper-muslin clothes;

His glossy black hair on the top of his head

In the form of a shoe-brush rose;

His eyes slanted downward, as if some chap

Had savagely pulled his nose.

Fanny Foo-Foo loved Johnnie Hi-Hi,

And when in the usual style

He popped, she blushed such a deep orange tinge,

You'd have thought she'd too much bile,

If it hadn't been for her slant-eyed glance

And her charming wide-mouthed smile.

And oft in the bliss of their new-born love,

Did these little Pagans stray

All around in spots, enjoying themselves

In a strictly Japanese way;

She howling a song to a one-stringed lute,

On which she thought she could play.

Often he'd climb to a high ladder's top,

And quietly there repose,

As he stood on his head and fanned himself,

While she balanced him on her nose,

Or else she would get in a pickle-tub,

And be kicked around on his toes.

The course of true love, even in Japan,
Often runs extremely rough,
And the fierce Tycoon, when he heard of this,
Used Japanese oaths so tough
That his courtiers' hair would have stood on end
If only they'd had enough

So the Tycoon buckled on both his swords,
In his pistol placed a wad,
And went out to hunt for the truant pair,
With his nerves braced by a rod
He found them enjoying their guileless selves
On top of a lightning-rod.

Sternly he ordered the gentle Foo-Foo
To "come down out of there!"
And he told Hi-Hi to go to a place
I won't say precisely where,
Then he dragged off his child, whose spasms evinced
Unusually wild despair.

But the Tycoon, alas! was badly fooled,
Despite his paternal pains,
For John, with a tooth-pick, let all the blood
Out of his jugular veins;
While with a back somersault onto the floor
Foo-Foo battered out her brains.

They buried them both in the Tycoon's lot,
Right under a dogwood tree,
Where they could list to the nightingale and
The buzz of the bumble-bee;
And where the musketo's sorrowful chant
Maddens the restless flea.

And often at night when the Tycoon's wife
Slumbered as sound as a post,
His almond-shaped eyeballs looked on a sight
That scared him to death almost,
'Twas a bald-headed spectre flitting about
With a paper-muslin ghost

—N. Y. Tribune



"FONT OF THE FAIRIES," BUSHNELL PARK
Photo for The Hartford Monthly by Dr. Fafchamps.

Tying Her Bonnet Under Her Chin.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in,
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.



A LITTLE GEM OF THE ORIENT.
Gladys L. C. Shepard, ten years old, of Pasadena, Cal.
formerly of Elmwood, Conn.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill,
And it blew the curls, a frohesome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill,
Madder, merrier, chiller still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within

O western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gholly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast
Where he as gladly folded her in
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be up,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin

CAPTAIN JOSH'S GLORIA OF GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTER Harbor is as full of sea lore as it is of sea water. No vessel of any respectable seagoing experience ever comes around Eastern Point without adding something good, bad or indifferent, believable or unbelievable to this flood of sea fact and fiction. The artists summering up in this cod and cranberry region never tire of hearing the old sea dogs spin their yarns; they willingly permit themselves to be regarded as gullible land lubbers for the sake of being in the atmosphere of the gulls, as well as of the honest and earnest followers of the sea.

Old Captain—no his name was not Babson, nor

bronzed head "Cap'n Josh" carried a good ballast of common sense, and in his big, brave heart a wealth of kindly intent, though ruggedly shown.

On one of her homeward trips the "Gloria of Gloucester" encountered a terrific storm. It seemed as though she must go to the bottom with all her precious cargo. The staunch ship was fighting a good fight but the odds against her were heavy and fearful. The panic-stricken passengers down in the cabin, with battened hatches above them, were crying and praying loudly, while "Cap'n Josh" and his loyal Yankee crew were skillfully doing their best in the screaming scrimmage of storm and wind and rigging and sturdy helm.

All of a sudden "Cap'n Josh" swung into the cabin drenched and flushed. In a thunderous voice he



Painted by William H. Smith.

anything like it. There are lots of Babsons in Gloucester but not enough to supply characters for all current sea stories. We will call this old salt Captain Joshua, or "Josh" for short, though that's not his name. In fact, there is room for considerable doubt as to the authenticity of this incident; but we'll take it with a grain of salt, as is quite customary in Gloucester, and let it go at that.

Captain Josh was a famous skipper; noted neither for prettiness nor piety of the conspicuously demonstrative sort. His vocabulary was expressive. He was not a believer in frequent or excessive importunities. He was devout but his devotion was chiefly to his good ship "Gloria of Gloucester," the two score of passengers she could usually count upon bringing from the West Indies in her cabin, and to the cargo of more ardent spirits stored down in the hold, mingling its rich old aroma with pineapple and orange fragrance. But inside of his sea-

commanded, "Get up off yer knees, you — land lubbers; cryin' an' teasin' and beggin' for things all the time; you're enough to make anyone tired! Give me a chance, let me try it; I hain't asked him fer anything for over twenty years!" No one knew just what "Cap'n Josh" asked for or how he did it; but within three minutes the men passengers were taking their turns at the pumps and within three days the "Gloria of Gloucester" was snugly resting at her dock in Gloucester Harbor.

Danglers—So the engagement between Miss Trilby and George Winkles is off?

Morrison—Yes, she was too sensitive. A woman ran a perambulator over her foot and when she told George about it, he asked her if it upset the perambulator.

—Tit Bits.



RIVAL COMRADES ON The "ANADYR"



A Story of Love and Adventure in Siberia.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By EDWARD ASAHIEL WRIGHT

Illustrations By JAMES BRITTON

TO thoroughly know a man they say you should live with him. And yet "Mac" and "Don," messmates in Alaskan snow-holes and Kamchatkan huts, comrades in Arctic adventure and hardship for many long winter months and the few short weeks of so-called summer on the Siberian steppe, but poorly understood each other.

These two explorers, while mutually admiring friends, were outside the zone of temperate social theories with a somewhat chilling misunderstanding between them. Her name was Margaret.

"Mac" was the abbreviation of McElwain; "Don," of Donaldson. They were members of the Russian-American Telegraph Expedition, which started out in '65 from San Francisco, partly under Government auspices but managed by the Western Union company, to run a telegraph line up through Russian America, across Behring Strait, into northern Asia and so to the European continent and Great Britain.

This plan of connecting the old and new worlds by a talkative wire was devised when there was little general confidence in the projected Atlantic cable. Very few persons at that time believed that a cable could be successfully laid and operated for so long a distance over the ocean bed and through deep-sea currents.

The expedition was made up of about five hundred picked men, including many United States regular army and naval officers, of experience in the war just closing, and several scientists, artists and writers. It was carefully organized and well equipped for making the necessary explorations and surveys.

In the minds of his comrades there was some mystery attached to Mac and his mission. From the day the alert young fellow of military bearing came aboard the "Olga" at San Francisco a stranger to the ship's company, he had remained an uninterpreted but a congenial and imperturbable spirit among them. He brought papers from Washington to the

commandant establishing Robert R. McElwain as a special representative of the Government with rank of Major, the expedition being of semi-military character in its organization. His personal carriage and his complete but compact baggage proclaimed the army officer and experienced traveler.

Don was a man of about Mac's age, perhaps still among the twenties, frank and breezy, with rich bronze beaten and burned deeply into his honest face by strong winds, storm and sunshine on the sea. His affable manner gave evidence of the touch of many climes and varying ocean moods. The cruiser on which he had been an officer still lay at anchor near Fort Alcatraz as the little "Olga" steamed bravely out of the Golden Gate on her long voyage to the North.

"Say, Don, haven't seen anything of a little locket have you?" questioned Mac one night as he rummaged among a lot of traps in the disordered cabin, where they had been repacking for their first landing, at Vancouver Island. "Usually wear it around my neck but was just taking a scrub and must have laid it down somewhere out of sight, I guess."

"I saw you toss something onto your bunk," replied Don, poking his head out from the upper shelf in friendly assistance. "Look under the corner of that blanket."

"Oh yes, here it is!" Should have hated to lose it. The original of that picture is all the world to me. Want to see a pretty face, old man?"

Don's eyes stared in amazement as he held the open locket before the lantern swinging at the head of his bunk. The picture was that of Miss Margaret Russell of San Francisco. Don had never ventured to ask for a picture, but his heart had taken several impressions of her at the shore and ship receptions. He had enshrined the best of them. Without any actual charter from his divinity he had sailed with

these venturesome spirits to win honor or something worthy of her sharing.

"Why—why, Mac, where did you get it? Is it she yours?" falteringly asked Don, trying to be cool about it.

"Oh, I've had it ever since I went to the front; carried it all through the Potomac campaign. My neck got its ugly scar and the locket that dent from the same sabre slash. Maggie's my sweetheart, you see, and she says she's going to be mine forever; guess I'll keep her until some more creditable chap comes along."

"She's—she's beautiful, and you're a lucky fellow, Mac. But it's time to 'douse the glim' and turn in. Let's go to sleep. Good night!"

Don, making a brave show of not being "queered," turned over and away from the locket and its proud possessor, while a soul-sinking sensation came over him; something like the old feeling he had one stormy night off the reefs, when clinging to a floating spar he had seen a lifeboat pass within an arm's reach but too full of people with hope in their hearts to take him in.

The locket incident in the cabin of the "Olga" and a reticence on Mac's part about his special mission were the causes of the misunderstanding. It had grown deep-seated, even in the intimacy forced upon two friends living in a seven by eight polog, their nearly airtight fur compartment in a Chookchee tent.

With the temperature outside anywhere from forty to sixty degrees below zero the little polog, heated and lighted by fish-oil and moss burning in an open dish, was a smoky snuggery that should have brought unalloyed warmth to their hearts as naturally as it caused unbidden tears to gather in their snow-tried eyes.

When they began preparations to leave this Siberian retreat it was noon-time of a winter's day. The red sun in the middle of its three hours' daily appearance hung low in the southern horizon. Before it had dropped behind a far-off mountain into another night of long darkness, like the disappearance of a red light on a railway signal pole when the track is cleared, the two comrades had parted for different duties, friends but not confidants.

It was in the second year of the enterprise. The expedition had been divided into several small exploring parties, now widely scattered. Mac had gone with one party over into Alaska to resume explorations of the deepest interest to him in that almost unknown region. The Alaskan party were to re-cross to the Asiatic coast that summer, follow the Anadyr River up into Siberia and meet Don's inland party at a calculated point far up in the unexplored interior.

Midwinter found Don and his little division sadly decimated and weakened by Arctic hardships, in Korak huts near the appointed place of meeting, about three hundred miles from the mouth of the Anadyr. Nothing had been seen or heard of the river party. As the days passed sad apprehension was felt that they had perished in the terrible storms of the early winter.

At last some wild Chookchees, the roving Indians of northern Siberia, brought news of the missing explorers. These well-disposed natives tried to tell of something wonderful they had seen weeks before

down near the mouth of the river. All that the Americans could make out of it was that somewhere on the banks of the Anadyr were some white men living under a snow-bank, who burned shiny black nuggets to keep warm and sent smoke up through the trunk of a strange black tree. A tame animal with shaggy brown and white hair had been seen that barked louder than a wolf and walked around the snowbank loose, like a guard.

The tame animal settled it. The guard was recognized as a big St. Bernard, the mascot of the expedition, that had come aboard the "Olga" with Mac.

It was conjectured that the party had become snowbound after having been shipwrecked. The natives said it would be impossible for anyone to go in midwinter from the Korak encampment to the mouth of the Anadyr. Such a trip would mean being at times two hundred miles away from shelter or help and camping in snow-holes in a region where the temperature had a record of seventy degrees below zero. No journey of the kind had ever been attempted. A relief party was regarded as a forlorn hope.

But Don found an old Cossack guide, who said he believed the trip could be made. The guide was willing to undertake it. Don at once announced that he was going to the rescue of Mac and his company. Consent having been given under protest, he started with half a dozen trusty natives and an abundance of dogs, sledges and supplies. The rest of the party were to locate at the safest time and by the easiest route at Anadyrsk, the most northern settlement of civilized Siberians, where Don hoped to join them sometime with their rescued friends.

Twenty days of hard travel along the river bank, tracing it as best they could under the deep covering of snow and ice, brought the relief party to the locality where they had hoped to find a steamer's smokestack, rising above a snowbank, and their missing friends. But none of the eagerly looked-for signs of habitation could be found. Don's party was suffering terribly and he was coming to the conclusion that he must abandon the search.

One of his strongest men had crawled into his sleeping bag that night more dead than alive and was in a stupor, which Don knew must be fatal unless something could arouse and encourage him more than liquid stimulants were able to. The cruelly torn feet of the hardy little dogs were leaving blood-stained footprints on the snow.

Both men and dogs were nearly exhausted. It was believed that the missing party could not be below this point. To continue on their course seemed useless and foolhardy, as every painful step would only take them further from any hope for their own safety.

The sledges had been turned up on their sides and formed into a hollow square, as a little shelter from the wind. Within this enclosure they had dug down deep into the snow, which they packed about the sledges. At the bottom of the snow-hole they had built a fire of fagots and spread furs about it for a carpet.

They thawed out their canned soup, eating it hastily before it could freeze again on the way to their mouths. Clad in fur from head to foot, all but Don crawled into the still heavier furs of their sleeping

bags for the night and lay near the fire with the pitiless sky as their only roof-tree.

Don was too burdened with anxiety to seek rest. The fate of his own party and that of his missing comrades seemed to hang upon his decision. He stepped over the clumsy night bags and cautiously picked his way among the dogs, which, having swallowed their usual daily rations of one dried fish for each, were curled up like little bundles of wool on the snow and sleeping soundly after a hard day's continuous sledging, with torturing feet against rasping wind and blinding snow, to make the last ten miles, when forty should be their average for an ordinary day.

Outside the snow-hole and the barricade of sledges Don stood alone in a desolate waste of snow and ice. As far as the eye could reach in the bright moonlight nothing could be seen rising above the boundless ocean of frozen white billows, not even a tree or bush; nothing but the smoke of their own smouldering fire, as it rose a wavering, sombre emblem in the deadly cold of the still night air.

His thoughts flew from the Siberian steppe to San Francisco, back and forth in trying conflict. An involuntary prayer went upward for a right decision. Should he abandon the rescue and take the quickest route for safety, or go back over the river course making a broader and more laborious search?

"Oh merciful God!" he cried aloud in agony, "Controller of the pitiless cold and of the loving warmth in nature and the hearts of men, out of all this torture bring manly strength to me and peace and happiness to them! Loyalty to them both and to my own manliness will not let me give up trying to save him for her. Mac *must* be found!" Don was startled and cheered by the sound of his own voice. He looked up into the sky and witnessed the marvelous glow of an Arctic aurora with an uplifting of his heart. The gloom of doubt at least had vanished from his mind; decision had rekindled hope.

Suddenly as he looked up a horror came over him; a fear that he was becoming delirious and losing his reason. As he gazed in amazement at the full moon it seemed to dance in the sky, assuming constantly changing forms, from round to oblong, from graceful to grotesque. At times it stretched out into a long bar, like an iron rail heated to a red-white heat in a huge furnace, while the brilliant streamers of the aurora flashed up into the zenith and mingled in a molten, seething mass of many colors. Then the moon approached its natural shape again until it looked like a ball of gold rolling among sparkling diamonds on a cloth of blue, gorgeous in variegated electric light.

Don rushed back to the snow-hole in a dazed condition. He hurriedly pulled the old Cossack guide out of his night bag, led him over the sledges and pointed excitedly to the sky.

"Oh yah, ver' colt, feefty-five, seexty? See him more funny lots time. Pros', an' eyes," explained the guide.

Don pulled himself together again and when his wits were working a little more smoothly he remembered that such appearances of the moon, caused by refraction in peculiar conditions of extremely cold night air were not unknown to Arctic travelers. As the old Cossack had tried to say, he knew that it

was the effect of frost upon the eye through semi-refractive atmosphere.

As he poked the fire before crawling into his night bag, to his astonishment he struck a large piece of wood. Quickly calling the Cossack again they pulled it out of the coals to find it a piece of a ship's boat which the fire had exposed in the snow.

Without awakening the others, to disappointment perhaps, the two excited men started out together on snowshoes for at least a little search by moonlight, believing that the shipwrecked party must be near. They agreed to keep within hailing distance of each other. Soon the Cossack called long and loud for Don. His trained ear had caught a strange night sound, that was not like the voice of native dogs or wolves or of any animal known to him. Don listened and recognized the deep, heavy barking of a St. Bernard.

They hurried forward, Don calling "Friseo! Friseo!" as their snowshoes speedily bore them on. Within a few minutes a huge animal in a shaggy coat of brown and white came bounding toward them, and the mascot of the "Olga" sprang upon Don, resting her paws upon his shoulders for an instant and then joyously led the way to a ship's funnel barely showing above a small mountain of snow.

"Ship Ahoy, below!" This down the funnel.

"Hello Don!" This from a surprised man, wondering how Don's familiar voice came to him by way of the coal stove.

The camping and the cabin parties were soon brought together and a jolly night was made of it around the red hot stove.

Mac and his party had been "cabined, cribbed and confined" for five months in this snow-covered abode, where they had lived day and night by lantern light. While the ship was going to pieces in the ice they had brought ashore a coal-stove, the funnel for a chimney and a big supply of provisions and coal. But they could not travel further, as the Chookchees, who had chanced to run across them, had no dogs for them and, owing to a strange superstition, would not sell them a live reindeer at any price, though they would kill one and let them have it to eat for a handful of cheap trinkets.

"Well, Mac," said Don as they smoked their pipes and toasted their shins, "I've brought dogs and sledges enough to carry you to the seacoast. From there I believe you are to sail for 'Friseo' on the first whaler that comes along bound that way, you and your great Alaskan secret. I'm going back into the interior, expect to be at Petropaulovski sometime next fall. Hope I may hear from you. But say, Mac, are you willing to let a fellow look at the picture of that lady again, to sort of lighten things up?"

"Oh, the picture of my sister Margaret in the locket? Certainly, old fellow, look at it to your heart's content."

"Your sister? I thought she was your sweetheart."

"So she is my sweetheart, the only one I'm looking for, but my sister all the same. And, Don, some day you'll understand the Alaskan mystery and will say 'twas all right."

The next fall in Petropaulovski Don received the following letter:

San Francisco, October 10, 1867.

Dear Don:

You're coming back sooner than you thought. The Atlantic cable is going to prove a success and the Russian American project is abandoned.

But don't think our work and the expenditure of \$3,000,000 have gone for nothing. The exploration of six thousand miles of country is something; and the purchase of Alaska by the United States for \$7,200,000 is the best bargain Uncle Sam ever made; anyway next to the Louisiana Purchase.

Alaska has been purchased since my return; I sent reports from the Yukon. And now, old fellow, you can understand why I couldn't talk much about my Alaska service.

By the way, I heard you raving about a "Margaret" in your dreams that last night we bunked together in the polog. I was too thick-headed to understand; until, one night over in Alaska, what I had said in the cabin of the "Olga" dawned upon me. Don't tell any of the fellows, Don; my service was finished before the Anadyr party was made up, but I started

up the river because I liked the trip—and to set you straight.

While I was redeeming a little personal matter, of a time before I met you, my name was Robert R. McElwain. It is now as of old Robert McElwain Russel; so you can see how Maggie Russel can be a sister to a fellow like me.

Of course you'll come right to the house from the steamer. The folks want to get even with the fellow who pulled their "wild and wayward" out of a Siberian snowbank and threw him back at them, all in a forgivable and forgiving heap. Margaret seconds this. In fact it was Mag's pretty wire pulling and the honeyed sweetness of her barefaced womanly planning that caused the paternal to feel that his own intellect had really originated this hospitable scheme for towing you into an anchorage. I trust you'll find the anchorage comfortable even if not hopelessly good and calm—nothing is very calm when Mag's "on deck." She's very much on deck now; on tiptoe lookout.

Ship Ahoy!

Mac.



1867

1867

HOW BEST TO ENJOY A MODERN LIBRARY.

Catalogues and Aids to Readers—Interesting Story of the Origin of The Hartford Public Library and the Development of Its Conveniences—The "Card System" Clearly and Cleverly Explained—Valuable Information About Seeking References and Selecting Books.

Written for The Hartford Monthly

By CAROLINE M. HEWINS, Librarian.

ONE Sunday, not long ago, one of the staff of the Hartford Public Library met a man in a street-car, who said to her, "Where are you going?" "To the library." "What do you do there Sundays, make up the catalogue for the week?" Another, when she said something about the catalogue department, was asked, "How often do you make the catalogue?" and soon discovered that what she was supposed to be talking about was a little printed bulletin of new books which the library publishes four times a year.

These questions, coming from intelligent readers, show that there is a great lack of understanding of the work done in a public library, where there must be some way of finding what books on a given subject are on the shelves. For a small library, a printed list, with additions on a leaflet once a year, is enough; but where a collection of books is growing

at the rate of five thousand volumes a year, such a list is a back number as soon as it is printed.

The Hartford Public Library is the descendant of the old Hartford Library of the eighteenth century, and of its successor, the Young Men's Institute, founded in 1838 with the late Dr. Henry Barnard, whose portrait hangs on the wall, as its president. Some of our older readers, to this day, never call the library anything but the Institute. In 1878, for various reasons, principally because it was not an institute and was not primarily for young men, its name was changed to the Hartford Library Association, and since 1893, when it was made free, it has been The Hartford Public Library.

There were various printed catalogues before 1873-4, when a volume of four hundred and seventy-one pages was issued, carefully, though not exhaustively made. The "card system," now used by phy-

sicians, lawyers, banks, insurance companies, charity organizations and business houses and even in private families for visiting-lists, grocery orders, etc., was in its infancy, but old enough to be very useful. Author, title and subject cards were alphabetized into what is known as a dictionary catalogue, and used as printer's copy. The printed catalogue represented an outlay of four thousand dollars, and was offered for sale at two dollars, but not more than a hundred copies were ever sold.

The library at that time could not afford to buy a large catalogue-case, and the cards, after the printed volume was ready, were packed in paste-board boxes in a dark, damp cupboard, where they soon mildewed. The cards for books bought between 1874 and 1892 were filed in a small case inside the library railing and not where library subscribers could use them. When the library became free, the architect had designed eight small drawers for them under the clock, not large enough for what were then on hand, to say nothing of future needs.

The only available place for card-drawers was in the reference-room, but now that space is so nearly full, and the height of the drawers so inconvenient, that last winter the library spent three hundred and fifty dollars for a catalogue-case of the most modern pattern, with drawers that can be taken out and used at the benches near by. The cards for new books are in these drawers, and the whole card-catalogue is being copied and revised so that it can be moved to the new case, a letter at a time.

The work of revision is slow and tedious, and does not yet include the mildewed cards of 1874, which are packed in the vault. To find a book which the library owned before 1874, it is necessary to ask in the reference-room for the desk copy of the old printed catalogue which has the present book numbers written in ink. Many of the older novels have been worn out and not replaced, but most of the other books are still on the shelves.

To show our readers which of these books we still have, we have at various times printed in our monthly or quarterly bulletin author-lists of various classes, science, useful arts, fine arts, literature, history and biography, besides novel-lists. The bulletins are given away; the novel-lists sold. These class lists can always be consulted at the Information Desk. The historical lists include biographies and novels illustrating various periods of history.

We notice that readers who come to Hartford from other cities always use the card-catalogue easily and as a matter of course, but our own citizens often treat it as though there were dangerous wild animals shut up in the drawers that must not be allowed to escape.

A card-catalogue, especially a dictionary-catalogue, like ours, is not hard to understand if you remember that it answers three questions: "What has an author written?" "Who is the author of a certain book?" "What have you on a certain subject?"

Remember in the first place that all the cards, whether representing author, title or subject, are filed in exact alphabetical order under the first word on them, but never under "A" or "The." The order is the same as in a dictionary.

In every drawer there are cards a little higher

than the rest, with names printed on them. These are guides to show you where to find what you are looking for. For example, take this B-C drawer that happens to be open. Under Browning, Robert, you find his works, books of selections from them, biographies of him, commentaries on him and "criticism": that does not mean unfriendly judgment, but is used in its larger sense of "discrimination or discussion of merit, character or quality." Under Burnett, Mrs. Frances Hodgson, and Burnham, Mrs. Clara Louise, you find their works in alphabetical order and a little farther on, reading the cards away from you instead of towards you, as in reading a book, the two Richard Burtons, our own lecturer and poet, and Sir Richard Francis Burton, the traveller and Orientalist. California, Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron the novelist, Walter Camp the football player, Thomas Campbell the poet, and Canada, divided into description and travel, history, manners and customs and novels, are some of the titles in the drawer. The reason why they are on cards is that they may be kept in exact alphabetical order.

The first library catalogue that I ever knew much about was modelled on the great manuscript books of the British Museum. Authors' names and titles were written on large sheets of paper, cut up and alphabetized, then pasted into the blank books. When Dickens wrote "Our Mutual Friend," there had to be a place made for it between "Oliver Twist" and "The Pickwick Papers" by taking off the slips with an ivory paper-knife, and trimming them or squeezing them nearer the next ones above and below. With the cards, which are punched with holes before they come to us, and kept in place by a rod run through the holes and screwed or locked, it is much easier and quicker to keep an alphabetical file, which is capable of indefinite extension.

Every book except an anonymous work, has two cards, one for the author, the other for the title; most books have three, one for the subject—for example: Parkman's "Old Regime in Canada" has one card under Parkman, one under the title, because some looking for it may not remember the author or just where to look for it under the subject. When another reader asks "What have you about the history of Canada?" we show him the cards under that subject. Novels are under their titles on the cards, thus: "Burden of Christopher, The." Converse, Florence. If a novel illustrates a certain period or country a card for it is put into the history of the time or the "description" of the country.

The cards used to be written in a slanting hand. Then they were made in vertical, or library hand, afterwards in printing letters. Now a part are typewritten, and the rest printed and sold by the Library of Congress. About once in two years the library sends fifty dollars to Washington, and receives cards for all the new American books it buys and whatever others the Library of Congress can furnish.

Be cheerful. It is better to live in sunshine than in gloom. If a cloud rests upon your heart, turn its silver lining to your friends, and the glow of cheer it will cast upon them will be reflected upon you and the cloud will give way before the brightness and joy its own light has begotten.

—Selected

RESPONSORY

for

OFFERING.

Minister.

GOD is able to make all grace to abound unto you that ye having all sufficiency in all things may abound to every good work.

If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noonday.

Then the people rejoiced for that they offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly unto the Lord.

Give alms of such things as ye have.

He answered and saith unto them; he that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.

SELECTIONS

by

Rev. **H**AROLD PATTISON

Choir.

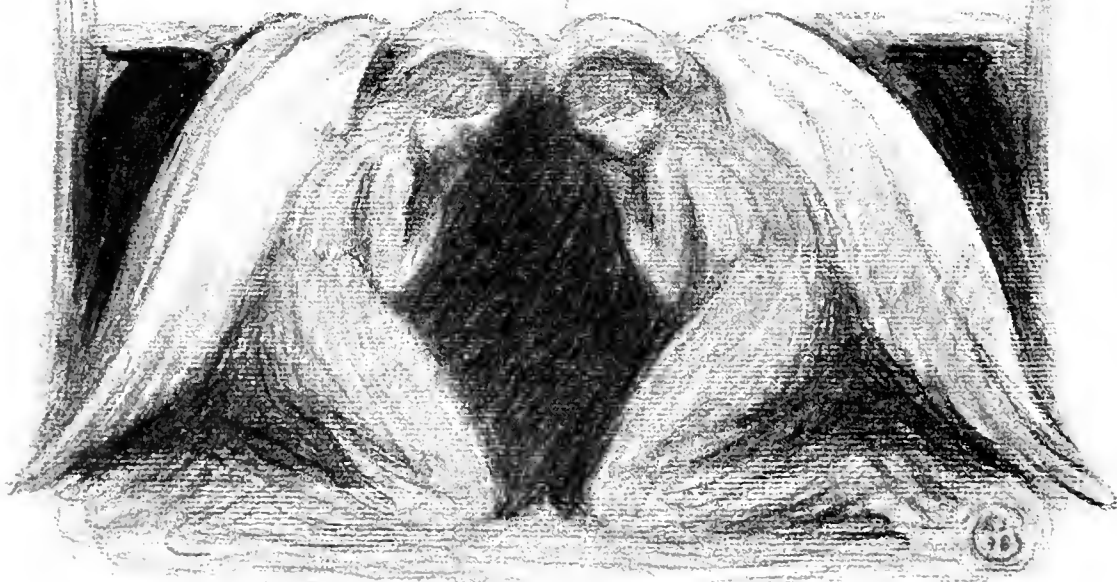
All things come of Thee and of thine own have we given Thee.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.

CAST thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days.

Even so faith if it hath not works is dead, being alone.

He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed, for he giveth of his bread to the poor.



Responsible for Overture.

Minister. "God is able" etc

Herman L. Bolles.

Choir

All things come of Thee and of Thine

Softly deliberately.

on, have we given And of Thine own Have given Thee

Minister. "Is thou drawn" etc.

Choir.

In - - as-much as ye have done it - - - In have done

it - - to the least of these my it - - to the least have

breth- ren ye have done have done it - - to me.

Minister. "Then the people" etc.

Choir.

Cast thy bread up--on the ma-j-Ters wa---

ters.

and thou shalt find and thou shalt find it thou shalt

ters

find it as--ter ma--ny days.

Minister. "Give alms of such things as ye have."

Choir.

Eu-en so saith is it hath not worke

is dead, be-ing a--lone.

Minister: "He answered and saith" etc

Choir in unison. He that hath a

Organ

Begin moderately loud

bountiful eye shall be blessed shall be

and increase in volume to the end

bles-sed for he giveth of his bread to the poor.

BANDS AND BANDMASTERS.

The Concert Military Band of the United States Leads the World—The First Band Organized by Edward IV—A Story of Gilmore and the Seventh Never Before Given to the Public—Hartford and Its Band Musicians, Hatch's First Infantry Band—British and United States Army Bands.

Written for The Hartford Monthly

By EDWARD ASAHEL WRIGHT.



IN THE PARK, "WHEN THE BAND BEGINS TO PLAY."

IN womankind and mankind, if in tune with its better self and its higher possibilities, no attribute is more clearly an implanted instinct than the love of music. There is an established harmony reaching from the good in humanity, through the sweet, the grand and the uplifting things of nature up to the creator and inspirer of all things beautiful and sublime. Discordant breaks may be many and chords may be sadly lost, but the harmony ever exists somewhere, within or without our own little sphere of sound and action; even when eyes are turned askance from the song written for them or ears are deaf to the eloquence of nature and the music of life.

The love of music is as natural to the healthy minded mortal as is the love of sunlight. There are those who like to live in the shadow; there are those who prefer the rasping of the file that sharpens the buzz-saw for "business" to the melody of joy and peace. But these are abnormalities; out of tune with the gladness of the world around them.

Musical tastes are as varied as musical instruments and themes; as different as human temperaments. But "when the band begins to play" tastes are more

or less thrown aside by a common thrill. Whether the thrill is pleasurable or painful depends largely upon the band but somewhat upon personal moods. The thrill is produced anyway, whatever its quality; it is the same force that leads us into flowery moonlit parks of a quiet summer night, that makes us hurry for the ticket wagon when the circus is in town, that brings us to the curb to see "our boys" in blue swing by in the passing regiment; the thrill that turns the moan of the ailing little one into crowings of delight in its mother's arms and has stirred a disheartened army and sent it exultantly against bristling battlements, turning a forlorn hope into glorious victory.

The band of today is the concert military band. The development of banded musicians from the ancient days of wandering minstrelsy up to the modern, thoroughly organized, carefully instructed military and concert band has been by long strides, not over rapid, but very marked in their changes. To Edward IV, in the fifteenth century, may be accredited the organization of the first band, at least the first having official government stamp. It is quaintly described in the following old English: "Minstrelles thirteene, whereof one is Virger, which directed them all festyvall days in their stations of blowings and pypings." It will be noticed that this music-encouraging king, whatever other superstitions he may have had, was not affected by the silly "thirteen" disturber. His band has proven a healthy disprover of the thirteen fatality; for the Royal Band, so named by Edward IV, has been maintained in title in continuous succession through all these centuries, the word King's or Queen's being prefixed as occasion required.

The concert military band, a development of quite recent years, has grown out of a desire to give better artistic expression to the constantly and rapidly increasing number of musical compositions of a high order demanded by patrons of popular concerts; better rendering than was possible with the brass band, of which the modern organization is the outgrowth. This has been done by combining wood wind instruments, such as clarinets, oboes, flutes, etc., with the brass horns and trumpets. The tendency now among the best concert bandmasters is to give more and more prominence to wood wind instruments.

The increasing demand for music requiring these instruments is creditable to American popular taste and must be a gratifying indication to those faithfully striving to elevate musical standards. Wagnerian music has had a great influence in popularizing wood wind instrumentation. In "Siegfried" several of the rarest passages are rendered without the use of any stringed instruments. In Wagner's "Eliza-

beth's Prayer," only wood wind instruments are used, and to a greater or lesser extent similar prominence is given to them quite generally throughout Nibelungen music. The interpretation of music of this class has led not only to the introduction into our bands of instruments with which but few of our musicians were familiar, but also to the invention of new wood wind instruments in the effort to obtain certain desired tones and shadings.

The concert military band may be considered a creation of United States bandmasters; in fact, more definitely speaking it may be said to be a product of New England musical talent and business enterprise. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, a Massachusetts man, combined what was formerly considered strictly orchestral music with brass band work and successfully rendered a new form of open air program in his Fourth of July concerts on Boston Common. Gilmore earned fame not only by this feature of his work but by his surprising performances in heroic musical gymnastics, which included such sensations as a corps of blacksmiths pounding anvils in "The Anvil Chorus" and thundering artillery giving sforzando accent and thrilling climax. The Boston Peace Jubilee was the first scene of these volcanic eruptions and thunderous detonations. They were successful there, at least as eardrum tortures and nerve wrenchers, and afterwards woke the Coney Island echoes, until they were supplanted in popular esteem by aerial fireworks and "loop the loop" developments.

Gilmore in later years settled down to more serious and legitimate bandmaster work and with some noted vocalists and a large band of skilled instrumentalists he made several very successful and noted tours of wide extent. He originated and firmly established the popular band concert in which there is a combination of the orchestral, the brass band and the vocal. Reeves for a short time and Victor Herbert for a longer followed in Gilmore's line; while Sousa is his present successor. Sousa won his first reputation as leader of the United States Marine Band, the numerous social functions and official events at Washington giving him his opportunity. It is now acknowledged that his concert military band stands at the head, and easily so, of all such organizations of the world.

The writer is familiar with the facts relating to an accident or a cruel blunder, by which Gilmore's later career was entirely changed from what for years had been his ambition. The incident has never before been published nor at all generally known. Gilmore was leader of the New York 22nd Regiment Band. The regiment was all right but by no means the leading regiment of the city. Gilmore had passed through his musical gymnastic experiences and was very desirous of establishing a permanent musical organization in the metropolis with the perfection of a military band as its basis. The crack regiment of the city was the famous 7th. Its membership was select and represented the flower of the city socially and from both military and business standpoints.

The 7th was a liberal patron of its musicians through its frequent parades and its numerous and varied social events, much sought in choice circles. Back of the active regiment was abundant wealth in its veteran corps of fifteen hundred and the

strong social prestige of upper New York. Under Graffula's leadership the band of fifty pieces used to receive \$500 every time it turned out with the regiment, whether for half an hour or an entire day. In addition to the band the 7th had a drum corps of thirty three pieces and a bugle corps of twenty, all regularly connected with the regiment and under its control.

In this assured patronage Gilmore saw the opportunity for establishing his ideal concert military



CHAS. P. HATCH, BANDMASTER.
Photo for The Hartford Monthly, by Akers.

band, with musicians whom he could hold together permanently and instruct regularly in his own methods. Graffula died and it seemed sure that Gilmore would succeed him as soon as certain formalities were gone through with. He wanted the position and the regiment wanted and expected him to have it. He was under contract with the 22nd and the 7th felt that military etiquette required the avoidance of any undue haste in the matter. Little was said about it officially.

While the matter was pending a 7th man, with no authority whatever, chanced to run across Gilmore one day with a group of mutual friends at Manhattan Beach and with far more "freshness" than common sense blurted out that Gilmore could never lead the 7th Regiment Band. The noted bandmaster, anxious and sensitive, took the remark seriously, as having authority back of it and in an indignant pique went hastily and signed a renewal contract with the 22nd. The result was deeply regretted by the 7th as well as by Gilmore, who spoke of it as being the overthrow of the ambition of his life. He then devoted himself chiefly to his long concert tours. Cappa succeeded Graffula and the 7th has a fine band, but not the one of worldwide fame which Gilmore, but for this unfortunate blunder, would doubtless have established permanently in New York.

Hartford, for a city of its size, has an unusually large amount of available material for a concert military band of important note. As in art, this city has bright musical talent within its own precincts, much of it native as to state at least, in

abundance, too much of it unknown or unrecognized. In regard to band musicians perhaps they are more numerous than the institutions and events actually requiring their services can liberally support with justice to the best; or with proper encouragement of the best professional talent. Perhaps the lack is in fair and appreciative discrimination rather than in liberal spirit or intent.

The regimental patronage here is necessarily limited; the public city patronage, while for some cities of less population and fewer good opportunities for the giving of open air concerts it might be considered reasonable, is not large as compared with the generous area, the attractive quality and convenient location of its parks and public squares. The appropriation for park concerts is small in proportion to the city's wealth; it seems small indeed when it is taken into consideration that such a large proportion of the population is of a class of intelligent workers and music loving people without opportunities for gratifying their musical tastes. The crowds that throng Bushnell Park to hear music when but quite an ordinary program may be anticipated, is an indication of what might be expected if bandmasters secured sufficient compensation to warrant them in bestowing more time and instruction, and the musicians more time to practice, in more important lines of musical production.

There are several musical organizations in Hartford deserving of more substantial encouragement than they are receiving; some of the bands perhaps are inclined to rely too much on reputation earned in the past and with others to be satisfied to work only enough to keep along creditably without marked advancement in any definite direction.

The concert military band conducted by Charles P. Hatch, well known now as Hatch's First Infantry Band, affords an illustration of how much depends upon the spirit actuating the bandmaster and instilled by him into his organization, in the development of a band intended to be a permanent and growing institution creditable to all connected with it and to the city where it is located and which it frequently represents abroad on civic and military occasions. Mr. Hatch, who is just entering the prime of his musical career, commenced the building up of this band about ten years ago under circumstances known in certain important respects to be anything but favorable. He has worked with indomitable will against very trying and peculiarly aggravating obstacles towards his ideal of leadership, of personnel and of band accomplishment, both in military and general concert lines.

He is an untiring worker on carefully studied theories and clearly defined plans. One of his great points is care in selecting and assigning his men. He studies his men as he studies his music; he searches the characteristics and adaptabilities of both. He makes much of the personnel of his band. He does not assume to be dictator over any man's habits; but he does claim the right and maintains it, as the responsible head of an organization of public character, to require that those who associate with him under his leadership shall avoid those things which injure concerted work and bring discredit to the organization. He recognizes not only the value of character and appearance in a

band when in public in its home city, but also and especially that when in other communities a prominent band carries with it an indescribable influence which in a measure represents that of the community from which it comes, or helps the listener and onlooker to form an opinion of the represented community.

Following these among other excellent principles he has succeeded after much painstaking work in establishing a good, sound basis upon which to build and work. He now has a band which is a credit to the city. The press has not given him nor has he sought from the press great notoriety, either for himself or for his band. But the notoriety is surely coming all the same, and it will be creditable; for Mr. Hatch's aims and work are creditable; the members of his band fully appreciate this. The public is rapidly coming to realize that Hartford has something more than an ordinary bandmaster in this hard working, skillful but modest leader, who thinks more of his work and future accomplishment than of present glory. Mr. Hatch is a Connecticut man in birth and training and inclination; and we venture the prediction that within the next ten years, if the same lines are pursued as in the past ten, Connecticut will be accredited, and Hartford within Connecticut, with the leading concert military bandmaster of New England.

Hartford bands are necessarily largely dependent for their musicians upon men having other local occupations and so situated that they cannot afford to devote themselves entirely to music, though there is a fair percentage of professional talent in the membership of some of them; a percentage which is growing and will be increased in proportion to the liberality of patronage received. In number of instruments our best local bands are about the same as the British army bands, from thirty to thirty-five pieces ordinarily, but quite different in the kinds of instruments used.

While the United States concert military band unquestionably leads the world in popular concert music, as for strictly military music and drill combined the British army band probably leads in its class. In the British army the officially authorized membership of a band is thirty-one for infantry and twenty-three for cavalry. But as there is great rivalry in band matters among regiments, these official numbers are often exceeded through contributions made by officers. The British army bands are led by bandmasters specially trained at government expense, who receive stated annual pay. The musicians are recruited usually as boys of from fourteen to sixteen years, from military schools, training ships, etc.

Bands in the United States army ordinarily consist of twenty-eight pieces, and the men are recruited generally to serve as musicians only. The following list of members comprising Hatch's First Infantry Band, with the instruments used, will furnish a fair idea of the organization of the modern concert military band of the United States:

Charles P. Hatch, Bandmaster	Solo B-flat Cornet
Emil G. Nurnberger, Ass't Leader	E-flat Clarinet
Max Kaufman	Flute and Piccolo

Carl Herman Kuhlman	} Solo E-flat Clarinet	James G. Cro	2nd E-flat Alto
Geo. A. Jones		Angelo Lombardi	3rd E-flat Alto
Hiram Hodgkins		John P. Stone	Baritone
E. A. Sharp		Robert C. Kennedy	1st Trombones
Fred. Bourque	1st B-flat Clarinet	J. L. Crews	2nd Trombone
Robert Erington	2nd B-flat Clarinets	Charles Collins	3rd Trombone
Joseph Katz	3rd B-flat Clarinet	R. C. Hall	Double B-flat Basses
Adolph Ehlers	Solo B-flat Cornets	Carlo Massarum	Xylophone, Drums and Tympan
A. H. Marshall		L. A. Allen	
Louis Perlmutter	1st B-flat Cornet	Harry J. Martel	Snare Drum
Wm. Costello	2nd B-flat Cornet	Henry J. Gubitz	Bass Drum and Cymbals
Fred. Potter	3rd B-flat Cornet	Jos. Elbern	Cymbals and Saxophone
John Hube	Solo E-flat Alto and Bassoon	Herman Brandenberg	Drum Major
Cleveland C. Soper		D. J. Callinan	
E. N. Case	1st E-flat Alto		

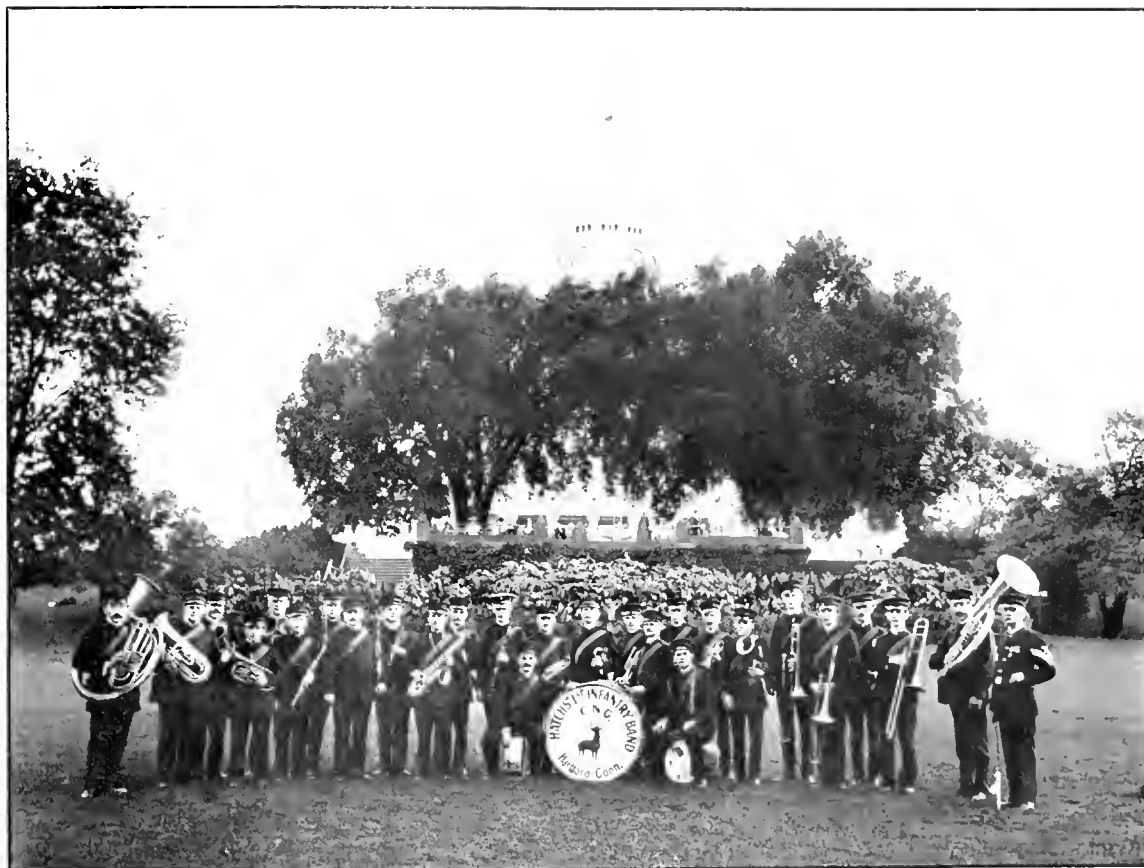


Photo for The Hartford Monthly, by Akers.

**A Bass from Local Waters.**

I assure you friends this is no dream,
 But a true snap shot by a kodak lens,
 Who happened around about the time
 That a fine black bass had struck my line
 Such a fishy sight you never saw,
 Tail turned up and snapping jaw,
 Fins upright and scales awry,
 With fire and anger in his eye
 Until he was landed I knew no rest
 He's all right now; he's under my vest
 Fifteen minutes out of the water
 He tipped the beam at 4.

Contributed by a young us I call I shew in

CHARLES NOEL FLAGG.

His Work as a Painter and His Influence as a Teacher.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By JAMES BRITTON.



In considering the work of a painter of our own time it is quite impossible not to think of the influences out of which such an art has grown. The history of art in Hartford is but a record of the achievement of various individuals; there have been no schools, no banding together of men with a common aim, no one strong enough to consume personalities and so perpetuate, in the labors of disciples, distinctive ideas and methods. Whether one regards this as a misfortune or otherwise, it is certain that excellent painters such as Church and Wright, did little to direct and develop the talents of the younger painters of their time. It would seem as though each would forever assert that dogged American spirit of independence which in art has been the cause of so many violent offences, especially in the building arts, where disorder like a prodigal son casts about extravagantly, exhibiting the ugly, the grotesque fancy of unreason, grouping side by side a Norman castle, a French hotel the shell of a Greek temple, without sense, without right, all for want of discerning power. What an utter lack of harmony and so unnecessary, for through it all stood a noble idea pointing the way.



DR. CHARLES C. BEACH'S DAUGHTER.
Portrait by Charles Noel Flagg.

The architectural imagination still soaring to known and other worlds may return to find its prettiest dream a living reality and ready at hand.

From this unabashed exposition of personal desire, this unrestrained sensuality of form in sculpture and architecture, color and design in painting and sound

in music, young artists in the seventies of the last century turned to Europe for guidance and inspiration, returning after many years to lay the foundation of an art authorized by the best traditions. The Hudson River school died of its own adopted treatment imported from Dusseldorf, the flickering light cast by the genius of B. West and England's gentlemen painters grew dim before the gleam of Constable, the Barbizon landscapists, the master



DR. CHARLES C. BEACH'S SON.
Portrait by Charles Noel Flagg.

draughtsmen of France and the returning army of artists with glowing countenances and loyal hearts, enthusiastic and eager; having seen the light and been steeped in "atmosphere" now could be found a man who, combining with great executive talent a personality of enough force to mould and direct by example and by teaching growing artistic spirits, could at the same time perceive in the old native art the idea upon which to build, and instill into the public mind a reverence for it.

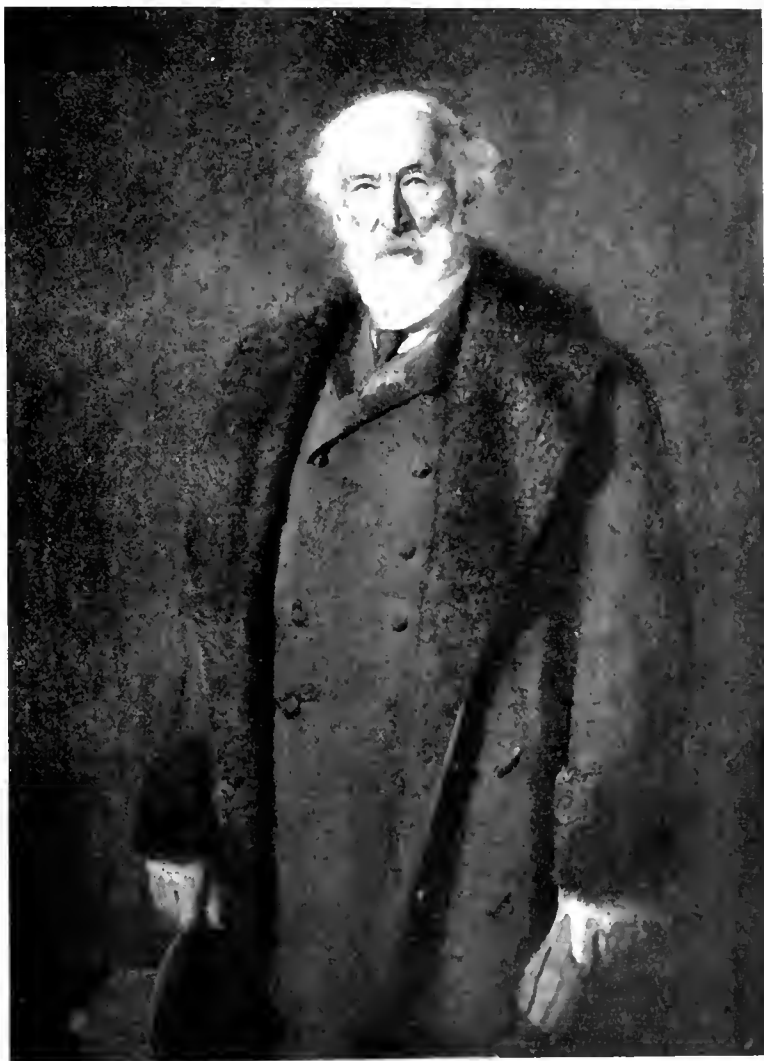
In Charles Noel Flagg Hartford possessed such a man. Trained in Paris under Jacquesson de la Chevreuse, Mr. Flagg demonstrating an unusual draughtsmanship, soon found gathering about him, young men anxious to learn to draw, men whose sincerity was beyond question, whose zeal never tired. Here then was opportunity; master and pupils worked always in co-operation until finally was established an understanding, a disposition to see the best in existing tendencies, to sacrifice obstinate personal whim to general better sense. Now in such a beginning small rivalries must have a part, sharpening the endeavor and ultimately falling into proper use. To recount in detail, experiences of devotion, or to recall innumerable encounters with the external enemy of beauty, is not at all our purpose, for all that has been accomplished has now come to be appreciated by those who recognize an honest motive and a convincing intelligence, serving interests commonly held, if not commonly understood.

Mr. Flagg's master was a pupil of Ingres. "Pere Ingres," as Frenchmen know him, was in turn a pupil of David, the favorite painter of the great Napoleon, and carried through his life the classic idea of the dominion of form over color. From Ingres, Mr. Flagg in-

herits his love of line, his fine constructive sense and a fondness for conservative classic composition.

The ability to reproduce the flavor of high seasoned banker respectability and the air of easily acquired refinement, a keen sensitiveness to vivacious, high pitched color are qualities which make a successful portrait painter, but to do a really fine bit of drawing, as in the head of Allston Flagg, or to search out and translate into paint real character, as in the portrait of Mr. Chase, one must possess more than is

the situation when, to follow a dictum it could not "make a peach of a potato." Warstler slashed a portrait with a knife, because of the insistent demands of the sitter. These difficulties have been constantly increasing until portrait painting has come to be a department shunned by many strong, capable artists, often through lack of courage, for it must be admitted that to turn out portraits to the satisfaction of fussy dowagers and vain gentlemen and to produce at the same time pictures of artistic distinction, is a



GEORGE L. CHASE.

Portrait by Charles Noel Flagg.

generally required and go clear beyond the demands of patron and public.

Portrait painting today is not the ideal occupation that Giotto practiced when he painted the lovely portrait of Dante in fresco, nor is it always the labor of love that Leonardo knew while representing the inspiring Beatrice D'Este, or Raphael in seeking the source of the seductive smile of the Fomarina. Alas for the painter, professional photography sets up a temple to vanity, establishes a false standard to which each must bow or lose his price; for Humanity must ever appear beautiful in paint.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, a perfect gentleman, explained

triumph, a conquest that requires often the most desperate fighting. Velasquez was equal to it as Frans Hals and Heilm, but how many have fallen and how many others have stayed away and worked selfishly, in an ever narrowing field, trusting but one judgment, fearing contamination.

There is something fire in a man who makes his art his life. "Rarely valuable" is common-sense, which gives freely what may help another, who is able through every circumstance to hold an ideal, not for himself alone but for all. How much better then to live away and hold fearfully to oneself the gut that is no more for one than the free air, the sun, or discontent. Yet

how many artists, musicians as well as painters, gathering through experience, in study and in practice, much knowledge, scornfully smile upon those who do



W. ALLSTON FLAGG.
Portrait by Charles Noel Flagg.

not know, never offering to give what they have taken. And so growth is retarded and what might be done easily by many, becomes a mighty task for a few.

Time will make the real value of their work fully known, for people must come to cherish their own living while not disparaging the illustrious foreign dead. But not at present, for even self-satisfied Boston, coddling its culture, does not see in its own museum that Copley and Sargent are more interesting in every way than its collection of old Dutch and Spanish masters. What is Rembrandt's Dr. Tulp compared with Sargent's magnificent live portrait of the woman in white silk and hasn't Copley's portrait of the stout man with black rimmed spectacles infinitely more character than Rembrandt's wax image of a wizened old man? But Boston does so much for art, maintaining as it does the most perfect orchestra in the world, manned from tympan to leading violin by Europeans. Hartford too supports an orchestra; perhaps its tone is not always smooth, its solo passages perfectly refined in detail, but it does play with spirit and with intelligence masterpieces good to know for public and players and the work is done by our very own people.

It is nice to hear the Boston orchestra when it plays here, but all should hear and help our Philharmonic, for it does vastly more for us in teaching our players. After all does the beauty of a symphony lie in the refinement of its performance? Is it not more in the score itself, in the construction of its melodies and themes, in contour rather than nuance? Can even a barrel organ destroy absolutely the beauty of a grand tune?

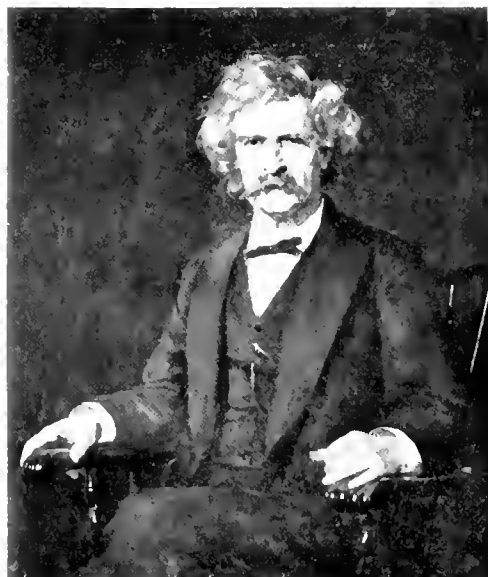
All these things bear directly upon our development in painting and Mr. Camp's work has found ap-

preciation among artists generally, for his aim is noble and his achievement consummate.

The scope of Mr. Flagg's influence is felt in every artistic movement, for the principles of one art govern all others; music is just as much a matter of form and color as painting is and the greatest force in teaching deals with principles only.

Mr. Flagg's pictures are so well known that any description would be superfluous. The Hartford public recognizes in his work the qualities that characterize the best American artists. The portrait of Mr. Chase is considered by many to be his finest work up to the present time, while the portrait of the artist's mother, which is as yet unfinished and which only a few persons have been fortunate enough to see, has a charm of expression extremely rare and shows a side of the artist's nature not generally exhibited.

Perhaps the best that can be said of any art may be applied to Mr. Flagg's work. It is in spirit the reflection of his own temperament, absolutely free of any other painter's method; and that spirit is as broad and generous and as purely American as it is possible to be.



MARK TWAIN.
Portrait by Charles Noel Flagg.

~~~~~

Though the sunshine tarry,  
And the night is long,  
Some day brings the sunshine;  
Some day rights the wrong.  
Waiting, then, for some day,  
Even dark days go;  
Some bright day shall find us  
Sooner than we know.

—Emma S. Thomas.

~~~~~

Seek not to pour the world into thy little mould—
Each, as its nature is, its being must unfold.
Thou art but as a string in life's vast sounding-board,
And other strings as sweet will not with thine accord.
—W. W. Story.

In The Theatres

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please must please to live.

—Dr. Johnson.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE ACTOR.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By HENRY McMANUS.

IN the consideration of theatrical values the general public gives so little attention to the actor's standpoint that this most important aspect of the theatre has all but passed out of mind.

The critic has his standpoint; the playgoer has, perhaps, another; the management, undoubtedly, has one or more and they all find outlet in the dramatic review or by word of mouth. But the actor's standpoint, which in reality is the life or death of the drama, is more difficult to learn, for the honest workman does not fly to the papers to air his opinions of how his work should be judged; and few playgoers have that intimate acquaintance with actors that opens the most interesting shop talk in Bohemia to their ears.

As acting is the art of depicting the emotions by speech, gesture, pantomime and suggestion, it is of course a necessity that the actor should have an absolute knowledge of the technique of his calling to supplement his dramatic instinct in illustrating the ideas of the author in addition to the many other intellectual qualities that go to make up an educated man. That he has acquired this knowledge by years of hard work and painstaking study is so self-evident a fact that even in the theatre it does not receive the respect its merit deserves.

The actor's first duty is fidelity to the ideas of the author; his second, consistency to the representation of the part he assumes; his third, fairness and justice to his fellow players; and his fourth, respect for himself, his art and his audience.

To successfully accomplish these four ambitions is the aim of every actor worthy of a salary, but the odds he is obliged to struggle against form so wonderfully complexed and complexing a round of barriers that they make the most powerful hampering element in the actor's work; the people who erect them are so self-satisfied with their own good judgment that might takes the place of right.

"The How, the Why and the When of Acting" are the all important divisions of the art. Jefferson said, "The child knows how it is inborn; the man by experience and study learns why and when." But unfortunately the "when" is not always in the control of the actor, for here the management steps in.

First comes the manager whose mind is divided like the compartments of a desk with pigeon holes for play, production, players, booking, baggage and finance. His opinion is Art and his word is Law. The stage manager, his first assistant, should be and sometimes is an actor of experience and judgment; then all goes well. But more often he is

simply a small edition of the manager acting as a sort of buffer between the manager on one side and the actor on the other, till such time as he can acquire enough capital to branch out for himself. The star furnishes the final disturbing element and for want of direct authority divides it with the author, who should and usually does know more about the play than anyone else, but who rarely is capable of imparting his knowledge and under the present day system more rarely gets the chance.

In the old days rehearsals were conducted with care and judgment; the etiquette of the theatre was



HERBERT C. PARSONS

observed and incompetency found no foothold. Today all this is changed, for the supremacy of commercialism has achieved as remarkable results on the stage as it has in the box office, but in quite a different direction.

Incompetent direction causes so much bad acting and so many dramatic failures that the public cries out from time to time that the stage is going to the dogs. But there is no lack of talent or dramatic instinct today, nor has there ever been. It is simply that bad schooling and misdirected teaching has warped the talents of so many workmen that they and not their employer have been obliged to take the blame.

The crying need of the stage of today, from the actor's standpoint, is same, thorough and competent stage management. If the stage director were always an actor of experience or a man of culture, who has made the drama a lifelong study and who has the su-

preme gift of imparting his knowledge, dramatic failures would be more rare and the actor's future far brighter. The business man of the theatre when he crosses the footlights is as much out of place as a "bull in a china shop." That his financial judgment may be incomparable in his own field gives him no right to forget the advice the artist gave to the book-maker and insist on exercising through the power of ownership a direction in artistic matters where he is distinctly out of place. It is an injustice to the actor, author and audience that the business manager should assert his indisputable authority to interfere in the interpretation of an art based on the imagination and the portrayal of emotions.

"Don't do it that way; play the scene more rapidly; stand on the other side of the table with your weight on your left leg and lean forward so the spot light can get at Miss Newstar's face. Take more time to take off your gloves and keep your back to the audience while she is speaking so they can see *her* face. And don't let your voice out when you answer or you'll pitch the climax too high for her." These were the trivial instructions that the writer actually heard shouted at an actor of twenty years' honorable experience after five weeks of rehearsal on the night before the production, by a manager with three successes to his credit.

Is it any wonder that five weeks of such flippant foolishness should have made the company flat, stale and stilted? Is it any wonder that such unnecessary interference should rob the performance of all spontaneity and make the actors automatons? Is it any wonder that the play was a failure?

Of course the author and the actors were responsible for the lack of success because by the fixed rules of the modern theatre the manager, like the king, can do no wrong. But the author lost his royalties, the actor his engagement, and both were damaged in reputation, simply because an unusually clever business man had insisted on dictating how they should do the work it had taken them years to learn and of which circumstances had put him in control; the unthinking public condemned the innocent and applauded the guilty for closing out the play his own direction had ruined.

As the ship must have a competent captain the play must have a competent stage manager. The actor, quick to recognize superior knowledge, will accept advice and suggestion from any source if it be sound. In a word, the actor's work needs the parental control of an artist; but it must be an artist who exercises that control, not the trivial order of any man who does not know. It is the lack of such advice and control, backed by supreme authority, that hampers and disheartens him and often prevents him from realizing his own ideas and his author's. But to attain this result he must be allowed to use his own intelligence, if he is expected to be true to his calling and honest to his audience.

When the manager of today realizes that the theatre-going public is attracted to his theatre only by dramatic results, the same business judgment that has systemized the "front of the house," to its present standard of reliability and honest dealings, should teach him that the stage is for acting from the standpoint of the actor.

HERBERT C. PARSONS.

OUR dramatic illustration this month presents a portrait of the man who has made Hartford a theatrical city of importance in the past ten years. Herbert C. Parsons opened the attractive theatre which bears his name on the first of April, 1896, and since that time, by judicious selection of attractions and a liberal policy of management, has convinced both the public and the theatrical profession that Hartford is a safe "week stand" for high class productions.

Personally Mr. Parsons is a genial, kind-hearted man with a rather reserved manner, cordial in his circle of friends, courteous to all his patrons and just and fair in all his business dealings. He is a keen judge of theatrical values and when he does express an opinion it is well worth listening to. His inclinations confine him to the details of management and he makes no pretence of being a dramatic prophet. When our neighbors in Springfield and New Haven were raising a furious clamor about the presentation of "Sappho" last season, Mr. Parsons quietly cancelled the engagement and substituted another play. Financially it was a losing proposition but it demonstrated his sincerity and put a stop to an endless volume of discussion. As he says himself, "I book the best attractions I can get and if once in a while I get a bad one, it don't play a return engagement; for I want my patrons to feel that I, like any other merchant, am responsible for the quality of the goods I offer."

HARTFORD OPERA HOUSE.

The Hartford Opera House, in a new coat of paint of bright and cheerful character, is starting in on a new policy which should lead to its most successful season in many years. Lurid melodrama is to be excluded and burlesque shows are to find no place in its offerings. The Shubert attractions will form the basis of its bookings throughout the winter and the management intends to conduct the theatre as a high class combination house.

POLI'S.

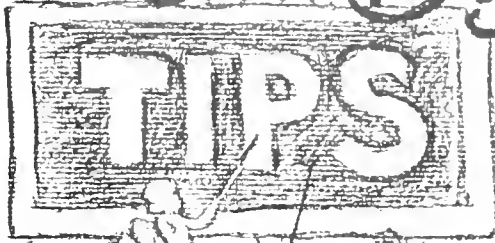
Poli's has returned to vaudeville, much to the delight of the regular winter patrons; and as in the past the bill is being kept up to its usual standard of excellence.



"ELFIN NOOK," ELIZABETH PARK.

Photo for The Hartford Monthly by De Fafchamps.

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CITY GUIDE Police Calls and Fire Alarm

How to Call a Policeman.

A key fitting all police call boxes will be furnished to any reputable citizen, free of charge, upon application at police headquarters, Market Street.

To call a policeman, and for this purpose only, insert key in key-hole marked "Citizen's Key," in center of outside door; push key in as far as possible; turn key to right as far as it will go, or one-quarter way around; let go of key and leave it there. Do not try to open the door nor to release the key; the key once inserted can only be released by a policeman.

Location of Police Call Boxes.

- 12, cor. Morgan and Front Streets.
- 13, " Morgan and Main Streets.
- 14, " Windsor and Avon Streets.
- 15, " Main and Pavilion Streets.
- 16, " Judson and Barbour Streets.
- 21, " Union Depot.
- 22, " Main and Ann Streets.
- 23, " Albany Avenue and East Street.
- 24, " Albany Avenue and Blue Hills Road.
- 25, " Asylum Avenue and Woodland Street.
- 26, " Sigourney and Collins Streets.
- 27, " Farmington Avenue and Laurel Street.
- 31, " State and Front Streets.
- 32, " Front and Sheldon Streets.
- 33, " Commerce and Potter Streets.
- 34, " Main and Arch Streets.
- 35, " Charter Oak and Union Streets.
- 41, " Pearl Street, Hook & Ladder House.
- 42, " Park and Broad Streets.
- 43, " Zion Street and Glendale Avenue.
- 44, " Broad and Howard Streets.
- 45, " Park Street and Sisson Avenue.
- 46, " Park and Laurel Streets.
- 51, " Wethersfield Avenue and Bond Street.
- 52, " Main and Congress Streets.
- 53, " Washington and Vernon Streets.
- 54, " Lafayette and Russ Streets.
- 55, " New Britain Avenue and Broad Street.
- 56, " Maple Avenue and Webster Street.
- 57, " Wethersfield Avenue and South Street.
- 61, " Selectmen's Office, Pearl Street.
- 62, " Trumbull St., near County Building.
- 63, " House of Comfort, Bushnell Park.
- 72, " Farmington Avenue and Smith Street.

How to Give a Fire Alarm

There are 136 fire alarm boxes, located conveniently for use throughout the city. A few of them are "keyless," requiring no key to give an alarm. Any reputable citizen can

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CITY GUIDE---Continued.

obtain a key to be kept on hand in case of need, by applying at the fire department headquarters, 43 Pearl Street.

To give an alarm, open the door of the red box, pull the hook to the bottom of the slot once, and let go; then close the door. The key will be released and returned as soon as convenient. Do not pull the hook if the fire bell or the small bell in the box is striking, as that indicates an alarm has already been given. In using the keyless box, when the door has been opened, follow the same directions as given for ordinary box. Private boxes will only be pulled for fires on the premises where located. Always give the alarm from the box nearest to the fire. Key holders, upon changing their locations, will please notify the superintendent of fire alarm telegraph, at department headquarters.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

The numbers given below correspond with the strokes of the fire alarm bell. From the strokes and these numbers a fire can be very closely located, the strokes indicating the number of the box from which the alarm has been given.

- 12, Asylum St. and Union Pl.
- 13, Asylum and Farmington Aves., Junction.
- 14, Walnut St., opp. Chestnut.
- 15, Flower St., front Pratt & Whitney Co's.
- 16, Hook & Ladder House, Pearl St.
- 17, Engine House, No. 4, Ann St.
- 18, Trumbull and Pearl Sts.
- 19, Trumbull and Main Sts.
- 122, Myrtle and Edwards Sts.
- 123, High St. and Foot Guard Place.
- 124, Ford and Asylum Sts.
- 132, Farmington Ave. and Beach St.
- 141, Lumber St.
- 142, Albany Avenue and East St.
- 143, County Jail, Seyms St.
- 144, Windsor Ave. and Florence St.
- 161, So. N. E. Telephone Bldg. (Private).
- 21, Asylum and Trumbull Sts.
- 23, Main and Pearl Sts.
- 24, State and Market Sts.
- 25, Engine House, No. 3, Front St.
- 26, Grove and Commerce Sts.
- 27, Main and Pratt Sts.
- 28, Main and Morgan Sts.
- 29, Morgan and Front Sts.
- 213, Trumbull and Church Sts.
- 231, Main and Asylum Sts.
- 241, Market and Temple Sts.
- 251, Kilbourn and Commerce Sts.
- 271, Main and Church Sts.
- 31, Front and Arch Sts.
- 32, Main and Mulberry Sts.
- 34, Trumbull and Jewell Sts.
- 35, Main and Elm Sts.
- 36, Capitol Ave. and West St.
- 37, Colt's Armory.
- 38, Main and Buckingham Sts.
- 39, Engine House, No. 6, Huyshope Ave.
- 312, Charter Oak Ave. and Governor St.
- 313, Capewell Horse Nail Co. (Private).
- 314, Sheldon and Taylor Sts.
- 315, Old Screw Shop, Sheldon St.
- 321, Grove and Prospect Sts.
- 361, Capitol Ave. and Trinity St.
- 371, Edward Balf Co., Sheldon St. (Private).
- 381, Charter Oak Place.
- 41, Capitol Ave., front of Pope's.
- 42, Park and Washington Sts.
- 43, Russ and Oak Sts.
- 45, New Britain Ave. and Summit St.
- 46, Zion St., opp. Vernon.
- 47, Park and Broad Sts.
- 48, Broad and Vernon Sts.
- 49, Trinity College.
- 411, Hartford Machine Screw Co. (Private.)
- 412, Russ and Lawrence Sts.
- 413, Putnam St., opp. Orphan Asylum.

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CITY GUIDE---Continued.

421, Buckingham and Cedar Sts.
423, Washington and Jefferson St.
424, Broad and Madison Sts.
451, Fairfield Ave. and White St.
452, New Britain Ave. and White St.
461, Hamilton and Wellington Sts.
471, Engine House, No. 8, Park and Affleck Sts.

5, Engine House, No. 1, Main St.
51, Maple Ave. and Congress St.
52, Wethersfield Ave., opp. Car Barns.
53, Retreat Ave. and Washington St.
54, Wethersfield Ave. and Allen St.
56, New Britain Ave. and Washington St.
57, Retreat for Insane (Private).
512, Franklin Ave. and Shultas Place.
513, Franklin Ave. and Morris St.
514, Hartford Hospital (Private).
521, Wethersfield Ave. and Preston St.
522, Wethersfield Ave., opp. Capitol Park.
523, Engine House, No. 10, Bond St.
524, Franklin Ave. and Brown St.
531, New Britain Ave. and Broad St.
532, Julius and Crown Sts.
561, Maple Ave. and Bond St.

6, Asylum Ave., opp. Sumner St.
61, Farmington Ave. and Smith St.
62, Engine House, No. 5, Sigourney St.
63, Farmington Ave. and Gillett St.
64, Engine House, No. 11, Sisson Ave.
65, Capitol Ave. and Laurel St.
67, Capitol Ave. and Sigourney St.
611, North Beacon and Cone Sts.
612, Farmington Ave. and Oxford St.
613, Kenyon St.
614, Warrenton Ave. and Beacon St.
621, Cathedral, Farmington Ave. (Private).
622, Woodland St., opp. Niles.
623, Farmington Ave. and Laurel St.
631, Farmington and Sisson Aves.
632, Forest and Hawthorn Sts.
641, Smith and Davenport Sts.
642, Park and Heath Sts.
643, Bartholomew Ave.
644, New Park Ave. and Kibbe St.
645, New Park Ave. and Merrill St.
651, Underwood Typewriter Co., 581 Capitol Ave. (Private).
652, Electric Vehicle Co., Park and Laurel Sts. (Private).
653, Laurel and Willow Sts.
7, Albany Ave. and Williams St.
71, Woodland and Collins Sts.
72, Alms House (Private).
73, Garden and Collins Sts.
74, Albany and Blue Hills Aves.
75, Vine St., west side, front T. J. Blake's.
76, Albany Ave., west of Lenox Place.
711, Asylum Ave. and Gillette St.
712, Collins and Sigourney Sts.
713, Ashley and Huntington Sts.
714, Sargeant and May Sts.
715, Sargeant and Woodland Sts.
721, Vine and Capen Sts.
731, Sargeant and Garden Sts.
732, Garden and Myrtle Sts.
741, Blue Hills Ave.
742, Blue Hills Ave. and Holcomb St.
751, Albany Ave. and Burton St.
8, Windsor Ave. and Capen St.
81, Clark and Westland Sts.
82, Windsor Ave. and Frankfort St.
84, Capen and Garden Sts.
85, Capen and Barbour Sts.
812, Mahl Ave., opp. Arsenal.
813, Suffield and Bellevue Sts.
821, Charlotte and Barbour Sts.
831, Opposite Engine House, No. 7, Windsor Ave.

9, Main and High Sts.
91, Engine House, No. 2, Pleasant St.
92, Windsor and Pleasant Sts.
93, Foot Windsor St., Smith, Northam & Co.

Fire Bell Signals.

Two single strokes is the recall or signal that the fire is out.

Ten strokes is the general alarm, calling out all reserve companies.

Two rounds of twelve strokes each is the military call.

The fire bell gives one stroke for 12 o'clock, noon daily, except Sunday, and one stroke for 9 o'clock p. m.

Art Exhibition

An exhibition of valuable paintings of unusual interest will be given in Hartford the latter part of September, under the management of F. U. Wells of The Wells Art Company. The exhibit will consist of the paintings of Maria Brooks, the widely known artist and successful art teacher of New York. The place and exact time of opening the exhibition have not yet been determined but will be announced at an early day.

Maria Brooks is recognized as holding a leading position among living women artists and by many is regarded as the most skillful artist and teacher of art, of her sex, in this country; certainly there is none a greater favorite with patrons and pupils. Her pleasing and inspiring personality has had much to do with this acknowledged popularity, while her happy and original choosing of subjects, her charming modeling of them, her artistic technique and her wonderful colorings, tenderly soft and yet bright in tone, have established the value of her pictures and her high rank professionally. She is decidedly of the English school of manners relieved by delightful American social experiences, and her New York patrons are of a discerning class from prominent social circles. Her paintings have won many honors both in the United States and abroad. These professional and social successes have made her artistic career always bright and promising. Of late, owing to the sad misfortune of a broken wrist, she has been compelled to work with her untrained left hand, but is surprising her friends by the wonderful work accomplished under this great disadvantage.

The following is the collection listed for the exhibition and sale. It includes some of her most valuable and noted paintings:

Down Piccadilly, Very Sweet, Shall I or Shall I Not, The New String, Juanita, For You, The Norwegian Haymaker, Isabelle, Gathering Roses, Village of Beauport, The Rev. Morgan Dix, Just Thinking, Study, Two Pretty Ones, Aspiration, Nice and Cool, Shucking Corn, Shelling Corn, Forget Me Not, Candies, I Can Say It, The Picture Books, Going to the Parish Flower Show, After a Good Set, The Toy Seller, Forty Winks, Mental Conflict, Early Summer, Rosebuds, Off to the Dance, Entouree De Rose, A Sketch, The Waylars, The Shell.

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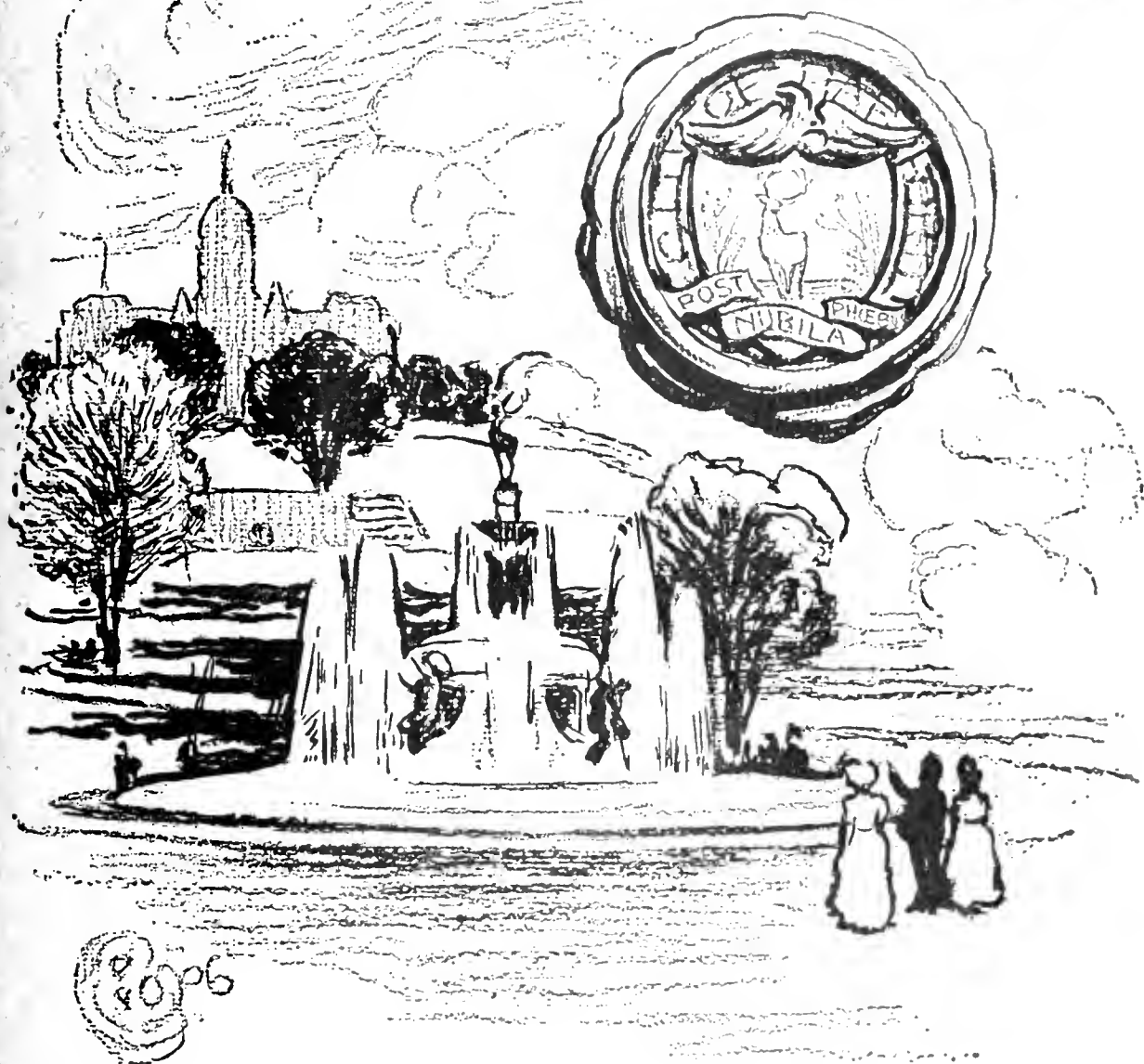
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OCTOBER, 1906.

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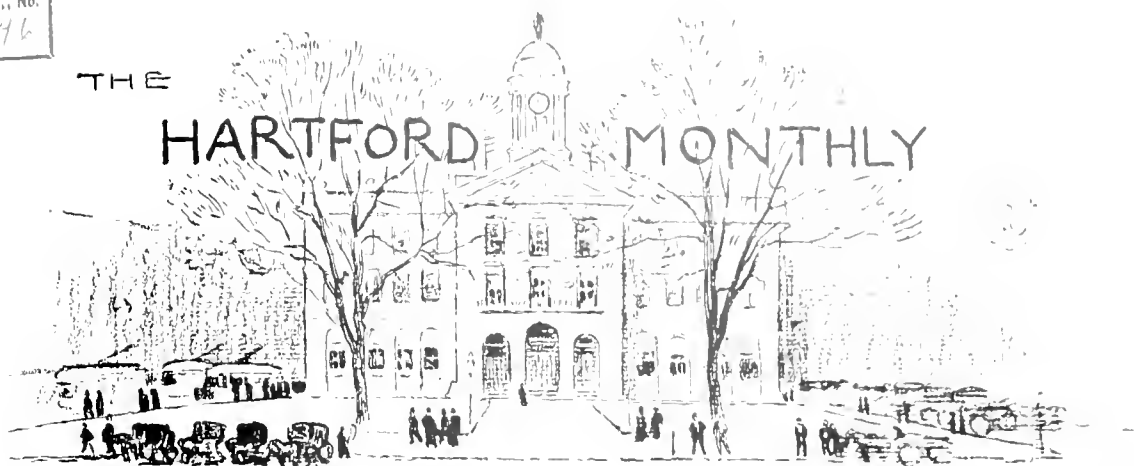
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THE

HARTFORD MONTHLY



SOME SPECIAL FEATURES

of the
October Number.

SOCIAL.

LITERARY.

AGRICULTURAL.

"W. C. T. U."

ILLUSTRATIONS (DRAWINGS) BY JAMES BRITTON

Frontispiece—Toil's Twilight Solace

Photo by WALTER O. LITTLE

Social Life in Hartford—Its Characteristics Brightly Presented

By CAROLINE E. CLARK.

Historic Roanoke Island—Interesting Commemorative Work By the "D. A. R." Illustrated

By A. DENISON DART

"God's Acre" Beautiful—Nature and Art in Cedar Hill; The Celtic Cross. Illustrated

By WILLIAM J. RALLIE.

For The Higher Plane of Living—Scope and Work of the "W. C. T. U." Ably and Clearly Stated
Illustrated.

By CAROLINE E. BUELL.

Leonita—A Story of Love and Indian Warfare in The Big Horn Mountains. Illustrated

By EDWARD ASAHEL WRIGHT

An Artist's Experiences With A Theatrical Troupe—Illustrated

By S. D. LINDSAY.

The Broken Chrysalis.

Use of Pictures in a Modern Library—A New and Valuable Feature of Hartford Library Work
Illustrated

By CAROLINE M. HEWINS

Orchestral Tendencies—The Hartford Philharmonic. Illustrated

By JAMES BRITTON

What The Audience Owes To The Actor—Some Neglected Duties Carefully Presented

By HENRY MCMANUS

Fraternities, Clubs, Associations—Redman'ship in Hartford

By WALTER A. ALLEN

Recompense for Farm Improvements—To Help and Encourage Farmers to Improve Their Mortgages and Other

By EDWARD ASAHEL WRIGHT

The Art Colony at Lyme—Pleasant Summerings of Local and New York Artists. Illustrated

By ELLIEN BAYNES GREENE

Fruit Culture in New England. "Renewal," Poem by Caroline E. Clark. Sunset at Buzzard's Bay. Poem by E. L. Phelps. "Dayspring," Poem by Ethel E. Dickinson. Policemen. Turkey. Selected Miscellany, etc., etc.

Press of C. M. Gates

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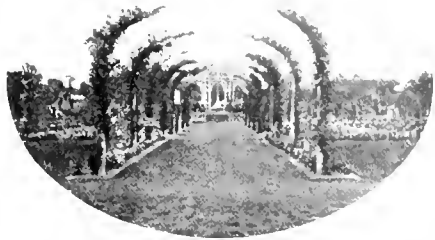
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TOIL'S TWILIGHT SOLACE.

Photo for The Hartford Monthly by Walter O. Eitel.



SOCIAL LIFE OF HARTFORD.

Written for The Hartford Monthly

By CAROLINE E. CLARK.

EVERY life, every personality, no matter how beautiful or ugly physically or mentally it may have been, is a wonderful and creative individual; for, has it not had its influence, for good or bad, in some small circle among some sort of contemporaries?

And yet every human being lives apart, in a world of his own, but imagination, which is the keynote of life and without which we would sing sadly out of tune, tells us to open our doors and enter other people's doors, for the purpose of cultivating and broadening our individual worlds, although we can never hope to do more than mingle *with*, rather than penetrate *into* the worlds about us. This is the true meaning and benefit of so-called "society."

In society it is necessary to laugh; laughter is healthy and where there is much good society a community becomes healthier in every respect, spiritually, morally and physically. Aside from this there is in this intercourse an intellectual stimulation and benefit that is absolutely necessary to the life and advancement of every group of people in every community.

In the larger cities much of this benefit is lost because duty instead of pleasure is the end and aim of its social intercourse. Money, not thought, is put in to its functions and the result is a conventional, over-worked tittle-tattle that is anything but a benefit to those who have the misfortune to move within its circles. Far better to become a recluse and doze with it! In the smaller cities, especially in our own city, society is benefited rather than wearied by its hospitality. There is a certain amount of informal freedom and intellectual equality that refreshes rather than wearies—even the hostess herself!

Hartford has been called a "city of perfect proportion," for the appearance of riches, and is so in moderation. There are few very rich people. It is instead a city of pretty homes, all well cared for, a city of domestic contentment, prosperous, healthy-minded, sensible, and in consequence, very well satisfied with itself.

There is something restful and dignified in the New England business man, who pursues his way from home to office in a regular routine, that no amount of outside battle and strife can rattle or disturb. He is reserved, he is successful and a little self-centered, but he is the substantial foundation on which the best society of New England exists. He is refined, as were his Puritanical ancestors, he moves in refined circles, he makes of his city a refined city. Even the artistic members of his circle share his business ability, which makes him understood in the higher and more superficial moments of his career—when he stands in a noisy, crowded, softly lighted and sweetly scented room, silently eating an ice and fearful of spoiling his supper! Above all things the New England man is essentially practical!

The pessimists tell us with much glee that society is in reality based on a hypocritical show and humbug. When we stop and realize that love, hope, sincerity and honesty are the foundations on which a society breathes purely—else it would strangle in the vile air of its own hypocrisy—we pity the pessimist and wish that he could move in our social world for a little while. Our egotism is natural, for it is as well founded as our society.

Our business, artistic, literary, social, religious and charitable circles move together in a happy blending of parts that makes of the whole a joyous harmony well suited to the beauty and freedom of our city life. For this reason we are slow to adopt anything "new," the outsider, while welcome, is questioned before he is admitted. No amount of lavish expenditure from a fat pocketbook will ever enable the newly rich man to enter the kingdom of Hartford society! Not that we are "snobs"; nor do we cling blindly to "family and furniture" for the basis of our reserve, as Professor Hopkins declares in his much-discussed novel "The Mayor of Warwick" we do speak plainly "of Hartford!"

We are too well contented in our society, too prosperous and too undisturbed, every day, to let our education become in the pubescent stage of a militant system of schools, that demands respect of fathers and mothers respectively and how to respect each other's—send their children to college!

We grow up independent. The young men are not "training" them, so our mothers are not "training"

much by themselves. The aim of our society is "pleasure" for everyone invited; and the work it involves to thus open our doors in hospitality seldom becomes merely a "duty." We enjoy our world; our aims are all good; we are not without brains; we are surrounded by home-makers; we live in a city of much natural beauty, which we have cultivated and enlarged; our instincts are refined, our tastes are artistic and our religion is common sense.

Our society is simple but effective; it has the right spirit and where there is the right spirit there is sure to be prosperity.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.

—Sam'l Johnson.

Is there record kept anywhere of fancies conceived, beautiful, unborn? Some day they will assume form in some yet undeveloped light. If our bad, unspoken thoughts are registered against us and are written in the awful account, will not the good thoughts unspoken, the love and tenderness, the pity, beauty, charity, which pass through the breast and cause the heart to throb with silent good, find a remembrance, too?

—Selected.

The Golden Chain.

Though I have heard much noble speech of man,
Strengthening the bands of human brotherhood,
Fostering our faith in Heaven's great clemency;
Yet, once, that kinship gained a wider span,
A moment then I saw the Eternal Good,
And hope leapt up and touched on certainty.

But 'twas no bard that sang me burning words,
No seer's prophetic voice that fired my soul,
Nor lyric rapture of love-wakened birds,
Descant of great-voiced waves, nor thunder-roll—
But from one small, despised, unlovely throat,
Low in the grass about my straying feet,
Rose to my ears, and to my heart, the note
That woke my whole world to new spirit-light.

I had gone forth the early day to greet,
And where the meadows to the pool sloped down,
Fresh wakened from his winter sleep, and bright,
In his new livery of gold and brown,
There leapt a frog, whom the great life force drew
To seek the waterside and find his mate.

And we two met and crossed our destinies—
For, on the instant, crouched he in the dew,
Fearing this overlord of his small fate,
And I made pause and lightly pressed upon
His form, with idle foot. Then, suddenly,
Sinking his head between his outstretched hands—
As one might bend before a headsman's blade—
He cried aloud; God, how he cried to me!

The morning silence of those meadowlands
Thrilled to the harsh, high pitched, imploring cry,
That shocked me with its half humanity;

It caught me by the heart, its poor fear made
A love, I might have scorned an hour before,
Leap in my breast: "Ah, little brother mine,
I harm thee?—No; go thou thy life-drawn way."

And then the Universal Love upbore

My soul—I saw the golden chain outshine
That links all life; and in the new made day
My faith flamed up anew. For that small fate
I saw then as my own; in that poor cry
I heard my prayers to God; and while I live,
Remembering how my soul rocked yearningly,
I know the only answer God can give.

—H. Lulham, in *The London Outlook*.



NATURE VS. CARICATURE.

Pictures in Sunday School Work.

IN advocating the use of more truthful and attractive illustrations for Sunday School instruction books, we published in the July number of this magazine two pictures taken from the current number of "The Bible Study Union Lessons" for boys and girls. The first picture was intended to represent Paul and Silas in prison in Philippi; the second to represent them as leaving Thessalonica probably only a few days later. The pictures as used by us, with the exception of a one-fourth reduction by the camera, were exact photographic reproductions of the illustrations and their titles as they appeared in the lesson book.

The pictures as they appeared in this magazine, and a large portion of the comment made upon them by us, were reprinted in *The Examiner*, the leading New York Baptist weekly, under the very appropriate heading "Caricatures of Bible Characters"; and in this and other ways have been given wide circulation.

It was suggested in the previous article that the illustrations commonly found in Sunday School instruction books be contrasted with those which the children find at home, in schools, in public libraries and on every hand, in the modern beautifully illustrated books of nature study and story. To make such a contrast, to a very modest degree as is necessary in the limitations of this article, we again publish the Paul and Silas pictures and with them a new illustration reproduced from the same lesson book. In contrast with such absurd and untruthful outlines, some pictures from nature are given. They are simple nature studies, but in their presentation they represent the highest in printing and photo-engraving art; they are absolutely truthful, and pictures of this kind in the hands of an intelligent teacher can

be used in beautifully suggestive and impressive ways.

These two outline cuts stand now, as they have before, self convicted. In one Silas is represented as a rough-bearded man of sixty or more years; in the



Paul and Silas in Prison.



Paul and Silas Leaving Thessalonica.

other, appearing in the same book and in the lesson immediately following, he is represented as a frightened beardless youth of perhaps sixteen. These cuts might be used to advantage by the "The Philippi Safety Razor Company" or the "Lightning Hair Eradicator Trust," of Thessalonica. They can hardly be considered as used appropriately or with due respect to the discernment of childhood, in a book intended to inculcate the importance of truthfulness among other good things.

We now present a reproduction, exact both in picture and title, of another illustration from this same lesson series. It is taken from the current number,



Angry Jews Throwing off their Garments.

in use by many Sunday Schools during the month of September. It was used to illustrate the account of Paul being mobbed in Jerusalem and the heroic delivery of his famous speech before his persecutors, when the Jews are said to have cast off their outer garments in anger. No attempt is made in the lesson to illustrate Paul's dignity, his sublime bravery or his manly, straightforward and interesting story.

This is reproduced here, with apologies to Poli and Keith, as showing how this sort of illustration, if some little touch of art could be given to it and if it could be considerably modified in its caricature of sensationalism, might be used in advertising rapid costume changing and sleight-of-hand "stunts" in vaudeville; to better advantage and more creditably than in biblical study.

The little picture of the fountain heading this article may suggest various and beautiful thoughts of divine power and bounty. The miniature photograph

in the corner of the page suggests a good lesson on the subject of the "tamed wolf" in the age of the "tamed wolf" and the "tamed wolf" in the age of the "tamed wolf." The picture below, in which the tamed wolf is resting comfortably and pleasantly in the arms of its master, might be used as a striking and impressive lesson on the power of patience and kindness in winning over wild natures of man as well as in beast.

Dissatisfaction with the average Sunday School instruction books is being manifested quite generally and justly. In some cases they are being entirely discarded by experienced teachers. There is a good opportunity in this line for some enterprising publisher, who would arrange with some of the modern



experts in Sunday School work, some authorities in nature study and skilled artists and photographers to produce attractive instruction books of real interest and merit, both in text and illustrations.

The pictures from nature given here are but simple suggestions of what might be done on a much more important scale, even with the camera alone. We venture to say, however, that, as simple as they are, the children into whose hands they might be placed would not quickly throw away the books containing



them, or to entertain their parents with the usual "Saturday night or Sunday morning hunt" for the "lesson papers." Pictures of this class could be obtained which would prove a noble help to the conscientious teacher, who finds his ragged in the book of the running brooks, seagulls, stones and good in everything.

HISTORIC ROANOKE ISLAND.

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**The First Anglo-Saxon Colonists—Birthplace of  
Virginia Dare, the First Child of English  
Parents Born in the New World—  
Interesting Commemorative  
Work by The "D. A. R."  
in The South.**

ON the South Atlantic Coast there are many places of historic interest less known than some of minor consequence in New England. Roanoke Island, North Carolina, is a place of especial interest, as it was here that the first Anglo-Saxon colony was established. The experiment proved a failure, as did the second colony, except that it introduced potatoes and tobacco to the people of Europe.

Two very interesting relics of the colony survive. One is the star-shaped outline of a fort, which the colonists called "The new fort in Virginia." The other is an immense scuppernong grape vine, which, according to the tradition of the island, was planted by these early colonists in 1585-7.

Upon "Fort Raleigh," as it is now called the flag of old England was first unfurled to the breezes of the New World. An association of ladies and gentlemen, with members in almost every state in the Union, have purchased twelve acres immediately surrounding the fort and enclosed it with a substantial fence; they have also erected a handsome and costly granite monument within the enclosure bearing the following inscription:

"On this site in July-August, 1585-7 (O. S.), colonists sent out from England by Sir Walter Raleigh built a fort called by them the 'New Fort in Virginia'. These colonists were the first settlers of the English race in America. They returned to England in 1586 with Sir Francis Drake. Near this place was born on the eighteenth of August, 1587, Virginia Dare, the first child of English parents born in America, daughter of Ananias Dare and Eleanor White, his wife, members of another band of colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587. On Sunday, August 20, Virginia Dare was baptized. Manteo, the friendly chief of the Hatteras Indians had been baptized on the Sunday previous. These baptisms are the first known celebrations of a Christian sacrament in the territory of the thirteen original United States."

The vine shown in the accompanying picture is believed to have been planted by these early colonists, or by what is known as the "Lost Colony" which was under command of Captain John White, whose daughter was the mother of Virginia Dare. The vine is the largest of its kind in the United States and probably the largest in the world. It is still hearty and vigorous, covering over an acre of ground and yielding annually a ton or more of fine, large grapes of excellent quality.

As the time of the ter centennial celebration approaches it is interesting to note that although Sir Walter Raleigh was never personally engaged in further attempts to establish a colony on this continent, it is believed that it was upon his suggestion that some place on Chesapeake Bay, or the quiet shores of James River, be selected as a site more suitable to the needs of a new colony, rather than around the

open waters and dangerous coast of Hatteras. He had already expended over forty thousand pounds in attempts to establish a permanent colony at Roanoke in the five different expeditions fitted out between the years of 1584 and 1591.

At this time he assigned to a new company all rights and titles granted to him by Queen Elizabeth of land from Nova Scotia to Florida, which was called Virginia, reserving to himself one-fifth interest in gold or other precious metals. England, threatened by her then powerful neighbor Spain with her so-called "Invincible Armada," had need of all her men and money, and Raleigh, who was called by his loving friends "wholly gentleman, wholly soldier", gave to the queen, who had honored and favored him, his valuable services as a soldier with the rest of his fortune.

One of the quaintest structures to be reproduced on the Jamestown exposition grounds will be "Hayes Barton," the birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh. The old building still stands very much as it was when Raleigh was born. The Daughters of American Revolution have charge of the project and it is safe to say that the reproduction of this quaint old Colonial building, which weaves so closely American and English ties, will be much sought and inspected with great interest.

The state in which Raleigh first placed his little colony, who were the pioneers of English colonization in America, has rendered its tribute of respect and gratitude by conferring his name upon her capital.



THE LARGEST GRAPEVINE OF ITS KIND IN THE UNITED STATES.

Photo for The Hartford Monthly by A. Denison Dart, Dew, Va.

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All kind things must be done on their own account and for their own sake and without the least reference to any gratitude.
—Selected.

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True merriment may be distinguished from false by the fact that it bears reflection; we can think of it with pleasure next day and next week.  
—Selected.

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Patient, hopeful waiting is hard work when it is the only work possible for us in an emergency. But patient waiting is in its time the highest duty of a faithful soul.
—Selected.

FOR THE HIGHER PLANE OF LIVING.

Interesting Story of the Origin and Remarkable Growth of the Largest Reform Society Composed of Women in The World—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union—Its Principles and the Wide Scope of Its Humane and Uplifting Work Clearly Presented—Important Conventions Held in Boston and Hartford This Month.

Written for The Hartford Appeal by
By CAROLINE B. BUELLE, President W. C. T. U., Hartford.

ON the 17th of November, 1874, in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized by delegates from eighteen states. The last week in this month at Parsons' Theatre, at the thirty-third Annual Convention of this Society, every state and territory and the District of Columbia will be represented; and while at that first meeting so long ago only two or three definite lines of endeavor were proposed, at this coming convention forty departments, covering as many lines of effort, will show the aims of the organization and the scope of its work.

The birth of this society of women was the natural outcome of the "Woman's Crusade," which began in Ohio in the fall of 1873 and continued uninterruptedly for six months, during which time the saloons were closed in more than 250 towns of that state; a movement which was not confined to Ohio, but which spread north and east until many of the Western and all the Middle and Eastern States were swept by this great whirlwind of the Lord. In the midst of the excitement of the crusade, local organizations started up here and there under different names, but after the formation of the National Society all these fell into line and were joined by hundreds and thousands of others until the letters "W. C. T. U." came to stand for the largest reform society composed of women the world has ever known—a society having for its platform one single plank, namely, total abstinence from alcoholic liquors, made binding upon every individual member; and a single ultimate aim, namely, the prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes.

For the former position the society appeals to reason, to the golden rule, to science and to that spirit which makes the woes and ills of some the care of every other. Believing that to raise one's fellowmen to a higher plane of living, it is necessary for each to take the highest stand possible, and, reaching down, lift by all the powers of mind, of heart and example those who would not, or could not, attain this high ground for themselves.

For its aim—the prohibition of the traffic in alcoholics for beverage purposes—it appeals not only to reason but to the divine law upon which all just law is founded; to that universally acknowledged sentiment which says that "what is morally wrong can never be made legally right."

Between total abstinence for the individual and the right attitude of the government regarding the traffic this society finds a wide field of endeavor and various classes who must be reached before its aims can be realized, and to this heretofore work it has set itself with unchanging faith, ceaseless hope and never

failing charity. With this purpose before it, its dauntless courage and true missionary spirit have gone to our colored brothers and sisters, and done much toward a true settlement of their problem. To the foreigner landing upon our shores ignorant of the genius of our republican form of government, it has told of liberty and freedom, of a citizenship bet-



FRANCES F. WILLARD

ter than that of which they had ever dreamed, because built into their lives and, in turn by them, built into the customs of society and the laws of state and nation. It has by wise counsel and constant watchfulness tried to extend to the Indian such help as should secure to him what he now has and more, which is his due, from a government that in the past has taken so much from him and yet been so lax in redeeming its promises of protection to him, the "red man's business."

In order that the benefits of total abstinence may be secured to rising generations, and that an intelligent public sentiment may be assured to deal with the sale of the poisoning alcohol, the organization has through its department of Secular Temperance Instruction secured laws, state and national, which require the facts science has unfolded regarding the nature of alcohol, its effect on the body, to be taught in all schools, in every state, in all schools, and in the instruction of the young government, thus giving a body of common knowledge.

It is said, "Science without the Science School" is like a man without a brain. It is said, "Science without the Science School" is like a man without a brain.

It publishes two national papers, "The Union Signal" for adults, and "The Young Crusader" for children, and each year places in the hands of the public, and sends into the homes of the people through its forty or fifty State papers, millions of printed pages giving authenticated facts along the moral, legal and financial phases of the question. It supplies columns of these and other facts to the newspapers, both secular and religious, and through these columns and through its large corps of lecturers, sounds a warning as to the harmfulness of using any of the various narcotics. It goes to the prisons, jails and almshouses, industrial schools for boys and girls,

while the National will hold its Convention in Parsons Theatre, this city, October 26th to 31st inclusive.

Last, but by no means least among the varied lines of work of this great woman's union, is the Loyal Temperance Legion, the children's society, into which are now gathered hundreds of thousands of children who are receiving instruction along the lines of the principles of the W. C. T. U.; and their message to the traffic, in which is written its doom, is contained in their motto, "Tremble, King Alcohol, we shall grow up."

But what has been accomplished? We reply in the sententious words of St. Paul, "Much, every way!"

The W. C. T. U. has largely influenced the change in public sentiment in regard to social drinking, equal suffrage, equal purity for both sexes, equal remuneration for work equally well done, equal educational, professional and industrial opportunities for men and women.

Through its efforts thousands of girls have been rescued from lives of shame and tens of thousands of men have signed the total abstinence pledge and been redeemed from inebriety.

The W. C. T. U. has been the chief factor in state campaigns for statutory prohibition, constitutional amendments, reform laws in general and those for the protection of women and children in particular, and in securing anti-gambling and anti-cigarette laws.

It has been instrumental in raising the age of protection for girls in every state but two. The age is now eighteen years in thirteen states, sixteen years in nineteen states and from twelve to fifteen years in the other states.

Curfew laws have been secured in 400 towns and cities.

It aided in securing the anti-canteen amendment to the army bill, which prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors in all army posts.

It took the initiative and secured the appointment of police matrons, now required in nearly all the large cities of the United States.

It keeps a Superintendent of Legislation in Washington during the entire session of Congress to look after reform bills, while before that body, ready for adoption at the coming session, are about seventeen bills, for which wholly or in part the W. C. T. U. stands.

The W. C. T. U. will continue to petition for federal legislation to protect native races in our own territory and in foreign lands.

It will continue to protest against the bringing of Chinese girls to this country for immoral purposes and against the enslaving of the same, and against the legalizing of all crime, especially that of prostitution and liquor-selling.

It will continue to protest against the sale of liquor in Soldiers' Homes, where an aggregate of \$253,027 is spent annually for intoxicating drinks, only about one-fifth of the soldiers' pension money being sent home to their families.

It will continue to protest against the United States Government receiving a revenue for liquors sold within prohibitory territory, either local or state, and against all complicity of the federal government with the liquor traffic.



Catherine A. Buel

PRESIDENT CONNECTICUT W. C. T. U.

asylums and homes, carrying the good news of the gospel of temperance and prohibition.

It seeks out the lumber-men in the northern woods, the miners in the mines, the veterans of many battles, the soldiers in the forts or at the front and those who go down to the sea in ships, and tries to meet each want or need as it presents itself. It carries a message of help to the erring girl and the wandering boy. It attends our fairs, world, national, state and county, supplying many needs that might otherwise be left unsupplied. It believes in working with peace societies to establish courts of arbitration. It believes in purity and openly advocates one standard for both men and women. In fact it believes in all that is good, and in trying to lift humanity to that higher plane of living to which God himself bids us attain, and in securing all the help to this end which can be furnished through the gospel of Christ, individual effort and a code of righteous laws framed to make it, for young and old, rich and poor, those under the bondage of inherited appetites, and all others, "hard to do wrong and easy to do right."

The little fire kindled in the West more than thirty years ago has swept east and west to the islands of the sea, to foreign lands and to the other side of the world, till there have been gathered into the W. C. T. U. fifty-eight national societies in as many different countries; and in Boston this year from October 18th to 21st, in Tremont Temple, will be held the World's Seventh Tri-ennial W. C. T. U. Conven-

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Cornelia B. Forbes.

PRESIDENT HARTFORD W. C. T. U.

It will continue to protest against lynching and to lend its aid in favor of the enforcement of law.

It will continue to work for the highest well-being of our soldiers and sailors and especially for suitable temperance canteens and liberal rations.

It will continue to work for the protection of the home against its enemy, the liquor traffic, and for the redemption of our government from this curse, which redemption can only come, it believes, by the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicant-

The Quest.

There must be a Somewhere just beyond
Our Here, with its weary woes
Where there's no parting for hearts
And the blue sky always smiles
But the unseen shore is still before
Though we strive till our courage fails
And never a man since the world began
Has sighted its peaceful vales.

There must be a Sometime, better far
Than our Now, with its gray old sorrow
And though never we've won where its outlets are
We'll try again tomorrow
For Sometimeland has a silver strand
And pleasant groves to shade us,
So we cannot rest in our life-long quest
For joys that still evade us.

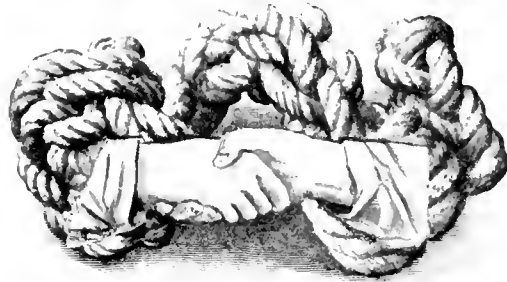
Why should we strain our weary eyes
For a land that we may not see;
Or dream of brighter or kindlier skies
In a time that may never be?
Ah! better is hope than to crawl and grope
Through a life without its zest
Up! Wanderers all! Sound the bugle call!
And we'll follow the old, old quest
John Langdon Heaton in the *Quitting Bee*



WETHERSFIELD AVENUE SCHOOL, HARTFORD

Clubs

Fraternities



Associations

RED-MEN-SHIP IN HARTFORD.

"Freedom, Friendship and Charity."—Watchwords of The Improved Order of Red Men.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By WALTER A. ALLEN.

THE fraternal-benevolent society is comparatively new. It was not, at first, well received; it was regarded with distrust and suspicion, as tending to interfere with the prerogatives of the church and the politics of the nation. The fraternal society had many arduous struggles for permanent existence. As it began to make its way and the world began to understand that these fraternal-benevolent societies taught the highest and holiest of principles and the loftiest ideals of duty, their usefulness began to be recognized and appreciated and their influence upon the civilization of the country made itself felt in all the varied walks of life. The great amount of good accomplished, the widespread good fellowship engendered and the great work of charity inaugurated and developed, have called forth not only the honor and respect, but the commendation of the pulpit and press. By no means the least in influence and membership stands the Improved Order of Red Men, represented in Hartford by Sicaogg Tribe No. 36.

The Improved Order of Red Men is an important factor in the life of Hartford. Its cardinal principles are worthy of emulation and of adoption. It can and does exemplify those principles by countless acts of humanity and kindness, to widows and orphans of deceased members, and by spreading good fellowship among the living throughout the limits of the city.

Based upon the most exalted sentiments of the heart, actuated at all times to extend happiness to all mankind, and opposed to servitude in mind or body, this order appropriately has for its watchwords, "Freedom, Friendship and Charity."

It teaches freedom of mind, that independence of thought which makes the true man; friendship, such as binds men's hearts together with the links of love; and last but not least charity—the charity of love.

"Which needs not to be sought,
Waits not to plead,
But seeks the duty;
Nay, prevents the need."

Such are the principles of the Improved Order of Red Men. How well they are carried out in the work of the local tribe can be learned by a brief resume of the work of the last term. During the term (January to July) ending last July there were forty new members added to the roll. Interesting meetings were held each Wednesday evening at the wigwam in Masonic Temple, where every brother was treated alike and freedom of speech and action allowed to all, thus helping to spread that feeling of good fellowship for which the order and Hartford are noted.

The sick-visiting committee called on all brothers reported sick, which was quite a number, not only those of their own tribe, but any Red Man who chanced to be sick in the "hunting grounds" of Hartford was treated as well as though a brother instead of a total stranger. Four or five brothers from other tribes were cared for by Sicaogg, and they have nothing but praise for the generous treatment they received.

The entertainment committee did fine work in preparing entertainments not only in the wigwam, but in larger halls where the public was invited, at which time a thoroughly good entertainment was furnished and enjoyed by all. In May the Great Council of Connecticut was in Hartford at the invitation of Sicaogg Tribe and the affair brought forth considerable praise for our beautiful city.

Thus in all its duties and pleasures has the order kept its motto, "Freedom, Friendship and Charity," ever in mind, remembering the high ideals of Redmanship. As to the future of Redmanship in Hartford we can but guess; the watchword inspiring loyal hearts, the members of the local order are working for a tribe of which our city may be proud.

Sicaogg Tribe No. 36 meet every Wednesday evening in their wigwam in Masonic Temple. The officers are as follows: Prophet, A. M. Morgan; Sachem, E. G. Schermerhorn; Senior Sagamore, O. J. Morrison; Junior Sagamore, A. Roulston; Guard of Wicket, J. Palmer; Guard of Forest, D. Beauchamp; Chief of Records, W. H. Warner; Keeper of Wampum, W. N. Forristall; Collector of Wampum, L. K. Seymour.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast
—Thomson.

LEONITA, A CHILD OF THE FOREST.

A Story of Love and Indian Warfare in the Big Horn Mountains.

Written for THE HORNED LARK.

By EDWARD ASHLEY WRIGHT.



THE war paint and the war dances were on. The Indians had been leading us regulars a lively chase all around the Big Horn mountains. They were playing a decoy game. Little bands of them would be reported as suddenly appearing with hideous night yells and threatenings near some isolated ranch or settlement. A barn or two would be burned and fires started in grain fields or woods. Before a messenger could reach us a second or third would be galloping towards us for help from other settlements in different directions. The biggest squad that could be spared, often not more than a dozen men, would be hurried off to the rescue, only to be met by later messengers near the expected scene of scrimmage, bringing word that the redskins had disappeared as suddenly as they had shown themselves and far more silently.

It was a shrewd game; there was bluff in it, but also something more crafty than bluff. We knew well enough that they were trying to split up our force and gather us in by ambush handihs. But through long weeks their only success had been in wearing out a few of our horses, banging up several of us a little and giving us arrow stings enough to put us into good, hearty fighting mood. And on the other hand we didn't have much to brag of. We had thus far utterly failed to locate the place in the mountains where they were collecting their warriors for the grand push we believed they were planning. We understood their decoy work and kept our troops as concentrated as possible.

As the spring days wore on alarming reports became less frequent and gradually ceased entirely. It began to seem as though there had been but slight reason for suspecting any important uprising. Early June found us encamped on Nugget Creek. The orders received indicated that we were liable to be stationed here for the summer as a precaution against Indian raids on a number of important ranches within easy riding distance; and to guard the property and reassure the families of a large mining settlement just below us on the creek. This prosperous settlement was the trading center for ranchmen and min-

ers within fifty miles or more of the creek on either side below us. A sudden dash of provisions gathered for its abundant supplies by the redskins were reckoned upon by us to give us something really worthy of our spirit and our colors.

Our camp was pitched far across the desert plain. It was in a wild, romantic spot, beyond what might be called the very outskirts of whatever of local civilization existed in this section of the Big Horn mountain range. Below us were our anxious proteges, above, the wild hills, rugged, rock ribbed, unknown and seemingly unknowable, except to our fiery enemies, ever lurking somewhere among the somber mountain shadows and craftily watching for their chance to spring from covert and to kill.

Strange sounds of nature's making came to us from the hills, not only the songs and hootings and howlings of wild birds and beasts of prey, but also strange sounds of the winds sighing among the tree tops, whistling around the ledges and roaring their menacing threnodies among the deathful ravines, hiding places of the infernal fiends.

One sultry night when an unusual darkness had settled down upon Nugget Creek like a heavy pall, while the wind was rising with slowly increasing but deep and ominous breathings from the southwest, the camp was startled and set to serious and rather solemn guessing by an unearthly sound, such as not a man among us had ever heard before. In tone it was something like the moaning roar of the ocean without its breaks and shadings; but it had more the effect of the thundering of a Niagara when heard at some distance, for it thrilled one and was a sound that could be felt. The sound waves seemed to set the solid rocks and earth in quivering motion, while permeating everything above and below. The rumble and the roar so completely filled the air that no idea of their source or the direction from which they came could be formed.

Sometimes in a vast cathedral the organ unexpectedly sends out its deep bass into the silence and shadow of the vaulted space in long drawn monotone, before its outburst of melody, and that light and penitence and kneeling people alike are roused and manifest a common thrill, enveloped in a moving unknown power. Our earthly vault was high enough, the pinnacles were everywhere about us, the star lights were twinkling somewhere above the clouds and darkness, but this strange sound seemed far reaching and strong enough to thrill them. It might have come to us from any of them, or from a million spheres far beyond our ken, for a thrill was what it was. It was good, but certainly supernatural and inspiring.

A company of less than thirty men might have been picked stricken out of the ranks, during the 24 hours of darkness. As it was, our troops lay in the open, and the sound was heard by all. It was a great thing, and a great thing for the

on their lonely night watches. An old friendly Indian on the following day explained what he said had long been called by his tribe "The Voice of the Mountain." It was very rarely heard and only when the atmosphere was in a certain heavy condition and the wind just right, from a southwesterly direction, to blow up through a peculiarly formed ravine, making of it with its projecting rocks a sort of huge organ pipe.

Indians from other sections had never heard it before and our artful friend passed the word, to reach those in the hills about us, that whenever the voice sounded they must worship it and give heed to any message sent with it from the "Great Spirit." The old Indian had no liking for the wild "bucks" of other tribes that were infesting his long-time hunting grounds and disgracing his domain with their raids and powwows. The tip he gave them was a little joke of his, over which he grunted and chuckled beyond the usual bounds of his grim dignity. That joke was a godsend to us. But for Leonita and "The Voice of the Mountain," playing with Indians among the Big Horn mountains would have ended for most of us before many moons.

We were a tired and jaded lot of cavalymen when we pitched camp at Nugget Creek, but as the early summer days wore on with little but daily drill and routine for exercise the boys had more rest than was good for them. The dull waiting for something to turn up was dispiriting. Every man of us was ready to welcome anything that should break up the monotony of camp life and give some tinge of romance or adventure to it. The romance came very prettily to one of our best men; the adventure horribly to us all. They both came about as picturesquely and as suddenly as anything in the line of the unexpected that ever came out of this region of picturesque surprises.

Langdon was one of the characters of the camp; a handsome specimen of rugged manliness, but giving never a thought to the handsome; rather over-doing the rugged in a habit of trying to make himself appear far rougher than it was possible for him to be at heart or in real act. As a comrade he was quietly companionable, not inclined to talk much; brusque at times in his effort to keep himself free from any suspicion of tenderfoot softness and yet having in his makeup a fine but quaintly hidden vein of sentiment unrecognized even by himself but ready to transform the man of steel into an impulsive soul, when it should be vitalized by the magic touch of a trust and love as yet unknown to him.

For several months a mysterious girl in pretty Indian dress had been seen from time to time by the miners and trappers of Nugget Creek. From her beaded moccasins and daintily embroidered deer-skin leggings to the deftly clustered feathers and flowers that crowned her young queenliness were traces of taste and a rustic sort of refinement that, while not to be expected in this wild life, seemed somehow to fit into it in a way that led one to think of the loveliness possible here more than of the cruelties and horrors among which this fawn-like grace and beauty had developed.

She seemed a happy child of the forest. She fished for speckled trout in the mountain brooks. She combed out her flowing dark brown hair where a clear pool made for her a mirror in a little bondbair among the sheltering rocks, all her own but for the

intrusion of quizzical squirrels and the company of her song bird friends. Once in awhile she would come down to the mining settlement and offer in barter for food multi-colored beaded bits of fancy work. Finally she ventured into our camp selling to the soldiers dainty pieces of her handiwork, which went to wives and sweethearts in far-off homes. She had a pretty way of asking all sorts of questions in a dialect made up of flowery Indian and the jerky patois of the plains with striking suggestions of an inborn element of elegance suppressed but struggling for expression. Her innocent way of asking questions was charming and, as we were soon to learn, successful enough to be satisfying to a Sherlock Holmes.

Just where she lived no one knew. There was some curiosity about it among the miners but they were not venturesome enough to pry into her home life, after hearing a report made by a trapper of what he had seen up in the mountains. He told of having stumbled across a sort of cabin or thatched hut and wigwam combination up in the "organ-pipe" ravine. Near it was a queer little arrangement of stones and bark that looked as though it might be a child's playhouse, only that there were enough Indian emblems of the "Happy Hunting Grounds" around it to make it seem to him a ghostly sort of an affair; some kind of a shrine or miniature temple, more inviting to a laid-out Indian than to a white man still caring for his scalp.

He discovered it one night about candlelight. Suspicious of Indian traps he had watched it from a safe distance until he had seen the mysterious girl, alone in the solitary spot, flitting about and going through a simple form of wildwood worship. There was a little broken chant, a quieting vesper song like that of a robin, a slight and graceful figure kneeling at the shrine, an upward glance, a kiss lovingly thrown by a little brown hand toward the evening star shining over the tree tops. Then she went into the hut and brought out a pale bluish light and fastened it on a cross of white birch over the little playhouse or temple. The old trapper watched her until he saw her return to the hut and the golden light of her evening lamp was shining out brightly from the unpaned window of her mountain home; then he reverently turned away, mystified and strangely moved, with eyes moistened, perhaps by the rising evening mists, and went down into the valley.

Over in the mining camp a rumor was current that the body of an Indian, a medicine man, one of the leaders supposed to have the power of driving away evil spirits and controlling the winds by arts of magic, had been shot a few months before and his body carried up into the ravine and hidden. Mystery and superstitious dread became the protectors of the child of the forest. She came and went as she liked unmolested.

Langdon had won a great reputation as a scout. In numerous cases of his own planning he had been so successful that the officers had come to think of him as capable of doing his best work when left to do it in his own way, without orders or special instructions. He was regarded as a valuable and trusty "free lance." So he was permitted to leave camp, with his rifle as his only companion, about as he pleased. He seemed to have a fondness for adventure and risk unshared by others. It was noticeable that this peculiarity had grown rapidly since the advent of the mys-

terious girl, though apparently he had had but slight glimpses of her and these only in her few and modest trading camp visits.

Early one sultry evening, just after the lowered flag had closed a monotonous day of camp life for us, Langdon started out on one of his independent scouting trips, as though in search of a suspected enemy. There were signs in wind and cloud that a heavy storm was brewing, and as we found out afterward Langdon's expedition this time was far from being one of military duty. Before he reached the ravine dark clouds had gathered in the west and settled on the mountains; lightning was flashing through the tree tops and thunder was cracking and rolling fearfully among the hills.

"The little thing may be frightened down there in the ravine," he said to himself; and when the storm broke in its fury Langdon was doing guard duty on a rock that overlooked a wigwam-hut where a golden light was burning and a queer little annex over which a pale bluish light hung like a beacon.

In the glare of the lightning Langdon's quick eye caught sight of a huge cat-like form crouching on a ledge overlooking the hut. Suddenly there was a lull in the storm and in the darkness two little balls of fire were glistening in line with Langdon's rifle-barrel and then went out—followed by a vicious snapping of jaws and an unearthly howl, as a panther was dropped within fifty feet of where the golden and the pale bluish lights were burning. Terrified by the crack of the rifle and the howl of the dying panther the girl in the hut sprang to the entrance with a cry of alarm, only to be met by a big strapping fellow in dripping uniform and trappings of a scout.

"Pardon, little girl," he bashfully said, "I did not think to fright ye so, but the crectur had not the sense to go quietly like and my rifle never knows how to speak low even in the presence of a lady. But no harm will come to ye now; the storm and the dark are going and the moonlight comes to make ye happy again. Good night." And he would have gone but for a little trembling hand that touched his arm and a tender voice that reached a manly heart almost bursting and quieted its tumult, as the moonlight was charming the wild turmoil of the night into a scene of peace and beauty.

Out under the fragrant pines, as the stars were coming out and twinkling brightly like jewels newly polished by the breaking woolly clouds; out there in the moonlight with her hand resting confidently on the arm of her protector the child of the forest told her story. The scout listened in amazement as she told of how she herself had gathered up the ashes of the old medicine man, carried them from the place of the funeral rites up into this hidden spot in the ravine and since had watched over them in her own way. She had kept the pale bluish light ever burning, as a beacon and as a signal of remembrance towards the "Happy Hunting Grounds," of which her lost friend had often told her. The old Indian had been to her like a father. She had lived with his tribe since a baby when, as the old squaws told her, she had been spared in a prairie settlement massacre and brought into the far west.

The Indians had been kind to her, her life so far as she knew about it had been happy. But there were longings in her heart and an unsatisfied something.

An old woman, part Indian, with a drop of white blood in her, had cared for her from childhood and now visited her from time to time, her only guardian since the medicine man had gone to the new hunting grounds. She wondered where that place of delight was, somewhere far above the mountain tops it must be, up by the evening star and near the crescent moon, on which the hunters hang their powder horns when the nights are dry. If she only knew where it was she would like to go there too, on a floating cloud, some twilight time when the sky was pretty and the birds might fall asleep with her.

And so she told her story. When Langdon asked her name she said, "Why, don't you know, I'm Leonta? I found out *your* name the first day, when I sold you the shell charm you're wearing near your heart. Leonta watches over the medicine man, she follows her handsome scout man too. Langdon did not go to the 'Happy Hunting Grounds' that night when 'Will-o-the-wisp' led him away from 'Hawk of the Mountain's' trap. You never knew about it? No? The white man knows so much! Does he know the love of Leonta?"

Then tossing back her unbound hair and drawing her hand wearily from his arm and rubbing it across her throbbing temples, as though tired of it all and ready to surrender, she confessed herself a spy left in the ravine to locate the supplies and weak points of the mining settlement and to keep watch of the coming and going of the troops.

"And now, kind sir," she said with a brave little mingling of defiance and love, "you can take me down to camp a prisoner, on your big shoulders if you will, or drag me like a wounded panther; but Leonta does not howl, neither will she scratch and bite." She will only save your life and the lives of the men and women and pretty little white babies in the camp, that's all, for you have been very good to Leonta. The good, wise medicine man told me how to speak a little as you speak, but you don't speak many words, do you? You think much; speak little, more Indian than Leonta is, she guesses. And the medicine man, he says the red man and the white man are all children of the "Great Spirit," and for Leonta to save 'em all from killing when she can, and he told me he would help me from the "Happy Hunting Grounds," when I called to the "Great Spirit."

"But you will not leave Leonora, you will not leave her now. Yes? You will. You would desert your love before you would your army." Brave man, but you will desert neither, then we will be proud and happy and you will love Leonora best of all." Suddenly she sprang up before his hands from his reddish-bronzed face, as he sat silently with bowed head, and kissed him.

transfigured in a halo of the golden light from within into a queenly form of supernal grace and beauty.

The moon went behind a cloud. The golden light within the hut grew dim. The pale bluish light still shed its cold and lifeless rays over the little play-house shrine. A falling star flashed across the sky and vanished. A whip-poor-will uttered its plaintive note of sympathy; and Langdon walked slowly down the mountain-side like a man in a dream with the light of his life gone out.

Orders had come in that night for us to break camp. A serious attack was no longer feared, but we were to leave a squad of picked men with the miners as a precaution. Langdon was one of the men detailed to remain. In breaking camp next day Langdon performed his duties in his usual systematic way, but there was something about his sudden changes from deep seriousness to an unnatural hilarity and wildness of manner and talk that was quickly noticed by his comrades without the slightest suspicion of its cause. When one of the men said to him, "Old man, what's queered you? You look as though you'd lost your best friend"; his reply was simply, "Perhaps I have."

They little knew of the terrible conflict going on within the tried and trusted scout; the struggle between a newly born love for a woman and his long-time reverence for military duty. He knew the latter called for his giving warning before his comrades marched out of camp; and for his bringing the little spy in the ravine to hasty court-martial trial for her life. The thought of what she had said about her saving the lives of the unsuspecting people was constantly in his mind.

The touch that had transformed the man of steel into an impulsive soul caused him to have more confidence in the protecting power of the child of the forest than in that of the disciplined sons of battle, about to march out of camp and withdraw their strong protection from the settlement. The old, old miracle beautiful and divine had been wrought again, even in the mountain wilds, and faith in a worthy love had become his ruler and his guide.

And so it happened that late at night, hours after the troops had been withdrawn, there was another storm at Nugget Creek; this time a storm of burning arrows and poisoned arrow-tips; a rattle of musketry and a shower of bullets; the flash of powder and the glitter of steel; the smoke of burning and a moon hidden by a cloud of man's making, a cloud hanging low in the heavy air of the sultry night over a field ripe for what seemed must surely be a scene of bloody carnage.

As yet there had been no loss of life, though buildings were catching fire on every side. The Indians had commenced the attack in the most terror-striking of their many ways; with an outburst of horrible yells from the surrounding woods followed by long distance shooting of burning arrows, in the effort to bewilder and unnerve their victims and unfit them for defense against the coming onslaught of pillage and plunder.

The moment for onslaught had come. The painted fiends were springing out from behind trees and rocks on every hand. With only a little squad of dismounted dragoons on hand, the settlement was practically defenseless. The hopeless settlers were gathered in a bunch with the few armed men posted in a

circle around them, awaiting an awful fate though determined to defend themselves as best they could to the bitter end.

The fearful yell of the exultant Indians was at its highest pitch. Tomahawk and knife were flashing close at hand in the light of burning homes. Suddenly from out the darkness of the woods there appeared a lithesome form swiftly running among the warriors from band to band, swinging a pale bluish light as a signal.

The storm was hushed by the magic of the child of the forest. After running entirely around the little guard of dragoons to signal the enemy in every direction, she sprang upon a rock in the open between the foes and stood an angel of command and peace. A clear voice was heard, sweet and never-to-be-forgotten music to the terror-stricken settlers, saying, "Leonita brings a message from the spirit of the old medicine man in the 'Happy Hunting Grounds'. War between the red man and the pale face is over!"

The braves paused for council. A little band of men, women and children as hostage prisoners, Langdon among them, was led outside the settlement. Away from Leonita's magic spell it seemed as though the most fiery of the wild young bucks could no longer be restrained. The prisoners seemed doomed to horrible massacre. Even the mystical child of the forest, as she darted out of the darkness again, was losing her power over them; when suddenly, as they were drowning her voice with renewed yells, she once more swung the pale bluish light and cried, "Listen! the voice of the 'Great Spirit' speaks *now* with the voice of the medicine man! 'Vengeance is mine; sacrifice no life, lest I bid the mountain fall upon you and bury forever my cherished tribe!' Listen, braves! Harken to his voice!"

The wind was from the southwest and the great organ pipe of the ravine was sounding "The Voice of the Mountain" in solemn and awful warning. The entire band of redskins fell prostrate on the ground in terror-stricken worship and obedience.

Langdon, overwhelmed with mingled thankfulness and love and reverence, stood silent and alone; as one by one the Indians warily arose and stole quietly away toward different mountain paths. The prisoners unharmed, after hysterical but deeply loving demonstrations of gratitude to their angelic little deliverer, were hurrying joyfully to their homes and their friends, who were easily putting out the fires started in the settlement, when Leonita, in tender womanliness but with the grace and dignity of a princess seeking her king, glided up to Langdon. He felt a light touch upon his arm and a bird-like voice sweetly brought him out of his bewilderment.

"You would not desert your friends in peril," she said in faltering words. "Now they are safe, tell Leonita true, is it better for you that she should go back and care for the light in the ravine? But now, Leonita is so tired,—so—tired," and the bird-like voice was silent. Instantly the little spy was an unconscious prisoner in two strong arms.

The mountain organ-pipe ceased its roaring; the smoke-clouds vanished; the moon and the stars came out again. The scout and his willing little prisoner walked together away from the camp and up to the rock in the ravine where he had kept the storm watch over her wigwam-hut. There in the moonlight they talked it over; and when it was known to her that her

imprisonment and enshrinement were to be forever, she sweetly bowed to the inevitable.

With her calm but radiant face upturned towards his from between bronzed hands that adoringly fondled her silky brown hair still interwoven with feathers and flowers, she said quietly, as if with perfect confidence in the guiding power of her love so wildly but so purely and so nobly proven, "Come, and we together will go out into that new world of my mountain dreams and find my prairie home; then

you will take me to a good harbor on the sea. We shall be happy, and you will never be ashamed of Leonita, though once a child of the forest? No? Then we will say good-bye to the Big Horn mountains. We will leave the pale blue light well trimmed and burning here; the golden light will burn brightly for us always, in castle or in wigwam home. In the Indian summer time, when the hunters' moon is shining, my great big scout man will be made my king."



"GOOD-BYE TO THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS?"

Jim Bludso.

(Of the Prairie Belle.)

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.

Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his cheeks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—they engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here in Pike.

A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the Pilot's bell;

And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats have their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last—
The Movaster was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed,

And so she came tearing along that night—
The oldest craft on the line,
With a niggard squat on her safety valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash, she turned and made
For that willer bank on the right.

There was running and cursing, but Jim yelled
out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'
boat,

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.

And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestack fell
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint, but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentleman
That wouldn't shook hands with him.

He seen his duty, a dead sure thing
And went for it thar and then,
And Christ ain't a gon' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

"GOD'S ACRE" BEAUTIFUL.

Significant and Artistic Emblems in a City Churchyard—Statuary of Classic Model—Unsullied Nature in Rare Beauty—Celt and Puritan in "Cedar Hill."

Written for The Hartford Monthly

By WILLIAM J. BAILEY, President Hartford Gaelic Society.

IT was neither the solemn and beautiful thoughts which found expression in Gray's immortal elegy nor yet the cheerful contemplation of death induced by Bryant's "Thanatopsis" which led me from an aimless walk through a leafy lane into Cedar Hill cemetery. It was the un-

were in its native land marking the last resting place of "a true Irish king." Not only in contour but throughout is the cross of the strictly old-Irish type. There are four different Celtic designs upon its shaft, arms and circle—those peculiar, simple-appearing, yet complex Irish designs that suggest



THE CELTIC CROSS IN "CEDAR HILL."

expected sight, amidst surroundings so foreign in atmosphere and in nature's garb, of an object wrought by human hands that reminded me forcibly of my native and ancient Monasterboice and of the modern national Pantheon of our country in Glasnevin.

I had never heard of a Celtic cross in this region, but there on the crest of a hill of velvety green sward the familiar pointed top and the encircled arms of what surely must be a Celtic cross stood against the horizon. A closer view revealed that it was, indeed, a Celtic cross of the olden type—of majestic proportions but of the graceful outline and chaste designs that seem to have been inseparable from the handicraft of the early Celts—standing with face toward the rising sun, as if it

at once the attainable and the infinite.

The name upon the cross was Morgan, a Celtic name it is true, but one long a native name hereabouts and in any event more common amongst the Cymric or Welsh branch of the Celts than amongst the Irish, whose pride is, or rather ought to be, the possession of the vastly largest share of those Celtic crosses and other artistic remains of their advanced civilization, when Greece and Rome had become memories and before there was any other civilization in Europe that sought expression in enduring monuments of art or of literature.

Further to the north a smaller but beautiful Celtic cross stands mutely eloquent, sentinel over the "narrow cell" of a Goodwin—a name Saxon enough in all sooth to suit the late historian, Edward Free-

The Broken Chrysalis.

Dedicated to Mae McElwain Rice, a Wellesley girl, whose mission of beautiful charity work in this life was suddenly changed to a higher mission in the life beyond.

May the sorrowing find something to comfort, the joyous nothing to sadden, in thoughts of the broken chrysalis.



A sculptor, skilled and patient and unerring, moulded forms of grace and beauty and placed them in one of the humblest of his many mansions,—the school, the crucial studio for his divine creations. Into these forms he breathed a life eternal; and they were called souls.

Graces of faith and hope and charity were bestowed upon them, and the blessings of sweetened memory and undying love were theirs. And all their steps were forward, ever progressing toward a perfection only known in realms beyond, where welcoming lights were shining for them, as home-lights shine for loved ones on the way.

The warmth and the coldness, the light and the shadow of the world were to fall upon them; and so the tender-hearted sculptor clothed them in garments chrysalid that should protect them in their journey here below. And as the inner life in growth was shaped so the chrysalis became "the matrix of the soul."

But men's eyes were holden that they could not see the soul within, only as glimpses of it were given as it showed in the sweetness and music of life, in simple deeds of kindness, in daily duties well performed, or in acts of heroism or of love divine. And men came to love the outer form and to mistake it for the soul within.

The master, with the chiseling and the burnishing of an all-wise loving hand, developed the inner form until it was fitted for the work and place he had prepared for it in another of his many mansions. The touches of the sculptor's hand, as he wrought, made the form within strong and glorious, while causing weakness and decay and scars to show upon the outer form.

AND on some day (how little should it matter when if only the place and cause be worthy of such transformation) each chrysalis yields to the blooming of the soul—and is not as before; sometimes lingeringly, as the flower pines and droops in shadow; sometimes quietly and naturally, as thistledown is turned from ruddy glow to white and floats on peaceful waters or is by summer breezes gently wafted over hill and dell; sometimes suddenly, as when a star in wondrous beauty flashes its heaven-lit smile and in radiancy is lost from our horizon.

With the budding of spring, the bloom of summer, in the golden harvest time of autumn, in the purity of winter snows; in the tender promissive light of dawn, in the glare of noonday sun, in the benedictive twilight of the evening star, in the quiet sublimity of the midnight moon—at all hours and in every season the chrysalis is broken and the perfected creation of the sculptor, which our poor, earthly, tear-dimmed vision cannot see, is freed from its imprisonment and is guided lovingly by angel hands to its home among the blest, to the dear ones who have gone on before.

The chrysalis, white and broken, its beautiful mission ended and needed no more by the one it has served so sweetly and so well, rests sacredly, whether in secluded, guarded bowers where cherishing hearts are wont to fondly turn, or alone on desert drear, or in the moving bosom of the sea—rests ever as in “the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,” for nature’s guardian and nature’s God abideth everywhere. And the loved one continues its never ending mission in higher spheres, in a world of pure delight, where the sculptor’s light and smile ever fall upon and make radiant his own and ours.

In olden times men could call this transition only death, and the world was filled with mourning and despair. The sculptor pitied his grieving children and on one glad day came from heaven to earth; and as a baby in a manger, and as brother, friend and savior lived among men and, in the most cruel and the grandest breaking of the chrysalis the world has ever known, showed men how to live and taught them the meaning of their transition by his own.

He told them of his many mansions; that they should be with him again and be like him. He left them tearful and despairing and then came back to them and walked with them and talked with them and supped with them and tarried with them when the day was far spent. They knew him in the same dear old familiar ways, but never again with a trace of sadness or forboding on the glorified face.

So shall we know him, and so shall we greet and know our loved ones there. And we shall clasp them to ourselves again and see them as we knew them here below, only as they *really* were and are; no longer as through a glass darkly, but face to face—the renewed and beautified chrysalis to be broken nevermore.

RECOMPENSE FOR FARM IMPROVEMENTS.

Its Importance in Promoting Agricultural Interests—The Farmer Needs Help and Encouragement to Make Permanent Improvements on The Mortgaged Farm—Features of Gladstone's System of Recompense That Could be Profitably Considered in New England—Value to the State of Improved Farming Property—Story of Brave Struggle in a Hill Town Family.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By EDWARD ASAHEL WRIGHT.

THE mortgage without recompense for improvement is a sombre cloud that for long years has been forming, gradually but with constantly increasing density, over our agricultural regions, until today it casts upon the farming towns of New England one of the most discouraging and sadly blighting shadows that this fair section, so blessed in natural attractions, is suffering under. It has smothered the hopes and ambitions of an army of brave-hearted men and women, who were fitted by a noble inheritance to be the perpetuators of New England's honorable prestige. It has driven out a multitude of her disheartened sons and daughters from farm life to other occupations and to the building up of other communities.

The principle of the land-tenure system in Ireland, before Mr. Gladstone took up the subject of its reformation, was different from that of our mortgage system chiefly in that the occupant of a heavily mortgaged farm in New England may hold a title in his own name and be a nominal owner. In some cases he has a possible but almost hopeless chance of some day becoming the veritable owner of the property he has improved. The title is too often of no real meaning or practical value to the impoverished farmer; he is sacrificing himself and his family while struggling for a sentiment. The payment of interest in this case is practically the same as the payment of rent, with far more grievous anxieties and wearing responsibilities.

In Ireland the tenant hired the land perhaps in an unimproved state, worked hard upon it and developed it up to a producing capacity. The landlord could then raise the rent. The tenant could pay the higher price on improvements made by himself or be evicted, receiving no recompense for completed improvements or improvements under way.

With us the farmer buys a piece of land, thinking he has money enough or can see enough ahead to warrant him in making needed improvements. He finds he needs more money. The savings bank, necessarily conservative and wisely so, makes a small loan and takes a first mortgage on the farm at the legal rate of interest. A little later more money is needed. The local "shaver of notes" or the foreign agent sees an opportunity and takes a second mortgage at the legal rate of interest—and a "consideration," the latter for obvious reasons not a matter of record or publicity. The farmer struggles on and improves the farm. But the time comes when he, like the sufferer across the water, can either make impossible payments or retire, with no recompense for improvements made by himself.

The one great Teacher, who thoroughly understood human nature, has told us of a certain unjust

steward who said within himself long ago "I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed."

The Jewish steward in the realm of Jerusalem and the Yankee middleman in the vicinity of Boston have a thing or two in common, though their methods are reversed. The latter does not of his own accord shave notes backward. But he cannot or will not dig; and he has no idea of begging. He lets the farmer debtor do the digging under a mortgage at interest satisfactory to the holder of the bond and for "considerations" so adjusted as not to shock the modesty or openly offend the majesty of the law.

At last there comes a day when the ploughshare is broken in the furrow. The man with the mortgage in his hand cannot, or feels that he need not, dig. So the farm is classed among the "abandoned," and the "decadence" of the hill town is noted and deplored.

"I love your majesty according to my bond; nor more nor less." The average farmer overburdened with bonds of this kind, which keep constantly before his mind only visions of black disaster where should be inspiring hope of profitable crops and encouragement for larger and better cultivation, will come to love his farm and be stimulated to improve it, or inclined to let it run down to worthlessness to his bondsmen and to himself, according to his mortgages.

If he must err in the matter of brain, muscle and money expenditure, he will not be wholly unmindful of his present personal comfort and the future balance of his own profit and loss account. He was brave and loyal to his trust when hopeful; he is longsuffering and patient; he always will be human, with the rest of us, while struggling on the earth and with it and trying to get the most out of it for himself in the easiest way.

The story of many worthy but disheartened farmer families runs something like this. Three generations ago Harrison Bronson bought a farm and paid for it. The land was fairly good, lying chiefly on the desirable southeastern slope of a town on the hills noted for the sterling character and intelligence of its people. To improve the property a small amount of money was raised and a first mortgage given. Mr. Bronson was a good farmer and a good man. He prospered. The family name was established and honored throughout that section of Vermont. His son Harrison was given a good education and a training that fitted him for valuable citizenship.

Harrison II, excellent in mind and heart, remained at home to take care of the father and mother and to run the farm. He read and studied matters per-

taining to farm improvement and development as he diligently worked at the cultivation of the soil. He became a local authority on the retical and practical farming. He and his wife were hospitable in their inclinations, to an excess perhaps, but not extravagant in regard to their own simple pleasures. Their comfortable house was always open to their city relatives and friends, who were not always thoughtful in recognition of delightful hospitalities accepted rather freely. Sometimes their city friends would send them sweet letters and photographs of themselves and of city attractions in payment for a visit of several weeks, with their "dear country cousins."

As Harrison II advanced in years the farm showed signs of wear in spots and the buildings became somewhat disjointed and shaken. He clearly saw how by the use of his own knowledge and a reasonable amount of money the farm could be made more profitable and permanently improved. Through a city broker he was supplied with a little money from time to time to meet urgent necessities, but never enough at any one time to warrant the undertaking of improvements that the farmer knew meant the future profitable life of the farm. These insufficient loans eventually covered the property pretty well with mortgages.

Harrison III, an only son, was a splendid young fellow physically, mentally and morally; a noble type of the best of New England's young farmers, in lineage, in training and in purpose. He was ambitious to go into a broader and more promising field of agricultural work than the debt-burdened homestead could give him. The opportunity came and a flattering offer was made to him. With a brave spirit, but with an aching heart, he declined the offer and gave up his ambition, from a sense of duty to his father and the home.

The father in his declining years can look back upon a useful and honorable life but one which would hardly be called successful, from the world's most common but wrong standard of success. The son, now in the prime of a farmer's life, but past the days when he could with safety to his growing family give up the home and venture upon a new start, is struggling hard and bravely on an impoverished farm, working by the day for others when he can spare a day from his own routine, in the effort to pull through and provide his family with the necessities of life.

Harrison III is practically a hired man, while nominally the owner of a farm. There is no good or insurmountable reason why that farm should not be as profitable as it was in the most prosperous days of the family. It never was to any degree a competitor with western grain fields. Refrigerator cars do not run within miles of it. Beef and pork were never regarded as its important products, excepting for home consumption. The crops for which it was best adapted are still in good demand. There was never a more industrious or intelligent member of the family acting as its owner.

While there is no good reason why the farm is not today what it should be, there is a cause and a very plain one. There is no future recompense in view to the hardworking man for improvements that he could make upon the property, the need of which is so sadly apparent to him and so hopelessly hamper-

ing him. To the holders of the mortgages, the farm is but a side issue, a plaything or a somewhat expensive luxury possibly, and they take little interest in its development, seldom give the place a careful thought, excepting when dictating impractical suggestions or when eating or drinking some choice product from it in their city homes.

This is a story of real life in a New England hill town. It is a very simple story, perhaps not very interesting. But there is the sacrifice of worthy ambitions in it, and back of it the tragedy of many lives. It illustrates one source of the disheartenment that has much to do with the decadency of farming towns.

The answer to a request for recompense for unexhausted improvements by the mortgagor of course would be that he has had the borrowed money and used it, that he has the right to sell and that his recompense is to be sought in the equity above the mortgage. He understands all that; but he also understands human nature and knows how equities above a mortgage fail to materialize when poverty cripples and creditors pinch. He knows that a forced sale means a slaughter of equities to an honest poor man and the capturing of his recompense by some other more fortunate and perhaps just as honest man.

The evicted tenant in Ireland lost the money and labor expended on unexhausted improvements. The farmer in New England, owner by courtesy and tenant by force of circumstances, in the case of foreclosure may count upon losing not only years of toil and some money expended for improvements but also his fortune great or small put into the purchase. By the foreclosed mortgage the New England farmer may lose something very tangible in the way of money and in addition a heritage or an acquirement, the value of which in its associations cannot be estimated—his home, long cherished it may be as his father's, his own and his children's. The evicted tenant in Ireland lost a lease—the use of a hired place.

The complaint of the tenant in Ireland changed a government, was heard across a sea and stirred a warmhearted continent; the complaint of the New England farmer mortgagor has rarely been heard beyond the threshold of his bedroom, in his nightmare of foreclosure, and has seldom disturbed his nearest neighbor.

The average eviction of the Irish tenant system was a cruel injustice. The foreclosure of a mortgage need not be an injustice necessarily, but it becomes a great wrong when no recompense is received for evident and important improvements, which have permanently enriched the property.

As Edward Everett has said, "The obligation to redress a wrong is at least as binding as that of paying a debt."

In the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1875, the parliament of Great Britain, aiming to secure compensation to the farmer tenant for improvements, the benefits of which at the expiration of the lease had not been exhausted, divided the work entitled to recompense into three classes. The features of this classification in general would be applicable in the United States as well as in Great Britain, at

least they suggest a form of recompense worthy of consideration.

The first class included drainage, the erection of buildings, the construction of fences and bridges, planting orchards and hops, reclaiming waste lands, etc. The tenant was required to have the landlord's written consent to the improvements in order to establish his claim for compensation. The amount of compensation fixed upon for this class of improvements was a sum equal to the amount of the original expenditure less one-twentieth for every year that had elapsed since the outlay. The whole benefits of improvements in this class were considered as being exhausted in twenty years.

The second class included certain of the more permanent forms of soil enrichment, by bones, etc., benefits of which were considered to be exhausted in seven years. The compensation in this class was an amount equal to that expended less one-seventh for each year that had elapsed.

The third class included more temporary fertilizing than the second class, chiefly artificial or purchased fertilizers and special feeding of cattle. This class of improvements was regarded as exhausted in two years, and a sum representing the fair value to the incoming tenant was its compensation.

Mr. Gladstone's first great achievement in land reform for Ireland was the Landlord and Tenant Act of 1870. Under this act the commissioners of public works in Ireland were permitted to loan money to landlords for the payment of recompense for improvements and to tenants for the purchase of their holdings. In the case of the tenants the amount so loaned could not exceed two-thirds the price and was to be repaid within thirty-five years. The amount of annual charge was practically an interest of five per cent. This act provided for recompense to the tenant, not only for improvements made by himself but also for those made by his predecessors in title.

In reference to the purchase of holdings by tenants in Ireland it may be well to remember the fact, not generally understood in our country perhaps, that by such purchase is meant the buying of a tenancy and not the actual ownership of the land. No such thing as the absolute private ownership of land is recognized in the United Kingdom. The crown is there the real owner of all lands ultimately, and a subject can hold no higher land interest than a tenancy. The fee simple, which is the largest estate known under the laws of the United Kingdom, amounts in reality to only a holding, the owner of the fee standing in the relation of tenant to the lord.

The land-tenure act of 1881, known as the Land Law for Ireland, aimed especially to establish fair rents, free sales of holdings and fixed tenure. This act went further than any previous act in reducing the number of unjust evictions, and provided for fixing rent charges by judicial authority.

A striking illustration of the public benefits to be derived in any community or country by encouragement of agricultural interests can be found in the remarkable promptness with which the farms of Ireland responded to the helpful action of parliament. A study of Irish agricultural reports for 1881 shows that in that year, when it was known or believed that the Land Law would be enacted and

enforced, there was in Ireland an increase of ten thousand acres in the grain acreage over that of 1880; an increase of thirty-four thousand acres in potatoes and of eighty-nine thousand acres in clover and other grasses. The land under permanent pasture was diminished one hundred and seventy thousand acres in 1881, while the cultivation of crops was being so promptly and largely extended.

State aid or special patronage is not a popular idea with us, and wisely so as a rule. But the state has a right to regulate land matters as well as to make laws and provisions for corporations organized within its limits. It would seem that land, which cannot be increased or diminished in extent, but which can be immeasurably increased or diminished in value, thus affecting to a degree of vast importance the literal commonwealth, its resources and its income through taxation and other channels, should be peculiarly the state's carefully nurtured and encouraged protegee.

It would certainly seem to be within the province of state legislation to establish some carefully prepared system of recompense to the mortgagor for unexhausted improvements of farms. A form of mortgage could be prescribed by the state, in which the terms of recompense under the adopted system should be clearly stated. This might be made a requirement for the legal recording of the mortgage.

If going still further in a modified land reform course, in our case better called an agricultural encouragement plan, the state could advance money for purchase and permanent improvements, it could protect itself by claims on the real estate. In the case of farms falling into the ownership of the state in this way, they could be held as state reservations. A large number of farms, in a most humane and profitable way, sociologically profitable at least, could be cultivated by charity and reformatory labor.

This would be a most just and practical step toward removing the cause of complaint made by various trades concerning the encroachments of labor in state penal and charitable institutions. It would provide a helpful and uplifting occupation for a large number of people dependent upon the state, or under its intended reforming care. Farms thus inexpensively and charitably improved could be sold again by the state at advanced prices, in good cultivation.

It may be said that the crown owning the land in the United Kingdom, it is more natural for it to advance money for land improvement than it would be for the state to do so, not being the owner. But the state has a certain right over and an important interest in the land within its domain, inasmuch as it can sell real estate for taxes.

In states having vast area of uncultivated land the plan of agricultural encouragement suggested might be wholly impractical, owing to small population as compared with the area. But in a state like Connecticut with its five thousand and four square miles and fifty thousand of its population engaged in agricultural pursuits, and well distributed generally speaking, or a state like Massachusetts, with its area of eight thousand, one hundred and seventy-seven square miles, this objection would not apply.

It was a very simple but far-reaching thing that Mr. Gladstone did with the land-tenure system in

meet; faces unkempt, filthy garments, slouching around as though they were fragments of the windy city itself and not human parasites. One in particular I noticed, had a head shaped like a cobblestone, hair arranged like a well used door mat, a beard of many weeks, hat tilted far back on one side, a coat of a ridiculous fit, tinted green by the sun, poker-dotted with grease spots, one coat-tail longer than the other. This individual, wobbling from side to side, smiling and halting occasionally to gain his equilibrium, had suspended from either arm a basket containing bottles of beer; a common Sunday morning sight.

After service I started for the Academy of Fine Arts. Before entering the building I heard a band strike up an unusually gay tune for a Sunday. A parade was coming up the avenue, streamers flying, bunting waving and no end of commotion. As it passed I noticed that most of the paraders wore badges, and a great number were already intoxicated. It was a labor parade and bade fair to end in disorder.

In the Fine Arts Building hundreds were enjoying the masterpieces. On my way home I saw paraders returning, fatigued but joyful after a long march, groups of a dozen or more staggering to the time of drum corps, halting at the open cafes; many I saw complied to policemen while crowds urged the captured ones to fight. Disgusting sights could be

seen on many corners. On Sunday evenings crowds could be seen wending their way to the theatres which were running in full blast. Our star, Miss Allen, never permits a performance on Sunday.

The week following we were traveling to Des Moines, Iowa, through extremely flat country and farm-lands, spotted with herds of cattle, with but a scant scattering of trees to relieve the barrenness of the plain. Near the tracks here and there were the crude wigwams of tawny Indians, lighting up the view with brilliant color. The sunset over this scene I shall never forget. Purple coloring lit up the sky and sent the landscape off into darkness, pools of water reflecting this gorgeous light, marking the gloomy ground with strips of fire. I worked late into the night to put onto paper this inspiring scene, allowing nothing to interrupt my labor.

But with all these impressions still fresh in mind, I venture to say that the artist need never leave our beautiful state for material, for in the valley of the Connecticut and on the bordering hillsides and along the little streams flowing into the rivers, all of which waters are ever seeking the majestic sea tides of Long Island Sound, in its setting of green-clad banks and varied shores, a rare wealth of nature's beauty and inspiration can be found without long miles of wearisome travel and nights in sleepers after hours of footlight glare.



A TENNESSEE TWILIGHT.

Water Color by S. D. Lindsay.

Jeweler The inscription you wish engraved on the inside of this ring, I understand, is "Marcellus to Irene?"

Young Man (with embarrassment)—Yes, that's right. But don't cut the "Irene" very deep.

—*Tit Bits.*

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the reply.

—*Tit Bits.*

The Poet (insinuatingly) —Don't you think we would make a good couplet?

She (cooly)—I'm not a verse.

—*Brooklyn Life.*

Rosemary—Should you call young Mr. Callowell clever?

Marianne—Clever? He doesn't know enough to turn around when he wants to go back.

—*Life.*



USE OF PICTURES IN A MODERN LIBRARY.

Illustrations Cut from American and Foreign Periodicals and Mounted for General Use—Sought By All Classes and Ages, from Doll Dressers and Kindergarteners to Society Leaders and Scientists—Interesting Account of The Origin and Development of this Valuable Idea in The Hartford Public Library.—“Groups” For Special Literary, Mechanical and Art Purposes.

Written for The Hartford Morning Post.
By CAROLINE M. HEWINS, Librarian.

IT was in California, fifteen years ago, that I first saw mounted pictures as a part of a library's equipment. The Los Angeles Public Library, which had had to work out many problems for itself on account of its distance from library centres, had utilized the illustrated papers that had been too roughly handled to bind, by cutting out the pictures and mounting them on heavy board for the use of schools. The idea seemed good for eastern libraries with small incomes, and when our library was made free the next year, we began in a very small way a collection of pictures that now numbers several thousand.

We had a great many numbers of Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, The London Graphic, and Illustrated News, and duplicate or worn out magazines. They were looked over and marked by some responsible person who understood the needs of the library, and cut at odd times in the reading room or by a kind friend outside, who used to come every two weeks with a carriage and take home all that could hold. The pictures were mounted with rubber paste in each corner on tough Manilla paper cut to order, 11 x 14 inches. They were then placed on like books and sorted.

The Library has a large two-story building with a steel door, but not many valuable things in it.

and the large collection of books. On the floor there are many mounted pictures that are kept for help to students.

We have a collection of pictures of soldiers, soldiers and sailors, of ships and submarines. The collection also has pictures of children for kindergarten teachers, of college customs and costumes, of Christmas and other holidays for schools.

In science we have pictures of the elements, of earthquakes, of flowers, of insects, of fish and higher animals, and of the human body.

Pictures of machinery are made of wood, and are a main feature of the collection. They are not only in a bound in general, but also in the books, and the pictures are a main feature of the collection.

The finest department is of course the one that draw upon the wall, and the pictures went out of the library. The history of the country is a main feature of the collection. The pictures are a main feature of the collection.

We have a collection of pictures of the human body, and of the human body.

Some of the pictures are of the human body, and of the human body.

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collection is costume. The Library has a few works on the subject, but it is always easier to handle loose sheets than a heavy book, and any number of them may be taken out at once. Recent demands for costumes include an Italian of the fifteenth century, a pioneer, a Viking, Robin Hood, a gentleman of 1837-40, a Jewish ambassador at the time of David, a gentleman of the time of Addison, an Iroquois Indian, the Merchant of Venice, costumes of the late fifties and early sixties, Mrs. Shakespeare, the wife of Columbus, colonial dress, a footman of the time of Louis XIV, Puritans, Breton peasants, and the Prince in Cinderella.

Views of different countries are of great use in geography lessons, and are carefully classified. Portraits are alphabetized so that they may be found at once, and members of royal families are put under the history of countries to which they belong. A collection of pictures of knights and armor is often sent to schools.

Besides the mounted pictures, there are two collections in boxes. One is of portraits of distinguished persons, living and dead, and places connected with them, in boxes labelled with the letters of the alphabet. These boxes are drawn upon when picture-bulletins are made for birthdays, holidays and current events. The other collection is of the works of artists, alphabetized under their names, that can be used when asked for, but are not mounted because they are too small to fill a sheet.

Some of the requests for pictures lately made and filled are: The Cornice Road; the Capitol

building, Havana; the torch of wisdom; a piece of coal; boats used in early navigation of the Connecticut; statues in New York; pictures of the officers of the Confederate blockade-runners Atlanta or Sumter; halftone prints of all kinds of boats in action; wood-sorrel; working drawings of the telegraph and graphophone; heather; Scotch thistle; working drawings for a young boy building a gasoline motor; a picture of an old loom; building-plans for an ice-boat; a color study of trout; pictures of cooks, cooking and eating in all times and places, to illustrate a stove catalogue; cranberry growing.

If we do not find a picture in our classified collection, we look in magazines and books, and if we have to send away a searcher unsatisfied, make a note of his request with the hope of some day discovering what he is looking for.

The Normal School students sometimes come to us for "groups" of pictures. That is, in giving a lesson on the wind, they like to be able to show illustrations of sailboats, windmills and trees in a storm. We have never kept a collection of these groups, but think that it could easily be made with duplicates of what we already have, although it would not be best to change our present arrangement if we had only one copy of each picture.

It is not as easy as it seems to classify pictures. It is one of the tests which the head of a training-class for librarians has often made to find out whether her pupils' minds worked in an orderly manner or not, and whether they had the power of association.

Sunset at Buzzard's Bay.

By EDITH L. PHELPS.

In amber glow the daylight fades
And restful calm our spirit thralls
The sun dips down beyond the bay
And tranquilly the evening falls.

So fall the evening of our life!
With naught of grief or somber gloom;
And fragrantly, with those we love,
May ever fresh our memory bloom!

Hartford, Conn., August 29, 1906.

Dayspring.

By Ethel L. Dickinson.

Finger of God on the gates of dawn;
A Presence the whole earth fills;
Fainter the glow of the quiv'ring stars
That watched o'er the sleeping hills.

Finger of God on the heart of man;
A message thrilling its night;
Morning of faith in the soul ashine—
Thank God for His blessed light!

Hartford, Conn., Aug. 27, 1906.



TURNING AWAY FROM TEMPTATION AND "BARBED WIRE."

In The Theatres

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please must please to live
—Dr. Johnson

WHAT THE AUDIENCE OWES TO THE ACTOR.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By HENRY MCMAHUS.

DOCTOR Johnson never wrote a truer statement than is expressed in the caption which has been selected as the maxim of this department, and when we consider it as the expression of a great truth rather than an example of well-turned rhyme it impresses on us our duties as auditors quite as forcefully as it describes the necessities of the actor.

Since by its patronage the audience is the real controlling element of the theatre, we become but little better than dishonest if we consider that we have done our entire duty when we pay the price of admission and neglect our subsequent responsibilities; for we owe to the actor something more than the percentage of the entrance fee which he receives from the manager as his salary. As this debt cannot be paid in minted metal or printed paper, it may prove profitable to reflect on just what it consists of and how it can be most justly discharged.

If the reader is one of that class of theatre-goers who vows with blatant arrogance "I only go to the theatre to laugh," he will find more congenial occupation than finishing this article, for he has either never recognized that he is in debt to the actor or else he is wilfully withholding his payments. In either case he is neglecting a duty he incurred by the purchase of his ticket, for the payment of money implies an obligation; as no honest man can give his financial support to an object and withhold his conscientious approval.

While the promotion of laughter is a function of the theatre, it is by no means its essential province, since the stage, properly conducted, is the greatest educational force of the times.

What more accurate indication of the minds, manners and morals of a community can we have than the plays which receive its support? And why are the homes of burlesque located near the slums, while the temples of the drama occupy the principal thoroughfares, if the theatre is not the intellectual weather-cock of the public's mind?

As these facts are obvious, what the audience owes to the actor becomes of more importance to him than the question of whether it shall laugh at his comedy, cry at his pathos, applaud his success or hiss his failure. Of course it should manifest its appreciation of faithful and painstaking efforts and its approval of work artistically presented, because applause is not only an acknowledgement of thanks but an inspiration to the actor to attain greater merit. It should, the management to the contrary notwithstanding, express its displeasure in any legitimate and dignified manner. But the verdict in either case should be a just and honest decision.

To disassociate the personal from the impersonal the part he assumes, and judge his work by the measures of truthful comparison to nature and the canons of dramatic art, is a more difficult task than would at first glance seem apparent, yet this is what the audience should do as well as the critic. Loyalty to one's favorite actor is a commendable quality, but it should not be allowed to influence the judgment of the auditor into assuming the error that his performance is excellent when he fails to reach the standard the performance calls for.

If one's favorite comedian should essay Hamlet, his judgment might be questioned and the new trend of his ambition deplored, yet should such a performance be presented it would be the manifest duty of the audience to judge it by the spirit and traditions of the part, rather than by their recollections of the actor's past work. Yet how often is this done.

How often a popular actor is miscast in a part unsuited to his talents. A few enthusiastic admirers applaud him to the echo, and the unthinking audience taking up the applause render a verdict of approval on a bad performance. Unless the actor is more than human his own doubts are swept away and he goes on doing himself the injustice of playing a part he can not realize. And so a period of his theatrical life is wasted, because the audience was beguiled into following the friendly impulse of his unjudicious friends, instead of paying the debt which the audience owes to the actor.

On the other hand a young girl with a dramatic instinct is forced by necessity to play a small part, like as not she may have but one scene, but she plays it with the very essence of sincerity. She has no "friends in front," and although the audience may as individuals enjoy her performance immensely, yet if no one starts the applause her excellent work does not meet its full recognition. In this case the thoughtless lack of sympathy and discrimination by the audience as a whole, has deprived the actress of her just deserts and failed to put budding talent on the road to success. Again is the audience called in its manifest duty to the actor.

Clara Morris once said: "What the theatre really costs is a society, not the promotion of applause. Being an actress with a competent stock of knowledge and professions, I undoubtedly receive more applause, and therefore could be paid more money, if I were able to play the stage as she does. I have, however, every playgoer in my mind, such as you, with a membership of one hundred dollars, without a cent, by which I receive new suggestions, new ideas, and bring more than one's strength to the work."

If you will remember that the theatre is not for you, the concert is only the stage and the stage is not occupied that the actor may receive the applause, but that the actor may receive the applause, the stage is not occupied that the actor may receive the applause, the stage is not occupied that the actor may receive the applause.

ing disapproval and that your opinion is as much your property as is your hat, to be exchanged only for a better one, your duty as an auditor becomes apparent.

First, discrimination; second, applause where it is deserved, *always*, putting aside the false modesty which fears to be alone in its approval; third, censure as fully expressed by silence when the actor forgets the dignity of his calling, or fails in due respect to himself or his auditors; fourthly, fifthly and lastly, applause, applause and again applause *wherever* it can be fairly given. It is the great inspiration of the actor, and the auditor by freely paying this,

his most important debt, encourages and fosters and improves the art which gives him joy.

Imagine, if you can, what a delightful gathering such an audience would be for the actor to play to with each one sitting on his own little wool-sack dispensing judgment without fear or favor. Think what a reputation such an audience would give to a city and the wonderful performances it would enjoy.

Then the simple direct truth, which is the beginning and end of the art of acting, would be universally recognized as the standard of judgment and the occupation of the critic would be gone; while in his place would be a theatre full of critics paying the debt the audience owes to the actor.



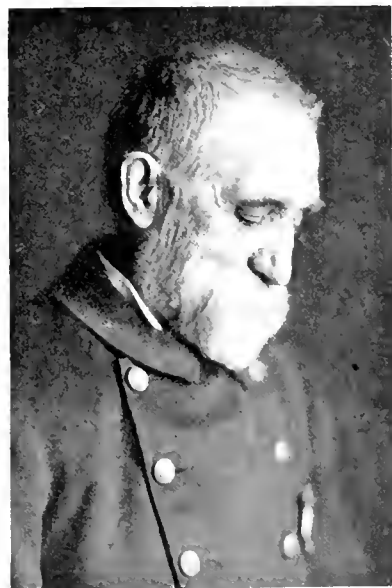
"Give me a man whose heart
Is filled with ambition's fire;
Who sets his mark in the start,
And moves it higher and higher.
Better to die in the strife,
The hands with labor rife,
Than to glide with the stream in
an idle dream,
And live a purposeless life."

FROM time to time a community recognizes a character, which seems to be especially intended by some wise creative and developing power to live and work as a model in its calling. Whatever the calling may be, whether in professional, business, trade or official circles, or in the ranks of more obscure and general workers, there is always to be found the man or woman who, apparently without effort and wholly unconscious of the fact, represents the best of his or her class and upholds the standard of its highest ideals and possibilities. The influence is most frequently a silent one. It may come from noble responsibilities simply borne, or from simple duties nobly performed; in either case, whether fully recognized or not, such an influence always, in the divine plan of progress, exists in every worthy calling and dignifies its duties.

Herbert E. Tinker, policeman, was such an influence in Hartford's police force. He had been a member of the force for thirty-three years, when suddenly he was "called aloft" from his faithfully maintained post of duty. Through all these years he had served the community efficiently and with unfailing fidelity, leaving a clean record and an enviable reputation as an officer and friend among his comrades and throughout the city, where he had for so long been a modest but a familiar and admired character.

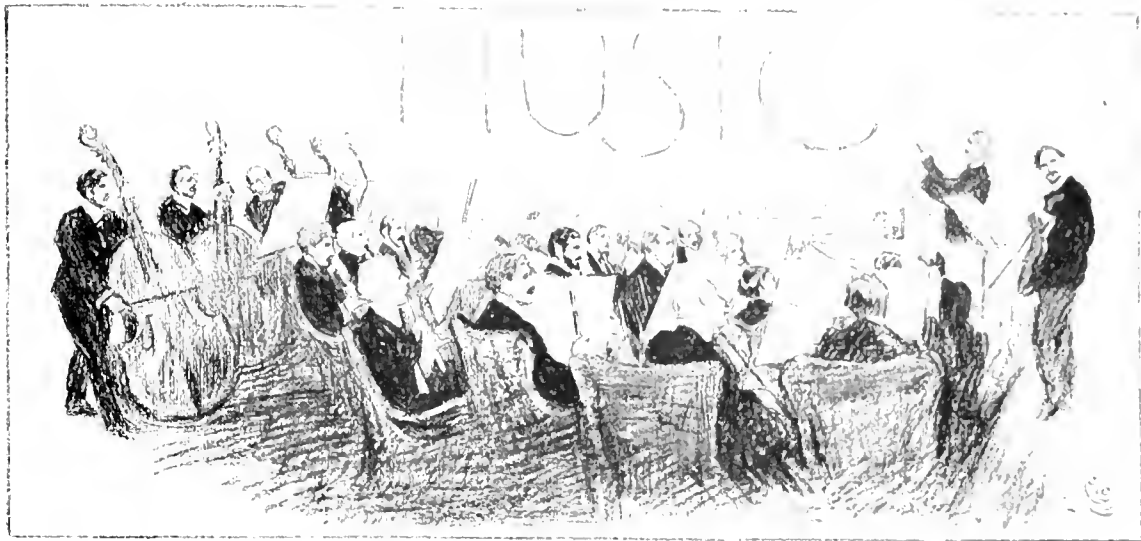
One day in July we went to police headquarters to ask Officer Tinker's permission to publish a reproduction of his photograph, and so met him for the first time. Through his natural modesty he hesitated about it, but upon being urged he somewhat reluctantly consented, with the condition that his name should not appear in print. The portrait was published in this magazine without comment, other than

what the title implied. Debarred from using his name, we at that time, in the first hour of acquaintance with the veteran officer, felt that the manner of the man and the expression in the picture justified



"OF DUTIES WELL PERFORMED."

his being looked upon as one who could well and happily be thinking "Of duties well performed;" and so that title was placed under the picture then as it is now, when his faithful service is ended.



ORCHESTRAL TENDENCIES.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By JAMES BRITTON.

MUSIC, like architecture, presents to its American followers the conglomerate influences of European creation. The German Wagner, and the Russian Tchaikowski not only dominate programs but mislead students of composition into the heavy, stilted atmosphere of passionate complexity, finding authoritative companionship in the extravagant fancies of Debussy, Max Reger and Vincent D'Indy, far from the simplicity that inevitably marks a primitive art effort. In defence it would be consoling to know that American orchestras recognized that a great mission consisted in discovering and propagating the better work of native composers.

The thing is too exclusive. There should be something attractive to the general public.

Imagine the impression made upon a man of little musical experience at a symphony concert in any large city. Everything but the patronage is foreign. The man who takes the risk walks about with a mighty air though worried to death for his profits, for the conductor like a superb prima donna must have an enormous salary. When the music begins it sounds well enough but it very soon becomes more involved until the poor man, unaccustomed to listening to seven different melodies running together, lost in a maze of tone, gives himself over to despair. During the intermission lovely women chatter comparisons of Beethoven and Wagner and contrast the interpretation of a severe, scholastic Gerike with the reading of a fervid, romantic Nikish. Then comes a concerto in which the executive talents of a renowned soloist astound the simple-minded. Perhaps a nauseating suite by Grieg follows or a symphonic poem by Liszt or one of his followers.

Why could not a place be found for something that would appeal to all? Any American song is worth all the Grieg in Scandinavia. "M'dlle Modiste," frivolous and gay, has more vitality than old "Peer Gynt" naturally, she is more attractive, and being companionable need not lack character.

Simple tunes being easily understood are remembered and carried from one to another, and the best

of them surviving become part of the life of a people and express perfectly the native character.

This folk music has furnished subjects for the finest symphonies. From Haydn to D'Indy, composers have shown a sympathy for the popular voice by incorporating into the most deeply learned and profound musical fabrications the simple and homely songs beloved of their kind. Intellectual force and sentiment combine then to produce a characteristic music, while the composer retains the peculiar traits of weakness and strength that critics term "individuality."

In the very beginning the symphonic form was perfected by a common peasant, Josef Haydn, who through a life of triumph, honored by kings and populace, maintained his humility. Never once did affectation sway him, recognizing the pure field of music he invented ever more beautiful combinations of instrumental tone, with every symphony broadening the form, going further in development, becoming more ingenious in the design of figuration; but remaining always faithful to the songs of his people, which with the pure melodies of his own creation form the foundation of all his symphonic work.

The history of the modern orchestra begins with Haydn. In the orchestral work of Bach and Handel instrumental possibilities were not divided.

A clavichord composition by Bach possesses much the same character as an orchestral concerto or an organ fugue. Always contrapuntal, too much concerned for line to worry about color. Many of the instruments used by Handel are now obsolete, while the orchestra of Haydn is the basis of the orchestra of the noisiest modern.

For thirty years Haydn wrote symphonies for Prince Paul Esterhazy, whose private orchestra he conducted. At first only oboes and horns were used with the strings. Later bassoons, flutes, clarinets, trumpets and drums. As each instrument was added Haydn composed parts so fitting in character that forever their particular effectiveness was established. To this day composers study the scores of Haydn with profit. Wagner and Tchaikowski admitted the debt. During these thirty years (1760-1790) Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert wrote their symphonies, all based on the style of Haydn in form and

general style though the spirit is as different as could be.

Beethoven, who studied with Haydn, wrote only nine symphonies, which proved quite enough, for having written masterpieces in the seventh and eighth, he falls in the ninth into the mood of the "Eroica" and the over-expressed fifth, and like Wagner in "Parsifal" clothes decrepit ideas in heavy enveloping orchestration.

Schubert's ninth symphony in C major, one of the greatest of all symphonies, completely outranks his other orchestral works, of which the "unfinished" in B minor, totally unworthy of such an artist, still finds admirers. Mendelssohn came next, whose "Scotch" symphony is representative, then Schumann and Brahms, who though romantic, was the last symphonist of decided classic leaning. After Brahms in Germany came Bruckner, Richard Strauss and Mahler. Strauss and Mahler still living, represent the extreme modern taste. A symphony by Gustav Mahler had to be given up because no one in town had strength enough to beat a colossal drum, which with the thunder machines this modern tonist assails the ear drums of concert goers.

In France Berlioz and Caesar Franck are the most conspicuous symphonists among the older masters and Vincent D'Indy of the new. In Russia Tchaikowski, Glazounoff, Rimsky, Korsakoff and Arenski have written symphonies. Rubenstein whose tendency toward the classical disgusted his countrymen, wrote the "Ocean" symphony.

What of American symphonies? "How absurd!"

The Hartford Philharmonic has given many of the finest works of the masters, some of them conducted by Mr. Paine, others under the direction of Mr. Camp.

The coming season at the first concert Mozart's E-flat symphony will be played. Ossip Gabrilowitz will be the soloist, playing Tchaikowski's concerto in B-flat minor. This young pianist thus carries the work of his people into a foreign land. We like to hear good pianism, but we would be more interested if the inspiration found expression at home.

Are the pianists timid or are the powers slumbering? Gather encouragement from the announcement of Edward MacDowell's pieces and the "Indian Suite" to be played later. We hope also to hear a composition by Mr. Camp, though as yet none is announced. The orchestra remains in personnel much the same as last season, with the exception of Mr. Carl Bigge whose health makes it necessary for him to retire. Mr. Bigge will be missed from the violas, where he has done serious work.

With the Philharmonic concerts and those of the Boston orchestra, with Dr. Karl Muck, we shall not lack orchestral enjoyment. If at the same time some little glimmer of a musical idea should show itself, bring it forth and let time decide its final worthiness, and perhaps the day will come when the idea of an American symphony will not be an absurdity.

With Copley, Sargent, Homer Martin and the ether Whistler America takes an exalted position in art. Why should music stay below. Let there be less worship of fiddlers; more respect for an idea however humble, and don't imagine because we

praise a certain Sargent at the expense of a poor Rembrandt that Rembrandt suffers! No amount of skill in painting will make up for what a man lacks in spirit, through no fault of his own, nor will any amount of dexterity in a musical executant have the value of a pure thought in a composer.

If music promoters would make programs with more care, interest in good music might be more general, more liberal and less expensive.

Renewal.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By CAROLINE E. CLARK.

One word of praise,
One fragrant flower,
One ray of sunshine,
One precious hour,

One tender song,
One jewel rare,
One page of thought,
One child's prayer,

One kindly glance,
One sweeping view
Will compensate
And make life new!

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 14, 1906.



It is distrust of God to be troubled about what is to come, impatience against God to be troubled about what is present, and anger at God to be troubled for what is past.

—Bishop Patrick.

FRUIT CULTURE IN NEW ENGLAND.

Increasing Export Demand for Fruit Grown on High Elevations—Profits from Apple Trees—The Sheltered Slopes and Hill-sides of the Connecticut Valley and Western Massachusetts Peculiarly Desirable for Fruit Culture—Hints About Locating and Caring for Orchards.

Written by J. C. HARTLEY, Montreal.

THE large and increasing commercial demand for apples, especially those adapted to export trade, is favorable for New England. Fruit produced on high elevations is growing in popularity, in the export and wholesale domestic trades as well as among consumers, on account of its good keeping qualities and richness of flavor.

One of the most profitable things, but one most universally neglected on the average New England farm, is the winter-apple tree. Under fair treatment an apple tree will in many cases yield a crop that sells at anywhere from \$6 to \$12; sometimes for much more than \$12. The writer knows of a tree forty years old the product of which on an "off" year, was eighteen barrels of Baldwins, which sold for \$3 per barrel.

Forty or fifty trees can be grown to advantage on an acre of land. The labor required is not of the most arduous or wearing kind; the expense of cultivation is not necessarily great; there is not the annual risk of seed and high-priced commercial fertilizers involved in crops wholly dependent for profit upon a favorable season. What other cultivation offers such satisfactory returns for so little labor and expense and at so small risk?

April is the best month for planting fruit trees, certainly in the uplands of New England. There is a difference of opinion among authorities as to the best time for planting fruit trees generally, some claiming fall to be the most desirable season; but where sudden extremes of cold and winters of severity are to be expected the best time for planting is unquestionably in the early spring. Trees planted in the spring seldom suffer from the fatal or permanently injurious effects of bursting bark, to which a tender tree planted in the fall in cold regions is always liable through the action of early and severe frost.

Apples of greater or lesser value can be grown in almost any soil, the success as to both quality and quantity depending not to so important a degree upon the soil in the case of apples as it does in that of many crops. Proper drainage and cultivation count for much in fruit culture, and through these agencies many soils otherwise unfit can be made suitable for the satisfactory growth of an orchard. Stagnant water either at the roots of trees or on the surface of the ground will act like a poison upon fruit trees and in a short time destroy their growth and productiveness.

Many of the slopes and sheltered hill-sides of the Connecticut Valley and western Massachusetts are peculiarly well adapted to fruit culture, for several special and very important reasons. These sites furnish usually a natural surface and underground drainage, while at the same time the abundant springs generally to be found supply water of most desirable quality for irrigation, where irrigation may

be needed. Then again, it is now conceded by the highest authorities that the very best soil for apple culture is to be found on lands that have previously been occupied by forests, where good drainage has been provided by nature. Here is to be found just the kind of soil most desired—that which furnishes the plant foods best adapted to the healthful development of the tree and to producing fruit of the most perfect formation, of the finest coloring and of the choicest and most characteristic flavor.

If the land has been cleared of the forests in recent years it is all the more desirable, and a value is added, making the soil just about perfection, if it has been burned over while a considerable amount of hard wood and brush was on it, for hard wood ashes form the best known fertilizer in fruit culture in most cases. Of course the qualities already in the soil or needed by it have much to do in determining what fertilizer is most desirable in particular cases. Thoroughly rotted barnyard manure and unleached wood ashes are the best fertilizers that can possibly be used in an orchard, and if either or both of these can be obtained in sufficient quantity there is no need of considering any other fertilizer. Each of these has its especially desirable features; as a preservative of moisture barnyard manure has a very desirable quality which ashes do not have. Ashes provide a lasting fertilization, such as cannot be expected of manure. Both contain the best elements for plant growth, the latter in the most concentrated form.

Next to these fertilizers in value comes the decaying growth of clovers, etc. During the first few years the custom of raising in the orchard some crop to be harvested, like corn or potatoes is not injurious to the trees but on the contrary is very helpful to them as it assures a repeated cultivation of the soil and considerable fertilization. It also tends to keep moisture in the ground and, in the case of corn raising, to afford some protection to the tender tree in the first year of its new life from wind and excessive heat. But after the trees have obtained a good growth and their roots have become widespread no crops should be sought for in the orchard excepting the fruit from the trees. The clover or other growth should be left to rot on the ground, to enrich the soil and help it in retaining moisture.

The question of locating an orchard as to exposure is one that has been much discussed. There are widely different opinions as to which exposure is the best, many authorities advocating that the trees should be planted where they will be least exposed to hot winds and scorching by the sun. In New England trees are not so likely to suffer from over-warm atmospheric conditions as from cold north and north-westerly winds. Undoubtedly the most favorable sites in this locality are hill-sides on moderate slopes facing easterly or southeasterly.

The large amount of wood cutting in recent years among the hills bordering the Connecticut Valley has partially cleared large tracts of hillside lands that could now be used to profitable advantage in apple culture. So many tree tops and so much underbrush have been left on these woodlands that if they were burned over large deposits of ashes would be left, which would prove of inestimable value when plowed into the soil for orchard cultivation.

A great variety of apples is already successfully grown in this section, even with little or no cultivation. Among the most successfully grown perhaps are the Baldwin, Northern Spy, Red Astrachan, Rhode Island Greening, Ben Davis, Gravenstein, Jonathan, Tompkins King, and Spitzenburg. These are all popular in market, either for the domestic or export trade, in some cases for both; at least they are favorites in the Boston market, and Boston is holding a place well to the front as an apple market, especially for export. The increased interest now being manifested in apple culture in New England will result in establishing more systematic and satisfactory methods for disposing of the product than the farmers have had heretofore in this section. We believe the New England Homestead, a good authority on these matters, has also expressed this opinion in stating some of these facts.

Most of the uplands among the New England hills are natural producers of hardy fruits, and yet in no suitable section of the United States has the cultivation of fruit received so little attention in the past as in the northeastern states. Much attention, however, has been turned in this direction in recent years by prominent pomologists; and considerable capital has been invested recently in important fruit raising industries in this section, notably in New Hampshire. Capitalists are now looking into this industry as a promising channel for the profitable use of money. Those studying into the matter for the purpose of investment naturally are not making their intentions and plans widely known; but it is a fact, known to a number of men prominent in agricultural affairs, that capitalists in Boston and vicinity during the past three years have been arranging plans for utilizing large tracts of land in the neighboring hill sections for fruit culture in the most modern and approved methods. A wealthy gentleman in Lowell four or five years ago had fifty acres on high lands in New Hampshire set out with fruit trees, in accordance with his knowledge of the increasing demand for fruit raised on high elevations and the best ways of laying out an orchard. He has since visited some of the localities in western Massachusetts bordering the Connecticut Valley with a view to locating orchards in this very desirable section.

The portion of the Connecticut Valley where Hartford and the adjacent towns form a companionable and mutually interested group is highly favored as a locality where fruit culture can be developed easily and most advantageously. South Glastonbury has a national reputation in the fruit nursery line; and among New England fruit raisers it is fully realized that much of their best encouragement and practical information has in recent years come from that fruitful town on the eastern bank of the

Connecticut. The peach, apple and small fruit orchards of Farmington, where there is one peach orchard of five thousand trees and of Cromwell, with those of other adjoining towns, in their successful cultivation and satisfactory yields indicate the fruit culture possibilities of this section of the Connecticut Valley.

THE ART COLONY AT LYME.

Written for The Hartford Monthly
By LILLIAN BAYNES GRIFFIN.

FOR many years, the little towns and villages on the coast line of Connecticut have been popular resorts of the artists. Chief among them the little town of Lyme, nestled among the hills at the mouth of the Connecticut River. It was to this quiet little New England village that Henry W. Ranger, Louis Cohen, Arthur Dawson, and a few others fled eight years ago in search of new and unpainted material, and it was here that they and the men who followed them found the subjects that have made many of them famous. Over eighty well known painters have made Lyme their



DINNER TIME AT "THE HOLY HOUSE."
Photo for the Hartford Monthly by John R. Baynes.

stopping-place since then and quite a number have there built or bought permanent homes.

The headquarters and the place where a majority of the artists make their home, is at Miss Florence Griswold's old colonial mansion. It was built nearly a hundred years ago at the end of the elm-arched street that runs through the village.

Miss Griswold's house accommodates about twenty painters and their families. It is surrounded by a beautiful garden through which runs a trout brook whose banks are lined with willows. Miss Griswold's house has more than local fame. It is known from the east to the west coast as a gathering place for artists; and people drive for miles to obtain permission to walk through its fine old rooms and see the souvenirs that are left on its walls by men of note. Every panel in the old doors has been decorated by the brush of some well-known man or woman, and after these were all filled, a wainscoting was built around the dining room where new men might leave an example of their work.

In the garden adjacent to the house are the studios of the painters. There are some twelve or fourteen

of these in all, and they have been occupied from time to time by famous men. Across the meadows to the right of the front door are the twin studios built by William Henry Ranger for himself and Louis Cohen. Since Mr. Ranger left, his studio has been occupied most of the time by Henry Poore, the

On the east end of the road buy of Mr. Dawson's is the home of Edward K. Keck, who has made his home in Lyme for several years and is one of the few men who remain through the summer. On the lower road which runs parallel to the Lieutenant River are the homes of Clark Voorhees, whose oppo-



SOME OF DUMOND'S PUPILS. A WAYSIDE CRITICISM.

Photo for The Hartford Monthly by John R. Baynes.

animal painter. For a short time it was the camping ground of Miss Matilda Brown, the cattle painter, and later became a workshop of Mr. Robert Nesbit, the landscape painter. In the rear of an old-fashioned garden behind the house, where the paths are lined with phlox, foxgloves, bachelor's buttons, and other old-time favorites, are the studios of Walter Griffin and Childe Hassam; and opposite to these is the studio that was built for Arthur Henry, the author, illustrator, and explorer. Willard Metcalf also has a studio in the same garden, which he keeps from year to year.

One of the first men to buy and build at Old Lyme was Allan B. Talcott, whose winter studios are in the 67th Street studio building, New York. His Lyme home is a remodeled old New England farmhouse, which is built on a beautiful tract of land bounded on one side by the Connecticut and on the other by the Lieutenant River. One of the most beautiful spots in Lyme is on Mr. Talcott's property. His studio is connected with his house. Mr. Talcott is always one of the first to arrive in the spring and the last to leave in the fall. He devotes his time to landscape painting.

William Howe, the cattle painter, the American artist upon whom has been bestowed the greatest number of medals ever given to an American, has a studio in the loft of a barn across the street from Miss Griswold's house. This is Mr. Howe's seventh summer in Lyme. Just beyond Miss Griswold's house, is the home of Arthur Dawson, one of the charter members of the colony, and up in the hills four or five miles beyond are the homes and studios of Louis Paul Dessar and Jules Tureas.

site neighbor is Carlton Wiggin, the cattle painter. Mr. Wiggin's son, Guy, is one of the most promising of the younger landscape painters, and spends his summer at his father's home.

Mr. Frank Dumond has for several years taken the summer school of the Art Student's League of Old Lyme. This year the League School went to



WILL HOWE FOOT'S CLASS.

Photo for The Hartford Monthly by John R. Baynes.

Woodstock, and Mr. Dumond formed a private school of his own at Lyme. Mr. Will Howe Foot, Mr. Henry Poore, and Mr. Willard Metcalf also have classes at Lyme, so that the quarters that were not filled up with artists were by the students.

Keep Close to the Right Kind.

Whatever you do in life, make any sacrifice necessary to keep in an ambition-arousing atmosphere.

an environment that will stimulate you to self-development. Keep close to people who understand you, who believe in you, who will help you to discover yourself and encourage you to make the most of yourself. This may make all the difference to you between a grand success and a mediocre existence. Stick to those who are trying to do something and to be somebody in the world—people of high aims, lofty ambition. Keep close to those who are "dead in earnest." Ambition is contagious. You will catch the spirit that dominates in your environment. The success of those about you who are trying to climb upward will encourage and stimulate you to struggle harder if you have not done quite so well yourself.

—*Success Magazine.*

What Is Said of The Hartford Monthly.

This is the fourth number (September) of the new magazine, and, like the others, it justifies the undertaking.—*Hartford Times*

The editors are fulfilling their promise to keep the standard of stories, criticisms, verse and illustrations in line with the initial number.—Artistically and typographically the September number of The Hartford Monthly is a most attractive piece of magazine making. Besides many excellent specimens of photogravure illustration it contains drawings that will delight art-lovers next to the possession of the originals.—*Hartford Telegram.*

A distinct addition to the literary output of the state is The Hartford Monthly. Its moral tone is excellent. Both in range of topic and quality of execution the newcomer seems to have a field to itself. Hartford always has a greeting for anything that makes for the development and appreciation of its physical, artistic, intellectual and moral worth. Its staff of contributors speaks for the clientele among whom The Hartford Monthly seeks to circulate.—*The Catholic Transcript.*

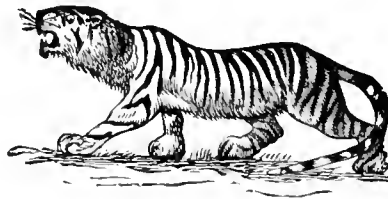
Like its predecessors, the current number is profusely illustrated. In addition to nature studies, new music and sketches, it contains several articles of local color that are of more than local interest.—*Hartford Post.*

Handsomely printed, and well illustrated, containing various matters of interest to the citizens of the city who take pride in its beauties.—*Hartford Courant.*

The magazine has a splendid field to fill and we wish every success to the editors and publishers. It starts out auspiciously and should receive adequate support.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

A bright, newsy, attractive magazine.—The whole magazine is a credit to its promoters and should be generously supported by all persons having any associations with Connecticut's Capital City.—*Waterbury American.*

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CITY GUIDE Police Calls and Fire Alarm

How to Call a Policeman.

A key fitting all police call boxes will be furnished to any reputable citizen, free of charge, upon application at police headquarters, Market Street.

To call a policeman, and for this purpose only, insert key in key-hole marked "Citizen's Key," in center of outside door; push key in as far as possible; turn key to right as far as it will go, or one-quarter way around, let go of key and leave it there. Do not try to open the door nor to release the key; the key once inserted can only be released by a policeman.

Location of Police Call Boxes.

- 12, cor. Morgan and Front Streets.
- 13, " Morgan and Main Streets.
- 14, " Windsor and Avon Streets.
- 15, " Main and Pavilion Streets.
- 16, " Judson and Barbour Streets.
- 21, " Union Depot.
- 22, " Main and Ann Streets.
- 23, " Albany Avenue and East Street.
- 24, " Albany Avenue and Blue Hills Road.
- 25, " Asylum Avenue and Woodland Street.
- 26, " Sigourney and Collins Streets.
- 27, " Farmington Avenue and Laurel Street.
- 31, " State and Front Streets.
- 32, " Front and Sheldon Streets.
- 33, " Commerce and Potter Streets.
- 34, " Main and Arch Streets.
- 35, " Charter Oak and Union Streets.
- 41, " Pearl Street, Hook & Ladder House.
- 42, " Park and Broad Streets.
- 43, " Zion Street and Glendale Avenue.
- 44, " Broad and Howard Streets.
- 45, " Park Street and Sisson Avenue.
- 46, " Park and Laurel Streets.
- 51, " Wethersfield Avenue and Bond Street.
- 52, " Main and Congress Streets.
- 53, " Washington and Vernon Streets.
- 54, " Lafayette and Russ Streets.
- 55, " New Britain Avenue and Broad Street.
- 56, " Maple Avenue and Webster Street.
- 57, " Wethersfield Avenue and South Street.
- 61, " Selectmen's Office, Pearl Street.
- 62, " Trumbull St., near County Building.
- 63, " House of Co. 1st, Bushnell Park.
- 72, " Farmington Avenue and South Street.

How to Give a Fire Alarm

There are 100 fire alarm call boxes in the city, conveniently for use throughout the city. A few of them are "key" boxes, which can only be used to give an alarm. Any citizen can call for a fire alarm.

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CITY GUIDE---Continued.

obtain a key to be kept on hand in case of need, by applying at the fire department headquarters, 43 Pearl Street.

To give an alarm, open the door of the red box, pull the hook to the bottom of the slot once, and let go; then close the door. The key will be released and returned as soon as convenient. Do not pull the hook if the fire bell or the small bell in the box is striking, as that indicates an alarm has already been given. In using the keyless box, when the door has been opened, follow the same directions as given for ordinary box. Private boxes will only be pulled for fires on the premises where located. Always give the alarm from the box nearest to the fire. Key holders, upon changing their locations, will please notify the superintendent of fire alarm telegraph, at department headquarters.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

The numbers given below correspond with the strokes of the fire alarm bell. From the strokes and these numbers a fire can be very closely located, the strokes indicating the number of the box from which the alarm has been given.

- 12, Asylum St. and Union Pl.
- 13, Asylum and Farmington Aves., Junction.
- 14, Walnut St., opp. Chestnut.
- 15, Flower St., front Pratt & Whitney Co's.
- 16, Hook & Ladder House, Pearl St.
- 17, Engine House, No. 4, Ann St.
- 18, Trumbull and Pearl Sts.
- 19, Trumbull and Main Sts.
- 22, Myrtle and Edwards Sts.
- 23, High St. and Foot Guard Place.
- 24, Ford and Asylum Sts.
- 32, Farmington Ave. and Beach St.
- 41, Lumber St.
- 42, Albany Avenue and East St.
- 43, County Jail, Seyms St.
- 44, Windsor Ave. and Florence St.
- 45, Highland Court.
- 61, So. N. E. Telephone Bldg. (Private).
- 21, Asylum and Trumbull Sts.
- 23, Main and Pearl Sts.
- 24, State and Market Sts.
- 25, Engine House, No. 3, Front St.
- 26, Grove and Commerce Sts.
- 27, Main and Pratt Sts.
- 28, Main and Morgan Sts.
- 29, Morgan and Front Sts.
- 213, Trumbull and Church Sts.
- 231, Main and Asylum Sts.
- 241, Market and Temple Sts.
- 251, Kilbourn and Commerce Sts.
- 271, Main and Church Sts.
- 31, Front and Arch Sts.
- 32, Main and Mulberry Sts.
- 34, Trumbull and Jewell Sts.
- 35, Main and Elm Sts.
- 36, Capitol Ave. and West St.
- 37, Colt's Armory.
- 38, Main and Buckingham Sts.
- 39, Engine House, No. 6, Huyshope Ave.
- 312, Charter Oak Ave. and Governor St.
- 313, Capewell Horse Nail Co. (Private).
- 314, Sheldon and Taylor Sts.
- 315, Old Screw Shop, Sheldon St.
- 321, Grove and Prospect Sts.
- 322, Actua Insurance Building.
- 361, Capitol Ave. and Trinity St.
- 371, Edward Balf Co., Sheldon St. (Private).
- 381, Charter Oak Place.
- 41, Capitol Ave., front of Pope's.
- 42, Park and Washington Sts.
- 43, Russ and Oak Sts.
- 45, New Britain Ave. and Summit St.
- 46, Zion St., opp. Vernon.
- 47, Park and Broad Sts.
- 48, Broad and Vernon Sts.
- 49, Trinity College.
- 411, Hartford Machine Screw Co. (Private).
- 412, Russ and Lawrence Sts.
- 413, Putnam St., opp. Orphan Asylum.

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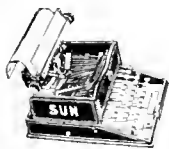
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CITY GUIDE---Continued.

421. Buckingham and Cedar Sts.
423. Washington and Jefferson Sts.
424. Broad and Madison Sts.
451. Fairfield Ave. and White St.
452. New Britain Ave. and White St.
461. Hamilton and Wellington Sts.
471. Engine House, No. 8, Park and Atleek Sts.
5. Engine House, No. 1, Main St.
51. Maple Ave. and Congress St.
52. Wethersfield Ave., opp. Car Barns.
53. Retreat Ave. and Washington St.
54. Wethersfield Ave. and Alden St.
56. New Britain Ave. and Washington St.
57. Retreat for Insane (Private).
512. Franklin Ave. and Shultas Place.
513. Franklin Ave. and Morris St.
514. Hartford Hospital (Private).
521. Wethersfield Ave. and Preston St.
522. Wethersfield Ave., opp. Capitol Park
523. Engine House, No. 10, Bond St.
524. Franklin Ave. and Brown St.
531. New Britain Ave. and Broad St.
532. Julius and Crown Sts.
561. Maple Ave. and Bond St.
6. Asylum Ave., opp. Summer St.
61. Farmington Ave. and Smith St.
62. Engine House, No. 5, Sigourney St.
63. Farmington Ave. and Gillett St.
64. Engine House, No. 11, Sisson Ave.
65. Capitol Ave. and Laurel St.
67. Capitol Ave. and Sigourney St.
611. North Beacon and Cone Sts.
612. Farmington Ave. and Oxford St.
613. Kenyon St.
614. Warrenton Ave. and Beacon St.
621. Cathedral, Farmington Ave. (Private).
622. Woodland St., opp. Niles.
623. Farmington Ave. and Laurel St.
631. Farmington and Sisson Aves.
632. Forest and Hawthorn Sts.
641. Smith and Davenport Sts.
642. Park and Heath Sts.
643. Bartholomew Ave.
644. New Park Ave. and Kibbe St.
645. New Park Ave. and Merrill St.
651. Underwood, Typewriter Co., 581 Capitol Ave. (Private).
652. Electric Vehicle Co., Park and Laurel Sts. (Private).
653. Laurel and Willow Sts.
7. Albany Ave. and Williams St.
71. Woodland and Collins Sts.
72. Alms House (Private).
73. Garden and Collins Sts.
74. Albany and Blue Hills Aves.
75. Vine St., west side, front T. J. Blake's
76. Albany Ave., west of Lenox Place.
711. Asylum Ave. and Gillette St.
712. Collins and Sigourney Sts.
713. Ashley and Huntington Sts.
714. Sargeant and May Sts.
715. Sargeant and Woodland Sts.
721. Vine and Capen Sts.
731. Sargeant and Garden Sts.
732. Garden and Myrtle Sts.
741. Blue Hills Ave.
742. Blue Hills Ave. and Holcomb St.
751. Albany Ave. and Burton St.
752. Albany Ave. and Garden St.
8. Windsor Ave. and Capen St.
81. Windsor Ave. and Capen St.
82. Clark and Westland Sts.
83. Windsor Ave. and Frankfort St.
84. Capen and Garden Sts.
85. Capen and Barbour Sts.
812. Mahl Ave., opp. Arsenal.
813. Suffield and Bellevue Sts.
821. Charlotte and Barbour Sts.
831. Opposite Engine House, No. 7, Windsor Ave.
9. Main and High Sts.
91. Engine House, No. 2, Pleasant St.
92. Windsor and Pleasant Sts.
93. Foot Windsor St., Smith, Northam & Co.

Fire Bell Signals.

Two single strokes is the recall or signal that the fire is out.

Five strokes is the general alarm calling out all reserve companies.

Two rounds of twelve strokes each is the ordinary call.

The fire bell gives one stroke for 12 o'clock, noon daily, except Sunday; and one stroke for 9 o'clock p. m.

Art Exhibition

An exhibition of valuable paintings of unusual interest will be given in Hartford the latter part of October, under the management of F. U. Wells of The Wells Art Company. The exhibit will consist of the paintings of Maria Brooks, the widely known artist and successful art teacher of New York. The place and exact time of opening the exhibition have not yet been determined but will be announced at an early day.

Maria Brooks is recognized as holding a leading position among living women artists and by many is regarded as the most skillful artist and teacher of art, of her sex, in this country; certainly there is none a greater favorite with patrons and pupils. Her pleasing and inspiring personality has had much to do with this acknowledged popularity, while her happy and original choosing of subjects, her charming modeling of them, her artistic technique and her wonderful colorings, tenderly soft and yet bright in tone, have established the value of her pictures and her high rank professionally. She is decidedly of the English school of manners relieved by delightful American social experiences, and her New York patrons are of a discerning class from prominent social circles. Her paintings have won many honors both in the United States and abroad. These professional and social successes have made her artistic career always bright and promising. Of late, owing to the sad misfortune of a broken wrist, she has been compelled to work with her untrained left hand, but is surprising her friends by the wonderful work accomplished under this great disadvantage.

The following is the collection listed for the exhibition and sale. It includes some of her most valuable and noted paintings:

Down Piccadilly, Very Sweet, Shall I or Shall I Not, The New String, Juanita, For You, The Norwegian Haymaker, Isabelle, Gathering Roses, Village of Beauport, The Rev. Morgan Dix, Just Thinking, Study, Two Pretty Ones, Aspiration, Nice and Cool, Shucking Corn, Shelling Corn, Forget Me Not, Candies, I Can Say It, The Picture Books, Going to the Parish Flower Show, After a Good Set, The Foy Seller, Forty Winks, Mental Conflict, Early Summer, Rosebuds, Off to the Dance, Entouree De Rose, A Sketch, The Waylars, The Shell.

ODD FELLOWS' BAZAAR

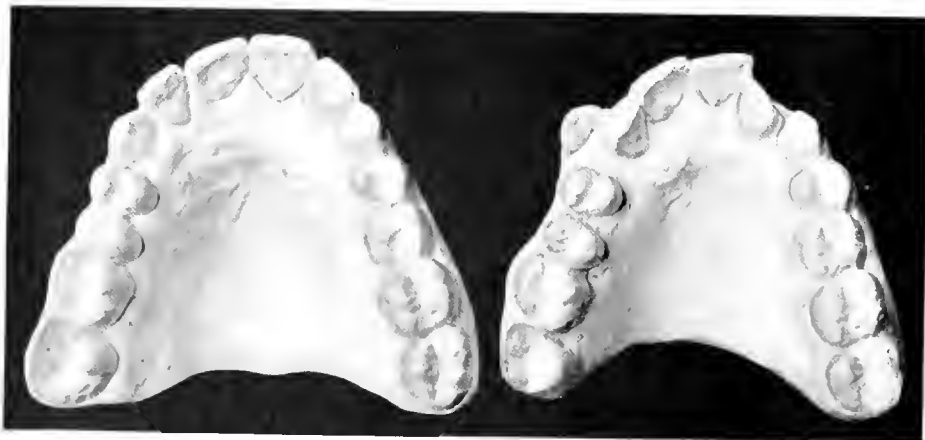
FOOT GUARD HALL, OCTOBER 22-29

The several Lodges and Encampments of Odd Fellows in Hartford have united in holding a Bazaar on a large and attractive scale, for the purpose of raising money for the Temple Building Fund.

Liberal expenditures of money and time have been made by experienced managers to provide a great variety of attractions, and features of unusual novelty and interest are assured. Music will be furnished by The Governor's Foot Guard Band. Season Tickets can be obtained from members of the order for Fifty Cents.

Have You Any Mouth Breathers in Your Family?

This deformity of the upper jaw on the right was a result of this habit. The habit is caused by obstructions in the nose or throat, or both.



To prevent it, consult a throat and nose specialist to the end that the child may breathe in the only proper way, i. e. through the nose.

But, if it has not been prevented, the condition can be corrected, as the cut on the left will show; as they are both from reproductions in plaster of the same jaw. The one on the right was taken in November, 1904, and the other in July, 1905.

For further information in regard to this work call on

DR. ELMER B. ABBEY

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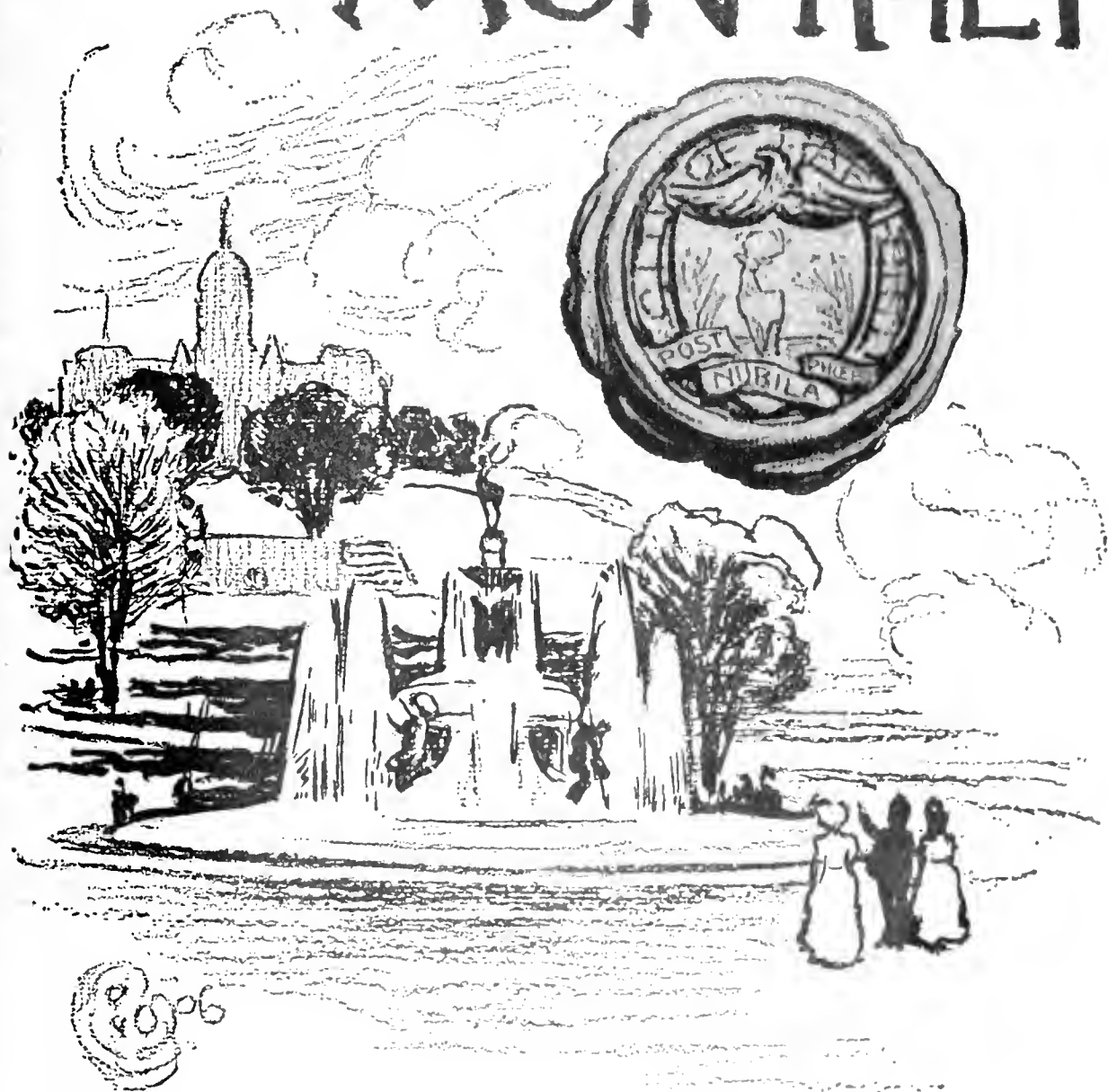
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NOVEMBER, 1906

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THE HARTFORD MONTHLY

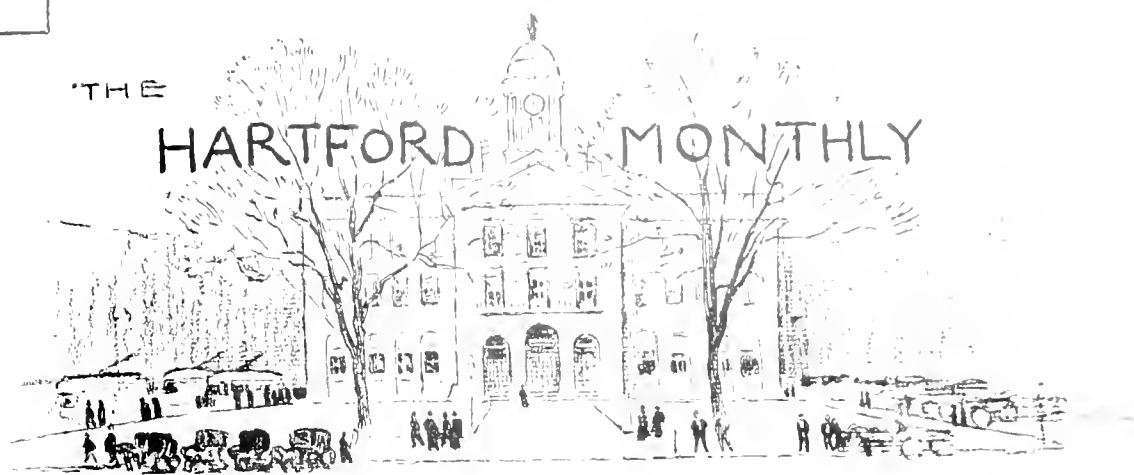


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THINGS, THE BRIGHTEST
AND THE BEST; FIRST, IN THE
CONNECTICUT VALLEY AND
WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS, AND
THEN WHEREVER IT MAY BE
WELCOMED.

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SOME SPECIAL FEATURES
 of the
 November Number.

ILLUSTRATIONS (DRAWINGS) BY JAMES BRITTON

Frontispiece—On The Banks of The Connecticut

Commercialism and Art—Permanent Exhibitions

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks—Illustrated

"Molly, My Queen"—Story of A Home Run, A Mascot and Another Comforter
 By EDWARD ASHLEY WRIGHT.

Mark Twain's Day at Niagara—Illustrated

Some Library Helps—Interesting Facts and Amusing Experiences in Library Searches
 By CAROLINE M. HEWINS.

Self-Education.
 By CAROLINE F. CLARK.

The Consumptive Aid Society—Important Work of the Recently Organized Society in Fighting Tuberculosis
 By JOHN E. GUNSHANAN

Cattle Raising in New England—Improving Conditions—How the Valley and Hill Towns Can Work Together to Advantage—Illustrated

Informal Yankee Fighters—Story of A Yankee Sea Captain's Rooster and Spoons—Continued

The Secret Fraternal Society.
 By WALTER A. ALLEN

How Maude Adams Saved an Enthusiastic Youngster—Illustrated

Reproduction of Paintings by Prominent American Artists—The "Promises of the Future," a Sea Dog's Story—The Boy and the Bear—The Story of the "Hartford" and the "Hartford" Selected Miscellany, etc., etc

Press of C. M. GORHAM

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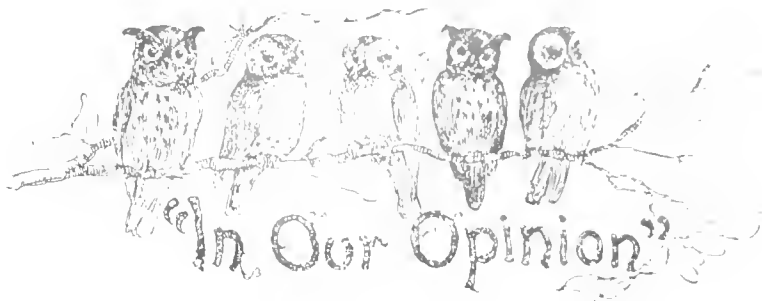
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ON THE BANKS OF THE CONNECTICUT--RIVERSIDE PARK BEFORE IMPROVEMENT.



CITY STREET TREES.

A NEW and very interesting plan looking to the care of street trees has been originated in Hartford this season and is now well under way. A careful inventory is being taken of all the trees on city street property. The work is done under the general direction of Philip Hansling, Jr., superintendent of streets. Alexander Cummings, forester, has been granted leave of absence by the Park Department to look after the work. Every tree is visited by experts, is carefully examined, accurately located and designated by a permanent number.

On sectional maps of all parts of the city the trees and their locations are to be indicated and on a cleverly arranged chart a description of every tree is given in minute detail. The description includes the number of the tree, its name or species, proximity to the curb and property line, diameter, condition of location, trunk and top and specific information as to the care necessary for its preservation, such as spraying, pruning, cutting out, etc. On another chart are given facts from which the value in dollars and cents is estimated in accordance with the most approved methods of scientific forestry.

The trees of only a very small section of the city have as yet been inventoried, the work having been under way only a few weeks. Nine hundred and seventy-six trees have thus far been examined and charted. Through this work many interesting facts will be made known concerning shade trees, their value, qualities and requirements, which will give a basis for determining what expenditure is justified for the proper care of those now growing on city streets and for increasing the number. Many of the trees already charted, according to the system of estimate used, are valued at from \$150 to \$350 each. The largest tree measured thus far is the old elm of historic fame in front of the residence of Charles Noel Flagg, 90 Washington street. It is in good condition and will probably show a value of \$800 or more. It is nearly five feet and a half in diameter.

INFORMAL YANKEE FIGHTERS.

A ROUGH and ready Yankee sea captain, tanned-furrowed and weather-beaten, an angular and observing old seadog, anchored his trading ship in Spanish port some years ago and went ashore to see the fights. Dugested with the one-sided bull fights, including the red and tortured animals were not given a fair chance for their lives, he wanted to be in the

way of anything worth seeing going on in the old town anyway.

He was directed to a Spanish game cock match and informed that this was considered the greatest thing among the elite. He was given to understand that his education would not be complete until he had learned a little about the manly art of self-defense as taught by high-bred, aristocratic Spanish roosters.

He watched the spurring and the pecking for a few minutes and then coolly turned to a group of enthusiastic and wildly excited dons acting like a lot of jumping jacks, and in a tone of utter contempt said, "Call that fightin'? Why, those little dandy birds of your'n are nothin' more than doves, sort of unblister-toed pigeons like, alongside the roosters we have in our country. I've got an old American bird, a furish kind of rooster from Roosterville, Vermont, that can hek the whole kit and boodle of your dandy Spanish games without hali tryin', and he ain't no great shakes of a rooster either, as roosters go where I hail from."

Of course the very Spaniards couldn't quietly swallow this national insult. They insisted upon the sea captain proving his statement and backing it up with money. So stakes were agreed upon and a match was arranged, the sea captain to bring over his American bird on his next trip.

At the appointed time the sea captain and his feathered fighter were on hand. A large audience had gathered to see the conceit taken out of the Yankee. Expectation and hilarity seemed to be at their very highest pitch, but hilarity rose even several degrees higher when the captain placed his warrior in the arena. It was a small-sized American eagle. Spaniards didn't know quite as much about the American eagle then as they do today. They laughed uproariously at what they called the Yankee rooster, and had lots of fun over his bold and combless head, his crooked back, his clumsy body and feather-covered legs.

But time was called and the gay, blooded game cocks were brought out with their dandy feet, ears, their polished bills, their pointed legs, their black spurs and well-learned fight. The American stood most stately dignity on one of the indifferent spectators all the while, protesting that his own rooster was a good deal better than the cock of the Spaniards. He was not a little surprised when the American eagle, after a few minutes' waiting, suddenly sprang upon the back of the first of the game cocks, and, with a few quick pecks, killed him.

At this the sea captain turned to the crowd and said, "That's the way it goes with the

though he was looking beyond his surroundings—had no special interest in trilling local matters.

Suddenly it seemed to dawn upon him that these warm and peculiar demonstrations might not be friendly. After considerable meditation and immediately following an unusually sharp clip from a spur, he suddenly grasped the situation and at the same instant grasped a Spanish game-cock by the backbone with one of his huge taloned feet, tread on him, held him down and reaching out his other foot deliberately pulled the aristocratic head off and threw it away. In about a minute and a half the air was filled with flying heads, feathers, game legs and things. When the feathers settled down there wasn't a live Spanish game-cock left to wear them.

The eagle blinking, but outwardly calm and unruffled, was borne off in triumph by his owner, who also carried with him a good bag of coin. The next day the Yankee sea captain quietly distributed the money won by his warrior among the suffering children of the Spanish town.

Somehow the methods of this informal fighter and his owner remind one of Uncle Sam's way of meeting Spanish irritations.

And then there was that informal fighter of the sea, the Oregon, ordered to make the long voyage alone from San Francisco away down, around and up the coast of a continent to join her comrades in the Caribbean fray. Surely the gallant Oregon will never be forgotten in her informal way of standing not on the manner nor the danger of her going—but just going and seeking foes instead of hiding from them! Gallant Oregon, speeding out of the Golden Gate a gray avenging spirit into the gray veiling of the ocean mists, racing against time into unknown dangers down the Pacific, under the starry southern cross heavenly inspiration to heroic duty and noble sacrifice of self, around the threatening horn and up the broad Atlantic, with the silent, steadfast north star as her truthful guide to her watching and waiting sisters of the deep; hunting for a whole Spanish fleet while an anxious nation was hoping and praying that the fleet she sought might not find and sink this lone marvel of the sea!

Brave, glorious, scrappy Oregon, with heart of fire madly burning for a fight, rushing through the sea day after day and night after night, cutting the waves with "the white bone" ever in her teeth, eager to meet at any hour at any place whatever duty might have in store for her, whether it be undying fame on the glory-crested wave of victory or an anchorage at the bottom of the sea!

THE UNDOING OF A PLAGIARIST.

TWENTY years before he won his prominent position among the foremost educators of the time, as President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the late General Francis A. Walker, an Amherst man, was a popular professor at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, and already recognized as a writer of striking brilliancy and elegance of style.

At Williston the students were divided into half-a-dozen classes for English composition. Fortunate indeed was the young man who came under General Walker's instruction in this branch. With one con-

spicuous exception the boys generally appreciated this fact. The exception was an expert, an artist, in plagiarism; a scorner of a poor but honest pen of originality that might have been possible to him.

The compositions being read in separate rooms and before different teachers on variously appointed days, inviting opportunities were offered for exchange of literary productions or for an incipient species of journalistic syndicate work. Compositions sometimes went the round, more or less completely. The plagiarist referred to was a good-hearted fellow, whom everybody liked and was inclined to accommodate to a reasonable extent. He was all right in his other studies, but had a peculiar aversion to any struggle with the brain-pen combination.

One day the boys of General Walker's class were amazed to hear this classmate start in to read a remarkably bright composition on the very commonplace subject, "The Horse." From the title they were sure this could not be one of the syndicate rounders. They appreciated his good taste in selecting for his first known steps in original composition a modest subject. They rejoiced over the evident reform and settled down to take in a literary treat from a most unexpected source.

As he read on admiration heightened their amazement. The composition was a masterpiece. Instead of the anticipated description of an elongated hirsute body with four legs that could win races or break bookmakers, it was a gem of an essay on a noble animal. It pictured the horse with an artistic touch and the perfection of a polished literary style; glowed with classical and poetical allusions and glistened with statistics and history. It was solid with horse facts and inspiring with animal possibilities.

Before the reading was half finished General Walker's patrician face flushed with righteous but well curbed anger. He rapped sharply on his desk and told the reader to be seated and to report to him after the dismissal of the class.

It was discovered that a member of another class, who had accommodated the reader with compositions until his own patience had become exhausted, had found in an old Amherst paper an article on "The Horse." He had copied it and given it to the unsuspecting borrower. General Walker expressed to the class the hope that it would be borne in mind that when he wrote the article for the Amherst paper he was a much younger man than when he had so unexpectedly encountered it again.

Though all great deeds were proved but fables fine,

Though earth's old story could be told anew,

Though the sweet fashions loved of them that sue
Were empty as the ruined Delphian shrine—

Though God did never man, in word benign,

With sense of His great Fatherhood endue—

Though life immortal were a dream untrue,

And He that promised it were not divine—

Though soul, though spirit were not, and all hope

Reaching beyond the bourn melted away;

Though virtue had no goal, and good no scope,

But both were doomed to end with this our clay—

Though all these were not—to the ungraced heir

Would this remain—to live as though they were.

—Jean Ingelow.

THE HUMBLE PROOFREADER

Under the above heading the Waterbury American gives the following amusing illustration of clever and alert proofreading, and of tact in making "call down" suggestions to learned speakers or editors absorbed in sentiment and eloquence. The young lady referred to is now proofreader for the Press of C. M. Gaines.

Amos Wilder's speech at the Yale alumni dinner in New York was so good that the Alumni Weekly published it in full and everybody enthused over it. A certain Yale editor, in another part of the country, found in the speech one sentence which he thought just the thing to quote in an editorial he was writing on the need of care in framing insurance legislation. This was the sentence: "The insurance agent who sees in placing a policy not only the premium for his own needs and desires, but protection for a sobbing widow and frightened children as for the first time they see their father helpless in death and the lips, once so rich in endearments, now set in the terrible marble of great mystery—that agent looks his man

[illegible]

We must learn to get on with our self-education ourselves, then we will learn how to live in the right way, and by right living we will find happiness. By a little more effort we could all be happier!

We might soon become like the dear old man who always had a smile on his lips as though he tasted something pleasant in his mind! This old man had learned how to live, perhaps had paid dearly and all of his long life for this knowledge, making of his last years a benediction.

We can only cultivate ourselves through the practical school of life, we can only broaden and strengthen our minds through learning to know things as they really are and not as they appear to be.

Observation is the principle of education. To ex-



THE RIVER OF NEMOURS


Painting by Robert W. Van Boskerck. By Permission, James D. Gail, Cincinnati.

in the eye and speaks in the language of another world." The editor was mastered by the sentiment and the rhetoric, but not so the humble proofreader, who had no college diploma and never attended an alumni banquet. She quietly drew a line around the words "for the first time," put a question mark on the margin and sent the proof up to the editor. Well, Amos?

SELF-EDUCATION.

Written for The Hartford Monthly

BY CAROLINE F. CLARK

 HEN education is spoken of one naturally thinks of universities, text books, stern professors, examinations and degrees. To obtain such an education is fortunate, but there are

press it more fully you might say that the world is our schoolhouse, observation its principle, life all about us in nature and human nature its teachers, our text books sympathy, frankness, understanding, broad-minded perceptions, a sense of humor, and above all, imagination. In this school there is no recess, unless you care to count death as such. Death to many of us is the one and only door to freedom. People so seldom stop to think that freedom consists not in an open door, but in an open heart and mind, and soul. You will, perhaps, not find happiness in life, but you can find it in your own soul.

we may learn and be educated. We are reading simply a picture of life. From that life we can make our own pictures if we would learn to observe. No amount of text books will enable the poet to sing his verses! The poet *lives* and it is only by *living* that we can become poets. Without the fire of imagination our university education is but dry ashes in its results.

Many lives have illustrated this point. It is mostly the invalids, martyrs and those who have suffered from tragic circumstances and early death who have made history. They may have found their own happiness, and probably did, but the stories of their lives thrill us because of the inevitable human tragedy that over-shadows their destiny. It is the quiet little woman, ill perhaps all her days, who suddenly bursts upon the world with the splendor and glory of sunshine, for all that time she has been *thinking* and she has learned to know and understand. Her message is straight from the soul. The beauty of her wisdom is in its simplicity.

At the same time her more distracted friend has been feeding upon the stores of university knowledge. She is a "terrible" student and there are lines between her eyes. She is striving after something she will never find; her technical abilities are more capable of shedding night about her than the sunshine of her quiet little friend at home. She is neither practical nor successful. Only the truth is practical. For those who learn how to think, in the right way, this becomes a truism that no longer needs to be recalled. It is a part of their very existence.

Our success in this world depends on ourselves, although many of us are the victims of circumstance, inheritance or ignorance. To rise above these pitiful conditions and to become a useful "tool" we must learn first of all to take a broad-minded interest in all the smaller things of life. To many the daily routine seems petty, it is however merely a part of that soul-education which leads towards the greatness of things. One hour in a man's life is a marvel of contradictions, all wonderful and educating. In that time he has been able to feel the power of light or darkness, sound and silence, heat and cold, storm or sunshine, motion, rest, color, taste. What emotions, either tender or angry, have possessed his mind and heart! What opportunities have been his to do good or bad, to observe and to learn! All in an hour he has brought his entire physical, spiritual and moral world into play, thus laying some sort of a foundation for that intellectual world which will enable him to pass his days in profit and happiness.

We take all things too much for granted. As we walk through life we have no time to look up at the sky, we trample the flowers under our feet, having no time to stoop and enjoy their fragrance. Our minds are absorbed in jealousies, strifes, gossip, when they might be absorbed in bright, helpful and much happier occupations.

There is the young girl with ambitious dreams, who in her youthful egotism, scorns domestic life because her "career" seems to her so much broader and higher. From this very life she would learn that necessary experience which would enable her to think better, to see facts clearer, to mature and enrich her nature for the good of others; for those whom she would have benefit by her "career." There

is no mind so rich in thought as the mind of a mother. From child-life we can learn most of all.

From everything we can gain rather than lose, if we stop to acknowledge that a thing is better than it seems. We demand the "outward and visible sign" and neglect that more subtle and deeper education which concerns our souls.

Our minds are like gardens. If we allow weeds to grow in them they will increase with all the rapidity that is to be expected from weeds. But if we let the flowers grow instead and cultivate them lest they fade, the result is a garden of thought and luxuriant growth in which we can stroll about and which we can enjoy at our leisure all the rest of our lives. Which means, we have learned how to live—that's all.

This is the ideal education for us human beings, who in our superior intelligence struggle above nature, and in educating our minds forget to educate our souls and our hearts. These, alone, are the roots from which the flowers of our minds can spring!

THE BATTLE OF DORKING.

I served as gunner's mate
When I was twenty-eight,
That's fifty anno dominis ago,
And our ship, which was the Spanker,
Were a riding at her anchor,
One Sunday night in August, you must know
I were chewin' of a quid,
Which I ordinary did
O' Sundays, for I think it's sort o' right.
When our gunner—Ben's his name—
Did quite suddenly exclaim,
And his exclamation were "Blow me tight!"
Says he, "My jolly mates,
This here Lloyd's paper states
As we're goin' to fight them German furrineers"
Whereupon we tars, in spite
Of its bein' Sunday night,
Stood up and gave three hearty British cheers.
Well, we sailed away to meet
This famous German fleet,
Concernin' which there'd been no end of jaw,
For in six weeks they had planned
And built and launched, and manned
The finest fleet a nation ever saw
We had cruised about on Sunday,
But about six bells on Monday,
When as smooth as any mirror was the water,
Right out on the horizon
Rose a cloud as black as pizon
'Twas the foe a steamin' down upon our quarter
'Twas all as still as death,
There was not a single breath,
But our admiral wore a smile upon his cheek;
The foe was on our larboard,
But right away out starboard
Was a werry little tiny narrer streak
A chucklin' werry sly,
And a winking of his eye,
Our admiral gave orders for to run,
And the enemy gave chase,
For the Germans, as a race,
Have a preference for fighting ten to one

We kept a 'lectric light
A burning all the night;
But on Tuesday in the morning about three
My gunner up and spoke,
"Darn me if any smoke
Is comin' from their chimney pots," says he
Just then we heard a shout,
And our admiral sang out,
"Send the signal up to wear about and close!"
Then fore and aft we ran,
To his post stood every man,
And louder than the storm our cheers arose
We neared them and took aim,
And the word to fire came,
And our volley down the line of battle roared,
But the German answered not

London Society



Painting by William F. Norton. By Permission, U. S. Dept. of the Interior.

Important Work of This Recently Formed Society
in Preventing and Curing Tuberculosis—Local
Facts—Valuable Rules and Suggestions.

By JOHN F. GUNSHANAN.

been discharged from the Cedar Mountain Hospital during the past year entirely cured, and at least fifteen in whom the disease has been arrested and with proper care can live from twenty to thirty years without a trace of the disease being found in their systems.

It is a notable fact that most of the work which has been done to bring this matter to the attention of the public has come from laymen, and I know of no one who deserves the thanks of the community more than does Ernest Walker Smith, a rising young lawyer of Hartford, who is a prominent member of the Charity Organization, and who has compiled a list of every man, woman and child who has died of tuberculosis in this city during the past ten years, and the record of the house in which they died. This list was compiled from the health board records, and from an examination of about twenty-five thousand certificates at the Hartford Hospital.

His investigation shows that half of the streets in Hartford have not had a death from tuberculosis during this period. Several wards, namely, the Tenth, and Fourth, and, with the exception of a few minor streets, the Eighth, are almost free from the disease. The tuberculosis region in Hartford is centered in that narrow part of the city lying between Main street and the river front, and running from Avon street on the north to Charter Oak avenue on the south. This strip of land, which covers only one-fortieth of the area of the city, shows about one-quarter of all the deaths from this disease. The disease in this section is not scattered, as it is in the rest of the city, but is there narrowed down to close quarters; and a good opportunity is therefore given for direct supervision and preventive measures. There are, of course, a few other bad spots in the city outside of this area, as, for example, parts of Abbleck, Putnam, John, Flower and Park streets, but in the main the worst region lies between Main street and the water front.

Some of the streets in this quarter have had records that are simply appalling. Take Mechanic street for example; it is only a block long, and yet it has had seventeen deaths; one house has had four deaths, two others have each had three deaths, and the remaining seven deaths are scattered. Take North street; it is about the same size as Mechanic street. One house has had four deaths, five other houses have each had two deaths, and the remaining seven are scattered. Take Sheldon street—thirty-six deaths in all; one house has had seven deaths, one house four deaths, one house three deaths, and three houses show two deaths apiece. This is, in some ways, the worst spot in the city. South Prospect street is another bad spot—eighteen deaths in all; one house has had five deaths, and two houses have had three deaths each. And so I could go on through them all. Front street with its fifty-two deaths; Windsor, forty deaths; State, twenty-five deaths, and so on. There is a certain house in the south part of the city where a whole family was wiped out in the course of a few years.

It is claimed that the disease is not contagious, and still in one house on Sheldon street, as stated above, Mr. Smith's investigation shows that seven persons have died and they were not related to each other. It would certainly seem from these facts that every precaution should be taken, and the house

thoroughly fumigated whenever a person dies of tuberculosis.

The Consumptive Aid Society, which has recently been formed, will prove a great power in helping to stamp out this disease, and their object briefly told is as follows:

First; to make every effort, by means of lectures and talks and the sending of printed matter, to instruct the people in these regions as to what they can do for themselves, and what the dispensary and hospital will do for them, so that consumptives will come for help of their own accord before it is too late.

Second; to get the doctors to report all cases of tuberculosis, whether rich or poor. Here they will encounter some difficulties, for the doctors say that



JOHN F. GUNSHANAN.

what they find is confidential; that the people do not like to have it known that they have tuberculosis; that every man has a right to keep his own personal affairs to himself. It is perfectly true that a man has a right to keep his own affairs to himself, but it is only true so long as in doing so, he does no harm to others; and when doing so does harm to others, I think that the public danger should outweigh the individual discomfort, and the case should be reported. That is what we do with diphtheria, small-pox, scarlet fever, etc., and why not do the same with tuberculosis?

It is going to be difficult for the hospital to get hold of all the consumptive cases at that early period in their course when they are easily cured; first, because a great many of the cases are ignorant foreigners, who do not know about the privileges that are offered them at the hospital and the dispensary; and, second, because a number of consumptives feel that they cannot afford to go to the hospital even as free-bed patients, for their families would starve while they are gone, and so they prefer to take their chances of dying rather than have their families suffer.

It is closely estimated that there are about five hundred cases of tuberculosis in Hartford at the present time, with less than seventy confined in the hospital, leaving four hundred around on the streets and in the homes, endangering the lives of others.

A black and white photograph capturing a traditional agricultural scene. In the foreground, a person stands waist-deep in a muddy field, guiding a team of oxen. The oxen are harnessed together, pulling a wooden plow that is partially submerged in the mud. The background is a vast, open field under a bright, hazy sky, with some distant trees or structures visible on the horizon. The overall atmosphere is one of labor and tradition in a rural setting.

DRIVING STEERS TO MARKET.

How the Connecticut Valley Farmer Can Raise and
Sell Beef Cattle to as Good Advantage as Can
the Illinois Farmer—Statement of a Success-
ful Massachusetts Cattle-Man—Hand-
some Profits in Using Neglected
Hill Town Pasture Lands.

THE farming lands of the Connecticut Valley as a rule are so valuable for tobacco, grain and vegetable growing as to cause a scarcity of easily available pasturage, excepting for immediate dairy purposes. The farming lands of the adjoining hill towns as a rule are not well adapted to dairying on any important scale, but have an abundance of neglected pasture lands that can be used to good profit by farmers in the valley for the pasturing of young stock intended for the dairy and also for stock intended for the cattle market. In other words nearly all hill towns can furnish good grazing lands, needed by farmers in the valley; valley farms can raise crops for wintering stock that can be inexpensively pastured on the hills for five or six months of the year. There is a form of co-operation or interchange of advantages to which both the farmers of the valley and of the hill towns may profitably give a careful consideration.

As is well known a great change is taking place in the conditions effecting cattle raising in the new world.

to look for more reliable fields nearer the consumer and where he will not be so entirely at the mercy of commission men and long distance shipping companies.

New England's uncultivated hillsides and neglected pastures could be made, with a comparatively small outlay for fencing, as desirable for grazing lands as any to be found in the world. To be sure the territory is limited as compared with the great west, but there is abundant room for individual enterprise to work successfully, without vast capital and free from local antagonism.

offered or negotiated for to be used for stock raising. The ready and convenient market to be found in the vicinity of Boston is a most important and encouraging factor in reviving or starting this industry.

Not long since the writer heard a practical cattle-man state that the farmer in western Massachusetts could find in the vicinity of Boston as good a market for live beef as the farmer in Illinois can find in Chicago, and that the former could raise and sell to as good advantage as the latter. He told the hill town farmers at one of their institutes that if one of them had taken fifteen or sixteen head of cattle to market that season he could have come home with \$1,500 or \$1,600 in his pocket. This cattle-man is not an owner himself of large grazing lands, but buys up

If the average hill town farmer is asked if more attention to grazing would not be profitable he is likely to respond that he presumes so, "but it's such a bother to fix fences." The same farmer will begin early in the spring to plow and plant, and work hard all summer and fall, haying and harvesting, for the pleasure of boarding a lot of scrub cows through the winter and receiving a monthly check from the creamery that he often finds not large enough to pay his month's grain bill.

The high elevations of New England are not reliable corn-raising localities; consequently, by those who regard corn as the all-desirable milk producer, these localities ought not to be regarded as first class for dairying purposes. Oats are a far



HORNED DORSETS, FAVORITES IN NEW ENGLAND. ELIZABETH PARK.

young stock and sends them for pasturage from the Connecticut Valley up to a hill town twenty-five or thirty miles distant. He usually has several hundred head each season kept this way on hired pasturage. He publicly expressed satisfaction with the success and profits of his enterprise.

The hill town farmer as a rule does not appreciate the value of his pastures. He has permitted them to be sadly neglected. The fences have not been kept up and the underbrush has been allowed to gain a damaging headway. Experiments looking toward remedying the latter evil are beginning to be tried here and there by enterprising farmers in the introduction of Angora goats. A few small flocks of these beautiful and energetic little browsers are now to be found doing good work on some uplands of New England.

safer and much easier and less expensive crop for these places; as they are good feed for almost all animals, and mixed with other grains like buckwheat good milk producers, it is surprising that they are not cultivated on a larger scale. As for buckwheat, a field of it in these localities is a curiosity these days.

The ordinary farmer on the hills having a good sized farm and barn room, aiming to produce cream, being too far from consumers for the milk trade, keeps perhaps from ten to fifteen cows, good, bad and indifferent. Occasionally, but rarely, a fine thoroughbred or good grade herd is found. In the average case the farmer is likely to have three or four poor milkers that eat up all possible profit from the milk product, but which could be made profitable as beef if kept in suitable condition. He overlooks the

fact which has become an alert farmer's truism, that it costs no more to keep a good cow than a poor one.

He is always hoping for a fine heifer calf, so fond is he of boarding milkers, and when after giving his cow a good, long milk vacation a bull calf arrives he lets it go to the veal collector for two or three dollars or anything he can get, with no thought of what he could realize from it with a little care and his available pasturage.

The writer has helped drive a herd of cattle from the valley in the vicinity of Springfield about thirty miles up onto the hills for pasturage. They were collected from different private sources and some of them were just such creatures, with the addition of a few months' growth, as the farmer who was to pasture them would have almost given away as calves. The owners of the young stock were glad to pay three and four dollars, according to age, for their pasturage for the season.

The treatment that stock receives in too many cases from farmers of this class is unworthy the name of care. This of itself is sufficient cause to make their unsystematic attempts at cattle raising unprofitable. One winter in a hill town where the writer was located a young farmer kept his stock in a stable so cold that one morning one of his calves was found frozen down to the floor so solidly that it couldn't get up until it was thawed out by pouring hot water on it. Good animals are not infrequently seen with tails that have had to be shortened by the use of an axe to release them from the same frozen dilemma.

A case was learned of the same season, not an unusually severe winter either, where the barn was in such poor repair that a sheep with twin lambs was found in it covered with snow, the lambs dead. Out of six lambs this farmer was able to save only one. It was not a case of poverty nor of other necessity. The farmer was a young man of means, said to be one of the wealthiest persons in that locality; needless to say, his wealth came from inheritance and not from his own enterprise.

The same season in the same town the writer as a novice personally bought up on bottles half a dozen lambs without losing any. They thrived splendidly without any unusual shelter other than that which a fairly good barn afforded. They readily brought an average price of over five dollars each when about two months old.

Good dairy farmers in the Connecticut Valley would be amazed to know the unsystematic, careless methods with which some farmers on the nearby hills wrestle with the milk-producing problem to say nothing of their negligence in humane and sanitary directions. Men who conduct their dairying as the writer has seen one dairy in Holyoke conducted, and there are many just as well conducted all through the valley, would not be surprised at the complaints of some farmers on the hills at the unprofitableness of dairying and stock raising if they looked into the causes and conditions; and they are causes and conditions that to a large extent can be remedied. In the Holyoke dairy referred to every cow of the forty-five Holsteins was numbered and a record of her product and expense accurately kept. Every animal was kept in a good marketable condition all the time

and the milk was sold at a high price, both in the valley and in the city.

Then the farmers of the valley saw that a good deal of the trouble was due to the fact that sheep and cowboys were not properly cared for in England. In the valley south of Connecticut Valley, and the farmers of the district around them, and get together on plans by which their cattle could be used on an extensive scale, and pasturing stock bred and wintered in the valley would prove mutually profitable. The valley has its meadows and rolling lands of rare fertility and great value; the hill towns have their neglected pasture lands in abundance. The latter afford the most economical and healthful summering places for the young stock of the former. By using and thus improving the neglected uplands while cultivating every promising acre of the rich fodder-producing valley lands the agricultural interests of both hill town and valley can be advanced, not only in cattle raising but also in other important directions.



The Boy and the Bear.

By CAROLINE F. CLARK.

Little man with golden hair,
For the first time standing there,
Shyly, in the footlights' glare
The boy and the bear.

In tailor suit of white and blue
And eyes a corresponding hue,
Was ever picture quite so fair
As the boy and the bear.

Holding tight the pretty toy,
Symbol of the hunter's joy,
Borrowed from the nursery lan-
Are the boy and the bear.

Hartford, Oct. 17, 1906.

To Hawthorne.

By CAROLINE F. CLARK.

This pen, to me, as thou hast said,
Is worth the world's best pen,
Which thou hast given me,
For it is a reminder of thee.

Oct. 10, 1906.

MOLLY. MY QUEEN.

A Home Run, A Mascot and Another Comforter.

By EDWARD ASAHEL WRIGHT.

"O H girls, but wasn't that a wild break of Molly's!"

"Well, what about Molly now?"

"Oh, nothing; only she's skipped the ranch and no one knows where she's gone; that's all. Dear old Moll, I wish I was with her this minute, wherever she is."

And the air suddenly became intense and fairly piercing with exclamation points in the cozy den of those Vassar girls as they were taking their after-dinner lay-off on the day following the sudden and unannounced leave-taking by Miss Molly McQueen, the star-eyed, beauty-crowned, sweet-voiced acrobatic and general shining light of the college.

"Didn't she tell anyone about it?"

"Not a blessed soul. She just said, 'I'm off for other spheres, girls,' shook two or three of us by the hand, and then gave us an all-round shake, as it were, leaving kisses imprinted on chins, noses, foreheads, or wherever it happened in her unseemly haste; grabbed a grip and swung out of our horizon before we had time to see if our hats were on straight ere starting on our vain pursuit. But, oh, my, you should have seen the faculty. It was quite upset, I do declare. The telescopes and surmises were turned 'varsityward in all directions in the experienced and learned conviction that there must have been a very, very bad young man in some way involved in the rapid transit of this fair and heavenly body."

And so the sugar-tipped tongues rolled over and over this unusual and dainty morsel of college adventure, until it dawned upon one gigantic intellect that the mystery might be solved by writing to the fugitive's home. It was then discovered that, owing to family financial misfortune, Molly had decided to give up her college course at once to relieve an overburdened family of her support. "For the present," wrote the mother, "Molly does not care to have her newly chosen occupation announced, even to her most intimate friends."

"A convent of course," said the girls "with one heart breaking inside the walls and another going to smash outside," and so Molly McQueen dropped off their tongues and out of sight.

It was a great day for the baseball fiends of Buffalo when the "Eastern Picked" played the "Buffalo Braves." The visiting nine, made up of the flower of eastern non-professionals, were started on a western tour and took in Buffalo as a good place to limber up before striking Chicago. The game proved to be a hard fought one and stood a tie at the close of the eighth inning. The "Braves" went to the bat at the opening of the ninth, but went down in one, two, three order, Tom Bronson, pitcher of the "Picked" giving them his most exquisite curves, those of the peculiar kind he always reserved for the finish, for a fine finish was Tom's great aim in all things.

The excitement knew no bounds when, in the last half of the inning, with two men out and two on

bases, Tom went to the bat. "Strike one!" "Strike two!" And Tom gathered himself together for the master effort of his life and knocked a high-flyer away out over the right field, that sent his friends safely home and started him for a home run, amid cheers that nearly raised the roof of the grand stand and put the bleaching boarders into a state of ecstasy. Straining every nerve and running in superb form, he was just about plunging himself for a slide to the home plate, when a wild throw from the short-stop did the tumbling act for him. The ball, coming from a desperate hand like a cannon-ball, struck his side and Tom lay breathless with his head on the home plate, covered with dust.

The first one to reach him was the devoted mascot Molly, a sprightly little fox terrier, who was lapping the dust from his cheek and whining for recognition before the boys had time to begin thumping him on the back and pumping at his chest for wind. Soon he gasped, drew a short breath, tried to draw a longer and groaned with pain. It was not long before he was on his feet, but pale as a sheet, and between two of his comrades, with his arms about their necks, was slowly dragging his weary way along to the dressing room.

"Oh, it's nothing, boys, but a broken rib or two, I guess. That was something of a poke in the slats, though. Gee whiz; but how that ball did come!" And then Tom's voice began to weaken, and he drew out his words like a sobbing child and murmured as he was seized with a paroxysm of pain, "Did—I—get—there? Was—it—a—home run?"

The Michigan Central limited was about to pull out, westward bound, and the "Eastern Picked" hurried to their sleeper, carrying Tom on a stretcher, with the mascot trotting devotedly by his side. He was made comfortable in the car, and as they bowled along Tom pulled himself together as best he could, his splendidly trained body apparently getting smoothly into gear again. He assured his friends that his injuries were not serious, but after leaving Detroit he began to talk queerly, dozed a great deal and seemed abominably limp and broken up. The captain saw that Tom must be side-tracked somewhere. One of the nine said a classmate of his was a physician in a Battle Creek hospital, so a telegram was sent ahead asking him to meet them at the train with an ambulance. Tom didn't have much to say about it; he was dizzy and half-blinded and weak. The little mascot dozed in his lap while it was all talked over and a pitcher decided upon from among the substitutes for the great Chicago game scheduled for the next day, which would not permit any of the players to stop off with their injured friend. With a benediction all around and another lapping from the indispensable Mollie, Tom was left in good hands at Battle Creek.

As he was carried into the spacious hospital he passed, as it seemed to him in his dazed condition,

almost interminable stretches of pink and white, the uniform colors, and bright faces nummable under jaunty nurse caps; faces that almost made him blush when he thought of a great, big strapping fellow like himself being cared for and waited upon by their owners. In his dimmed vision of this array of femininity, which he afterward designated as a combination of pink and white tyranny with tender grace and practical loveliness, there appeared one long line of continuous smile, a heartrending sort of affair, which he learned was the never-to-be-omitted professional smile of good cheer and welcome.

It didn't take Tom long to tumble into bed when once his room was assigned him. With a glad-to-get-there feeling he didn't give a rap what became of him. The doctor's orders were to let him rest quietly for the present, disturbing him as little as possible for nourishment or medicines. All through that night he lay like one stupefied, without speaking. The next morning the nurse, with record blank in hand, politely said she supposed she must write up his record, and asked his name. The poor fellow made a desperate effort to get his wits together, but could only say, "Tom."

"And Tom what, if I may ask?" said the nurse.

"Oh, Tom anything. I can't remember the other name. If she were only here I could tell, for I marked it on her collar once when she became really my own, you know. But she is gone now, oh, my queen, my queen, Molly, my queen."

"What was her name?"

"Molly."

"Molly who, please?"

"I don't know. Don't bother me. I can't remember names any more, not even my own. That's the kind of a wreck I am. Funny, isn't it? Remember lots of other stuff, but can't remember names."

"Well, never mind," said the patient nurse, "The doctor knows. But here's your name on your grip tag all right. Tom Bronson, isn't it?"

"Perhaps; used to know a fellow by some such name once; tried to make a home run and had some staves knocked in—excuse me, please, fractured some internal bones."

"Now, how old are you, please, Mr. Bronson?"

"Now, just now I feel about as old as Methusalem, or something or other. Excuse me, I'm sorry I have to be such a record smasher and can't help you out better in your professional record making or pedigree business, but I'm going to sleep. Good-morning;" and Tom was off into the deep stupor again.

Suddenly he started up with a pitiful cry, "Oh, Molly, my queen! Molly, Molly, my queen, I want you so much." Over and over again he repeated the cry and the nurse could do nothing to quiet him. He continued calling for "Molly, my queen," until, exhausted, his voice failed him, and he sank into the stupor. When he next spoke he was still more delirious in his talk and rambled on incoherently and wildly about Molly and the lost home run. This sort of thing went on for several days, Tom growing constantly weaker and weaker and his condition greatly puzzling the doctor.

One day, as the strange case was being talked over among the head nurses, one of them said it was a most singular coincidence, but there was a newly arrived pupil or nurse in her ward named Molly

McQueen, and she had been told by Mr. Bronson was a record smasher, like the one who had Molly's name on her collar. The latter was laid low by the doctor's treatment, and arranged to have Mr. McQueen come to the ward without informing her of the reason.

"Mr. Bronson allow me to introduce you to Miss McQueen," said the doctor in the sick room one evening during a brief interval of his patient. "She is to be your night nurse for a while."

"How are you, Miss Mc—Mc—Excuse me, somehow I cannot pronounce or remember names, and you know I'm nearly blind, so I don't know whether I'm looking at you or not, but you look sort of pinky like to me," said Tom, in his woefully broken voice.

"Well, never mind, Mr. Bronson, try please, to go to sleep now."

Tom quieted down like a child under her soothing voice, as if charmed by a magic spell, but lay with a tired, sleepless head upon the pillow. After a time she came over to the bedside, gently lifted his head, removed the pillow, shook it, smoothed it into a more plump and inviting shape and made a cool, fresh resting place for the throbbing temples. Then she took some cologne and softly bathed his forehead. The womanly touch of the delicate hand was so quieting and restful that the strained nerves of the suffering man began to relax, and for a moment sweet refreshing sleep seemed to woo him.

Suddenly he started, not unpleasantly, but with an eager, wistful look on his face and with an almost pleading voice said, "Please tell me, 'Pinky'—"

"Miss McQueen, if you please, sir."

"Excuse me. Please tell me, Miss my queen, am I going to make another—my last home run? Is this it? Tell me, truly. I'm not afraid, for I fixed matters long ago for a decent sort of a finish whenever it should come. It somehow never seemed to me very manly to leave things to be arranged on a sick bed, and to beg and promise and try to make bargains when nearing the finish. I'm not afraid, but sort of dread you know, to try the home run all alone. And Molly; where is Molly? Dear little Molly, my queen, I want you so much, my one faithful little friend, faithful forever;" and Tom stretched out his hand clingingly toward the nurse.

Startled by these strange words and his seemingly critical condition, the nurse sprang from him with a cry and called the doctor, who was still in the corridor. He came instantly, but Tom was quiet again. The sick room picture was a strange one. A handsome athletic man stretched helpless and with pale face upon a bed of suffering, dreading a mysterious home run alone that might be near at hand, a serious doctor studying his case, a fair and graceful young woman in pink and white with a pretty, wicked little white cap, out from under which brown hair romped recklessly in a pirate's, heart-stealing fashion, and large blue eyes looked wonderingly, eyes in which there was a look of anxious fear with a touch of tenderest sympathy, and in which, even in this strange scene it could almost be imagined might be seen a light that bespoke the dawn of love. She stood with her back to the pressed against the door and with hands very nervously clasped behind her back. A faint blush came over her cheeks as she made her report to the doctor.

"And he called her a full name distinctly and I said

"Nelly McQueen, Molly McQueen," though he had been introduced to me only as Miss McQueen and "if I not have known my first name."

"Are you sure he has never seen you before at college or elsewhere?"

"Never; and I never heard of him until this evening when you introduced me."

"Well," said the doctor, "he is quiet now and probably will remain so for the night, but if I am needed call me," and went off to finish his professional rounds.

It was broad daylight when Tom again awoke, and in the glad sunshine of a bright morning the dread of the night seemed to the nurse to have vanished entirely from the room. Especially so as Tom lifted his head with a quizzical but almost merry smile, though with a queer expression in his eyes that showed he was nearly blinded, and an expression on his face that indicated his delirium had not yet left him.

"Please, will you tell me your name again?" he said.

"Molly McQueen," she replied.

"Oh, Molly, Molly, my queen, is that you? But I didn't know you could speak like that, so plainly and so sweetly. Come now Molly, shake hands; come here I say, and shake hands. What? No? Getting sulky, are you? Don't show your pretty white teeth at me in that manner. That expansive, foxy grin of yours is not the thing in a sick room, either. Now don't be cranky and offish any more, but come here and let me scratch your back, Molly, and make up. No? Well, roll over, or stand on your head or do something. You're not up to your old college tricks, are you? Oh, you little rascal, getting too dumpy and fat for anything, aren't you? Over-feeding yourself these days in the hospital, I reckon. Come, get up here, Molly dear, if you want to, and put your pretty little head on my shoulder. Hold on, let's see if your feet are clean, first. Don't want to, eh? All right; stay where you are, then. No, come here. Is your little nose wet? You know if it's very dry that's a sign of fever, ill-temper or something. Oh, you ill-mannered, perky thing, you can't be my Molly. Come here and let me see if I can find the five moles on your cheeks and neck, signs of good breeding"—swish, and out of the door went some pink and white skirts and a flushed face, the indignant owner of which could stand the words of her patient no longer, and Miss Molly McQueen reported promptly to the superintendent.

The result was a speedy council, during which Tom's temperature went up to an alarming point, while he called in the most entreating way for "Molly, my queen, my lost Molly." It ended in the doctor sending the following dispatch to the captain of the "Eastern Picked!" "Who is Molly? Tom calls for her constantly. May not pull through. Prompt arrival of the young lady might save him. Get her here at once, if possible."

This was the answer: "She is coming on midnight press with special porter to care for her. You need not meet her."

A few minutes after twelve that night a stylish carriage rolled up the corridor to Tom's room with a large sized basket, which the nurses on duty decided must be a part of the young lady's luggage. Miss McQueen opened the door of the sick room for him

with a sore feeling at heart, which she would not really admit to herself could exist, and stepped aside, preparing to surrender all to the other Molly when she should arrive, but with noble generosity resolved never to let her know how insultingly her name had been used in the presence of another. At this moment up popped the cover of the basket and out jumped a little loyal-hearted, bright-eyed fox terrier; and Molly, the mascot, was in her admirer's arms in no time, as he cried, "Hello, hello, Molly, my queen! Well, well, did you have to come back to your old chum to comfort and be comforted?"

It is needless to tell how Tom quieted down and how he ceased all his foolish talk, or how under the sweet influence of the mascot and a lovable woman he became the most tractable patient and the best behaved fellow imaginable. Why, he would even let Miss McQueen bathe his head as often as she wanted to! The doctor had discovered that his patient had received an injury to the skull and in his improved condition it was possible to perform a surgical operation and relieve a slight pressure on the brain or some nerves which had temporarily affected Tom's eyesight and memory.

Of course, love had its own way, and one morning a young fellow sitting up in an easy chair said to a beautiful, cultured woman in pink and white: "Did I really get off all that fool talk and make myself so ridiculous about Molly? Well, it was a bad give-away for me, but perhaps I'm not quite so much of a fool as my words and looks might make me out to be." And with a sweet and comforting womanly grace she responded, "I was going to say, sir, only it is not professional, that I should hope not." And then Tom plunged on again for another home run in something of his old-time reckless form, saying: "Please lend me your unprofessional ear, 'Pinky,' or if you have an X-ray machine in the institution please see if there is anything the matter with my heart. I'm afraid you will find not a good thing in it excepting Molly McQueen, and she just about fills it. Will you let her stay there forever." And she said, "It's not a strictly professional situation, but it is the one of the whole world she wants most, dear Tom."

And the mascot Molly, with noble spirit stifling her own pangs of jealousy, tumbled off Tom's knee, rolled over, wagged her stumpy little tail, sat up again and winked and grinned and barked her glee and her approval of the most glorious home run and the sweetest victory her idol had ever won.

Content.

By W. R. KIMBLE.

I ask not for riches or leisure

That repay but a tithe of their cost;

Not for me what the world would call pleasure,

The shoal where too many are lost—

The blare of the trumpet may deafen,

The glare of the tinsel may blind;

The ore first has passed thro' the fiery blast

Ere the gold, the pure gold, is refined

As the peace and content of the soul.

I crave not the applause of a nation,

Not for me the world's wild acclaim,

I envy no ruler his station;

I care not for honor or fame,

If I conquer the self that's within me

And keep it in perfect control,

There's no honor so great in the world's vast estate

Indians," I said, "they told me they were tame—but, if appearances should go for anything, I should say they were all on the war-path."

I made one more attempt to fraternize with them, and only one. I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making wampum and moccasins, and addressed them in the language of friendship:

"Noble Red Men, Braves, Grand Sachems, War-Chiefs, Squaws, and High-you-Muck-a-Mucks, the pale face from the land of the setting sun greets you! You, Beneficent Polecat—you, Devourer-of-Mountains—you, Roaring-Thundergust—you—Bullyboy-with-a-Glass-Eye—the pale face from beyond the great waters greets you all! War and pestilence have thinned your ranks and destroyed your once proud nation. Poker, and seven-up, and a vain modern expense for soap, unknown to your glorious ancestors, have depleted your purses. Appropriating in your simplicity the property of others has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts, in your sinless innocence, has damaged your reputation with the soulless usurper. Trading for forty-rod whiskey to enable you to get drunk and happy and tomahawk your families has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the ragtag and bobtail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket!—and Hole-in-the-Day!—and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious guttersnipes—"

"Down wid him!"

"Scoop the blagyard!"

"Hang him!"

"Burn him!"

"Dhrownd him!"

It was the quickest operation that ever was. I simply saw a sudden flash in the air of clubs, brick-bats, fists, bead baskets, and moccasins—a single flash, and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place. In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off me, they broke my arms and legs, they gave me a thump that dented the top of my head till it would hold coffee, like a saucer; and to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury, they threw me over the Horeshoe Fall and I got wet.

About ninety or a hundred feet from the top, the remains of my vest caught on a projecting rock and I was almost drowned before I could get loose. I finally fell, and brought up in a world of white foam at the foot of the fall, whose celled and bubbly masses towered up several inches above my head. Of course I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round in it forty-four times—chasing a chip and gaining on it—each round trip a half a mile—reaching for the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missing it by a hair's breadth every time. At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush, and put a pipe in his mouth, and lit a match, and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his

hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out. The next time I swept around he said:

"Got a match?"

"Yes—in my other vest. Help me out, please."

"Not for Joe."

When I came around I said:

"Excuse the seemingly impertinent curiosity of a drowning man, but will you explain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure. I am the coroner. Don't hurry on my account. I can wait for you. But I wish I had a match."

I said: "Take my place and I'll go and get you one."

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him. It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurrence as to throw my custom into the hands of the opposition coroner over on the American side. At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling at people on shore for help. The judge fined me, but I had the advantage of him. My money was with my pantaloons, and my pantaloons were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a very critical condition. At least I am lying, anyway—critical or not critical.

I am hurt all over, but I cannot tell the full extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory. He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

Upon regaining my right mind, I said:

"It is an awfully savage tribe of Indians that do the bead work and moccasins for Niagara Falls, doctor. Where are they from?"

"Limerick, my son."

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls until I get better.

Not Pleading

She—No, I wouldn't marry the best man living.

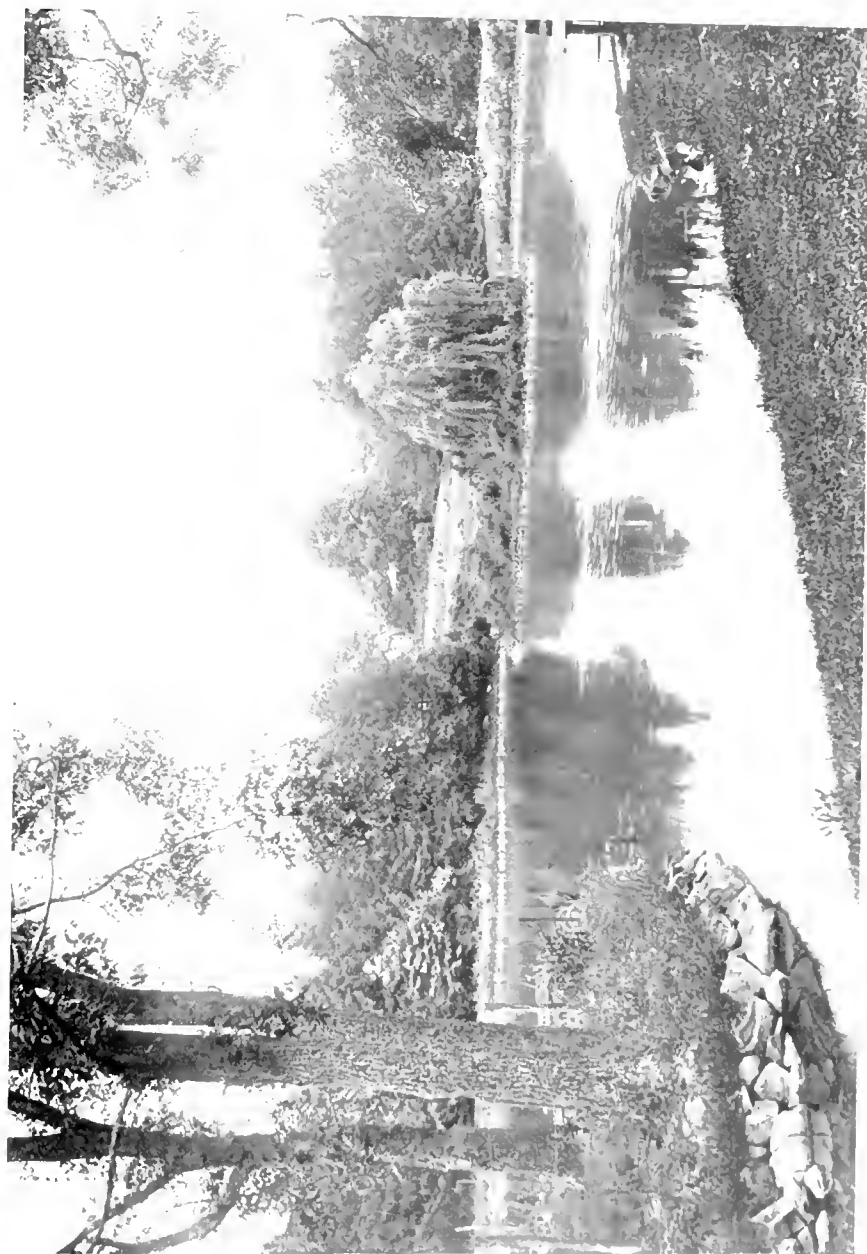
He—Well, I'm not asking you to.

—*Columbus State Journal.*



RESTING.

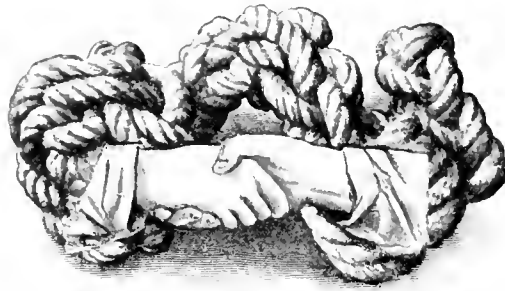
Painting by Francis C. Jones, N. A. By Permission,
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LAUREL POND, ELIZABETH PARK

Clubs

Fraternities



Associations

THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS.

How it Originated and What It Has Become—"The Faults of Our Brothers We Write on the Sands;
Their Virtues on the Tablets of Love and Memory."—Elks' Motto.

IN the fall of 1867, Charles A. Vivian, the son of an English clergyman, came across the Atlantic in an English trading vessel. He found his way in New York to the old "Star Hotel," a chop house on Lispenard street near Broadway. Several people were present and Richard Steirly, the pianist, was playing for them. Vivian volunteered to sing a song, and so enchanted the manager of the place with his excellent voice that the proprietor of the American Theater was summoned. He immediately engaged Vivian. The latter was invited by Steirly to sup with him at his boarding house, who there introduced him to W. L. Bowron, whom he knew in England.

The house was a favorite haunt with theatrical folk; New York's excise laws were then very strict and Vivian and several happy friends were in the habit of assembling there for social intercourse. On one of these occasions Vivian suggested that the crowd adopt a permanent name, and the idea was given hearty support. The organization was effected early in the winter of 1867-8. It was purely a social society and named the "Jolly Corks," alluding to a trick which Vivian and Bowron had learned in England, and which they had rendered to the keen delight of all who saw it. The society was not a benevolent one. Of the "Jolly Corks" several are now living.

The society grew rapidly and soon the boarding house was entirely too small for the meeting. New quarters were obtained at 17 Delancey street, where the membership grew by leaps and bounds and the financial strength became large. A more dignified name seemed appropriate and careful consideration was given to this subject. A committee appointed to submit a name consisted of Vivian, Steirly, Riggs, Vandermark and McDonald; and on Sunday, February 16, 1868, the name of "Elks" was adopted by a vote of eight to seven. Vivian was the first ruler of Elkdom, all stories to the contrary notwithstanding. A copy of the first constitution reads this way: "The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Grand Lodge organized February 16, 1868: R. H. primo, Charles Vivian; first deputy primo, R. R. Steirly; honorable secretary, William Calton; treasurer, H. Vandermark; tyler, William Shepard."

Although the original constitution provided for

two degrees, the ritualistic work of the second degree was not complete and adopted until May 17, 1868. Many features that were incorporated in the original work remain.

There has been much discussion as to who was the real founder of the lodge of Elks. Some have always contended that Vivian never really was an Elk, because he never received the second degree, and that the B. P. O. E. was not fully organized until the work in this degree had been adopted May 17, 1868. However, the late Meade D. Detweiler, P. G. E. R., a few years ago used this language regarding Vivian:

"In the light of the first constitution and the name thereon, this claim is futile and valueless; and, after an exhaustive investigation, and the mass of evidence which had been adducted in the presence of witnesses still living, it should never be heard again. Vivian was the first presiding officer of the original lodge of Elks, but for reasons over which he had no control and which do not at all affect his fraternal standing, he never received the second degree or perfected ritualistic work."

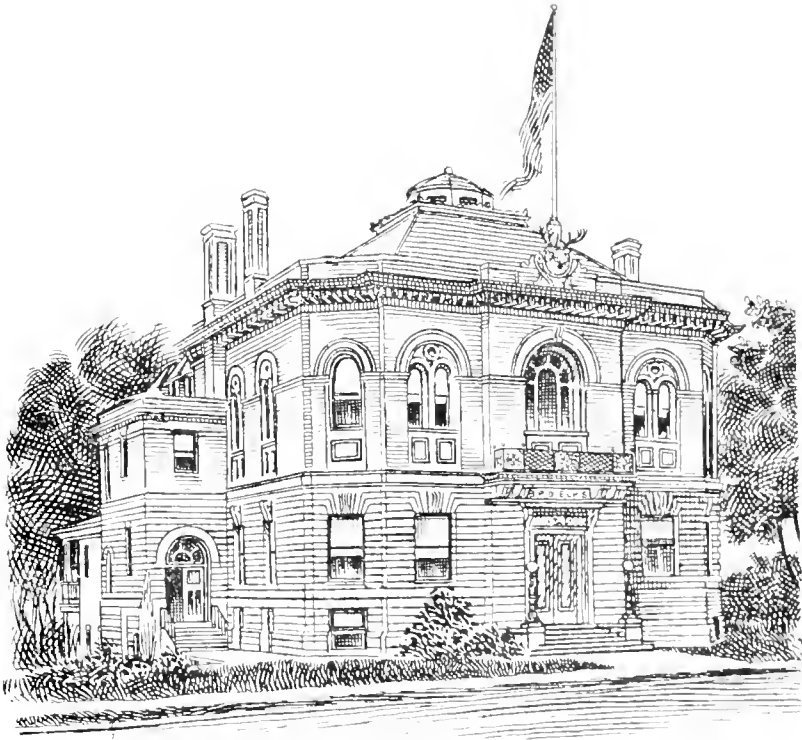
Up to the time that the lodge became known as New York, No. 1, and for a long time thereafter, it met in the first degree on three Sundays and in the second degree always on the first Sunday of the month. In 1870 a movement was started among certain professionals in Philadelphia for a branch lodge in that city. New York lodge became an incorporate body and it was necessary, in order that the society might be enabled to spread itself, that the members of No. 1 should give up all rights and titles in a grand lodge. For this reason the committee on forming a grand lodge, which had been appointed December 4, 1870, reported the following resolution January 1, 1871: "Resolved, That the first grand lodge of B. P. O. Elks shall consist of the following: The original founders of the Order, together with all past and present officers of the first and second degrees who are now in good standing in the Order, and that the above take effect immediately."

The resolution was adopted without opposition. February 2, 1871, motions were carried that the lodge be known as New York, No. 1, B. P. O. Elks, and that application be made to the grand lodge for a charter. At the same time the petition from the Philadelphia people was referred to the grand lodge

for dispensation. The charter was obtained from the legislature of New York on March 10, 1871, signed by Governor J. E. Hoffman, incorporating the grand lodge of New York, with power to issue charters to subordinate lodges throughout the country. Accordingly the grand lodge, incorporated, issued a charter the same day to New York, No. 1. This date therefore marks the legal commencement of the grand lodge, and also the beginning of New York, No. 1, as existing by that distinctive title under the charter of the grand lodge. Two days later, March 12, 1871, Philadelphia, No. 2, was chartered. In 1876 San Francisco, No. 3, came into existence, followed by Chicago, No. 4. In 1881 the lodges numbered but fourteen, due to the fact that the Order starting exclusively with men connected with the theatrical profession little effort was made to secure material

there. There is no mention of the creed or motto of the Order in the orphan, the afflicted, the unfortunate who require demonstrations. So far as can be, Elk charity is solemnly enshrined with silence. Charity is the great and only secret of the Order.
from the "Hartford Post."

Hartford Lodge, No. 19, the local lodge of Elks, was organized February 11, 1883, with thirty-eight charter members, in the old Odd Fellows' Hall in the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company's building on Pearl street, the instituting officer being Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Tindale of New York. The first officers were as follows: Exalted Ruler, Henry N. Dayton; Esteemed Leading Knight, Frank L. Avery; Esteemed Loyal Knight, Wilson T. Ross; Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Charles G. Stone; Treasurer,



ELKS' HOME, HARTFORD.

from other walks of life. With 1882 began the era of Elk development which with some fluctuations, has continued to the present time, gathering accumulated force from year to year. At the present time there are ten hundred and twenty-three lodges, with a total membership of upwards of two hundred and twenty thousand.

The objects of the Elks are: To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to perpetuate itself as a fraternal organization, and to provide for its government.

Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity are the crown jewels of the Order, and Humanity is its keynote and inspiration. The cry of distress is the Elk's bugle call to duty, and in responding he emulates the fleetness of the noble animal from which the Order derives its name. His office of almoner is

Dwight W. Mitchell; Secretary, Horace B. Slater, Tyler, George E. Nichols, Trustees, Wm. H. Hart, Charles Soby, E. W. Rowley.

The lodge did not hold any meetings in the old Odd Fellows' Hall after its institution, but occupied Pythian Hall over the State Bank on Main street until April 1, 1885, when it occupied Elks' Hall, No. 1, Central Row, which it had fitted up as a lodge room and which it left with appropriate ceremonies Friday evening, April 24, 1903, for the new home at No. 31 Prospect street.

The Elks' Home, a picture of which we reproduce, was dedicated on May 8, 1903, and with the exception of the Masonic Temple, is the only building owned by a fraternity in the city and is the only one devoted exclusively to a fraternity and to one lodge of a fraternity. The necessity for the building was caused by a large hall for the Elks' sports, one showing was a victory for the Elks over the "Masons," which was

together with but one purpose in view, can do.

At the present time Hartford lodge has seven hundred and thirty-eight members and is one of the richest lodges in the Order. The present officers are: Exalted Ruler, Michael J. Hafey; Esteemed Leading Knight, Dr. Wm. E. Campbell; Esteemed Loyal Knight, Arthur B. Smith; Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Robert H. Fox; Esquire, P. Davis Oakley; Inner Guard, Dr. Blake A. Sears; Chaplain, David E. Bernard; Secretary, Thomas A. Shannon; Treasurer, John A. McArthur; Tyler, James H. Hurley; Organist, David S. Moran; Trustees, Samuel D. Chamberlain, Millard F. Cook, James Campbell, Patrick McGovern, Charles J. Dillon; District Deputy, John D. Shea.

THE SECRET FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

Written for The Hartford Monthly

By WALTER A. ALLEN.

Fraternity! Fraternity! What human tongue or pen
Can estimate the good-will thou hast brought to
men!

What joy and comfort thou hast brought to the poor
and sighing

What unrecorded ministries unto the sick and dying!
—Sam Booth, in *Red Men's Journal*.

IT would be impossible to find a time in the history of the world when a chosen or elected few had not been in the habit of drawing apart from the others and associating themselves for purposes of social or material gain.

As early as fifty centuries ago or five thousand years before the Trojan War (Vol. I, Heckethorn's Secret Societies), the Order of Magi was founded by Zoroaster. We read in the Bible the account of these men following the star in the east to the cradle of Jesus in Bethlehem. From this, on up through the rise and fall of the Roman Empire and the Inquisition to the present time we have the histories of different orders more or less prominent in the political and social life of the countries in which they existed. Inasmuch as these men associated for a common end they were fraternal, and as those not of the chosen were debarred, they were secret. Thus we have our secret fraternal society.

As in the earlier days special qualifications were necessary to gain admission into those secret circles, so now the applicant must have sufficient recommendation to be accepted. There are probably no great differences between the old and the new, except as man has gradually evolved to a higher plane of thought and living. Institutions of men have kept pace with their patrons. The difference, if any, between our secret fraternities and those of centuries past must be parallel with progress of the present generation over our ancestors. Without a doubt our secret fraternities of today devote a larger proportion of efforts to intellectual development and to higher humanitarian purposes.

We of the United States have a pride of belief that human progress follows the trail of the sun from east to west, and that in our own land is the highest present development of the race. Is it a chance coincidence, or is it a logical sequence, that in the United States the secret fraternal societies have the greatest strength and influence? From east to west

they have grown steadily in number, and here they are on the highest wave of prosperity.

At the present time there are at least many more different societies of a secret fraternal nature in existence in the United States than in most other countries. Prominent among them are the Masons, Odd Fellows, Elks, Red Men, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Woodmen, Foresters, Knights of the Maccabees, Knight Templars, Order of the Eastern Star, Grand Army of the Republic, Order of Eagles, Order of United American Mechanics and many other minor societies. All these societies, while different as to details, are about the same in their teachings and principles. While the Red Men use Indian costumes in their degree work, some other lodge may use costly court apparel, yet the same principle is worked out in each case. One society may appropriate more money for indigent and feeble members than another. The other may give more for the support of widows and orphans of deceased members. So in speaking of a secret fraternal society the entire number may be classed as one.

Man is almost wholly what he is because of his fellow men. He gathers his knowledge from the stores of experiences of others. He moulds his thoughts from the experiences of his contacts with others. We consciously or unconsciously assimilate from our environments. It follows that the better the influences with which we associate the better will be the results on our characters and aims in life. If, as they certainly do, the secret fraternities exert an influence for good; if they are a potent factor for the advancement of civilization and uplifting of humanity; if they educate their members, give them higher ideals, worthy ambitions and greater love for their fellows, then they are worthy the high place they have reached in the estimation of the people. It is good that men shall unite their membership with those who do so well. They deserve the respect and aid of all citizens. There are few hamlets that have not at least one of these institutions within their limits. Wherever one stands there we will find a record of men who respect themselves and others, of mental and moral growth, and of sympathetic and material assistance in the time of distress and sorrow. The combined financial help that all have given for members reaches figures of astounding proportion and of many millions of dollars annually.

Fraternal societies not only broaden the minds and enlarge the hearts of those connected with them, but directly and indirectly influence the whole community for good by precept, example and profitable result. In our own city this influence can be felt in a large measure. All the important societies of the country are represented by one or more lodges with the addition of several local clubs and societies. With this large number of men into whose hearts and minds have been inculcated the broad principles of true fraternity, acting as a leaven in the life of our city, can it be wondered that Hartford as a whole is famed as being a noble, generous and beautiful community.

To be true to the teachings of our secret fraternal society is to be a good citizen and to help eliminate selfishness, bigotry and ignorance from among men. If a man is not bettered by his membership it is because his heart is not attuned to the beautiful principles of true fraternity.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women have
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last
Like a hawk my soul hath pass'd.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from these splendid stars

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah seal'd, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that lov'd him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

* * * * *

Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such love as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfill'd felicity,—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepp'd
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain it seems love,
View'd from Allah's throne above,
Be ye stout of heart and come
Bravely onward to your home!

A DRAMATIC LESSON.

Irryng Grinnell, treasurer of the Church Temperance Society of New York, told at a temperance meeting a dramatic story.

"A woman entered a barroom," he said, "and advanced quietly to her husband, who sat drinking with three other men.

"She placed a covered dish on the table and said,

"'Thinkin' ye'd be too busy to come home to supper, Jack, I've fetched it to you here.'

"And she departed.

"The man laughed awkwardly. He invited his friends to share the meal with him. Then he removed the cover from the dish.

"The dish was empty. It contained only a slip of paper that said:

"'I hope you will enjoy your supper. It is the same your wife and children have at home.'—N. Y. Tribune.

Cruel Millinery Perpetrations.

"Not in quite so high feather as you used to be, are you?" observed the puffed up toque to the subdued but formerly flamboyant theatre hat. "Perhaps not," was the seasonable reply, "but don't you plume yourself too much on your own popularity. I've been aigrette favorite than you are and can give you tips to beat the band." "Hat band," shouted the summer sailor, brimful of glee, while the sea-gull paused in its gulling, and the Gainsborough flared. "What a fuchsia making about nothing and you are violating all rules of good taste by putting on such frills," upbraidingly remarked the model young lady. "You are all more or less biased and thus unseemly conduct is sheer nonsense. Where's my taffeta?" "I guess Rosette it," sighed the American Beauty, as she tumbled in convulsions from the Alpine heights.

Snubbing a Snob.

By MARY AGNES SMITH.

My Almo love from far Japan;

Ah! sweet was she to me.

A woman surely made for man—

That man, as surely, me.

Before the glass I plumed myself

Within the glass; my love did glule

She stole up softly back of me

She looked at me and sighed.

Then turning round I caught her thus,

She blushed and modestly looked down

I eyed her from slanting eye to tiny shoe

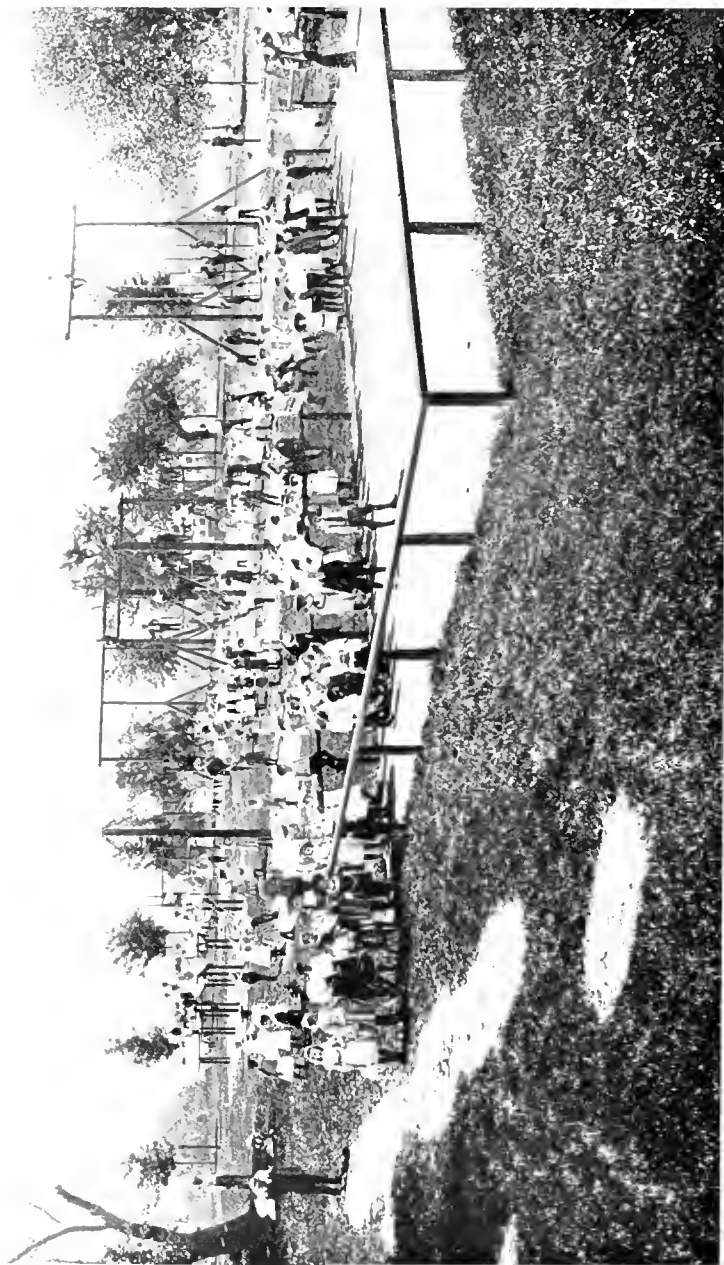
I eyed her saken down.

"My Dearest," I cried, "be not ashamed

To gaze at me while I styles on you.

She raised her eyes and a sweet glow

"Me! and look in glass e too!"



OUTDOOR GYMNASIUM, POPE PARK.



ART

Some of the reasons for this are: (1) the want of opportunity to exhibit their work; (2) the want of attention of prospective purchasers. But, first of all, the opportunity to exhibit their work, the opportunity for giving the public opportunity to see their work. They need the help of experienced business enterprise to give them encouragement and to bring them some financial returns, even if of very moderate amount, their talent being developed without much present encouragement of a practical kind.

These facts are true not only of this immediate locality but of Connecticut as a whole. Massachusetts, with its important annual exhibition at Springfield, held under the management of James D. Gill, and with its Boston art advantages, and Rhode Island with its art center at Providence, are offering far more encouragement to young artists than Connecticut has as yet done in the way of exhibitions and sales. The reason for this is, especially as to Hartford, the convenient proximity to New York and the inclination of the art purchasing classes of the wealthiest city in proportion to population in the United States to make their selections largely at New York studios and art sales.

The thirtieth annual art exhibition at Springfield will be given in February and Mr. Gill has just issued an announcement that he is arranging for commodious galleries in that city. In addition he is arranging for opening this season new and permanent art galleries in Boston. While Mr. Gill has always made a specialty of handling the best works of the leading American artists, he has done more than any other man in this part of New England to bring out young American artists and create a demand for their work, in the enterprising ways of an experienced business man as well as those of a man of artistic taste and discernment. If in the Springfield galleries there might be a department devoted especially to pictures from the younger artists of the Connecticut Valley and western Massachusetts, while perhaps not seeming desirable or profitable to the proprietor, it would at least be of local interest and prove a helpful encouragement to deserving talent now hidden through lack of exhibition opportunity.

This idea may not be at all practicable so far as the Springfield galleries are concerned, but with some enterprising concerted action on the part of the younger artists of this locality it would seem that such an exhibition could be arranged to be given in the Capital City and mounted on a modest scale as a permanent exhibition.

To do this with success would require the hearty cooperation of all local art circles and schools of art, it would assist the permanent exhibition in both the widest and most varied exhibits, as well as in making a fund of reference to which artists could go for publication and other commercial purposes. Such a collection would be a valuable one, and it would be a great advantage to the local art circles to have such a collection of art works in the Capital City, and it would be a great advantage to the local art circles to have such a collection of art works in the Capital City, and it would be a great advantage to the local art circles to have such a collection of art works in the Capital City.

"COMMERCIALISM" AND ART.

THE basis of success in the business world is the spirit of enterprise exercised on practical lines. The principal elements of success in the art world are generally considered to be a cultivated talent and taste in special departments and schools of art, combined with an enthusiasm and inspiration in the development of ideals. The measures of commercial success and art success are as different as the characters of their fields and their methods of working; on the one hand riches first and fame last, on the other, fame first and riches as may happen.

Artists are too often inclined to underestimate the value of business enterprise or "commercialism" in adding to their fame as well as to their financial income. This is most commonly the case among young artists inexperienced in the affairs of the world outside of studios. It is a tendency of thought growing out of confidence in the value of talent developed and the power of genius, and out of a belief in the ultimate recognition and reward of merit, a confidence that is justified of itself; a belief that is justified only when it is accompanied by the determination to use every legitimate and consistent effort to make the merit known and appreciated by a purchasing public.

Hartford abounds in artistic talent that to a rare degree is entitled to a far greater recognition than it has as yet received. The series of articles on our younger artists that has recently appeared in this magazine with numerous illustrations of their work has shown something of the variety and capability of this comparatively hidden and unknown talent. But it has shown only a very small part of it. Those represented were but a very few indeed of those who are working with but slight recognition and generally with no publicity whatever in most worthy lines, though under great disadvantages.

A large majority of these younger artists working seriously are pursuing their studies and efforts

In The Theatres

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please must please to live.
—Dr. Johnson.

HOW MAUDE ADAMS SAVED AN ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNGSTER.

Narrow observers of the audiences at "Peter Pan" have detected the fact that the men more hugely enjoy this fantasy, this spell of an evening's duration, than the women. It would be of profit to the psychologist to know why, as the lobby fills at the last fall of the curtain, most outgoing masculine faces are still flushed from hearty laughter, while those of the women are rather red about the eyes and perhaps a bit on the end of the nose.

The wherefore cannot be found in the better playing of the male or female roles on the stage, for it is Miss Adams' very modest but excellent idea that "Nobody counts for more than anybody else beside the native, masterly charm exerted by 'Peter Pan' itself."

"In some other parts," she says, "the glory has been that I felt the wheel move as I put my shoulder to it, but in 'Peter Pan' the audience do it all simply by again becoming children and believing in fairies."

The men may get the sprightly wit, the lovely absurdities of the piece, and the women its tender sentiment, but the perfect auditor is the child, who absorbs it all. Each performance affords rare instances of perfect child delight in this most delicate of "Barrie moods," which, as Miss Adams says is a nearer description of "Peter Pan" than merely calling it a play. During an evening performance lately when Hook and his pirates had captured the little darlings and the lost boys, it seemed an eternity before Peter Pan came to the rescue. There they were bound on the pirate ship in the direst straits with no help at hand. This was too much for a flaxen haired lad in the audience, who, no longer able to stand the strain jumped from his seat beside his mother and shouted loudly, "Hurry up Peter Pan!"

But Miss Adams herself tells the quaintest story of child delight and the lovely self-loss in the illusion of a boy of about ten years who was one of a box party at a matinee. "He was the littlest of shavers," she says, "but oh so manly, so business-like and with such immense blue eyes, hungry for every detail for everything that was going on. His mother sat beside him throughout the performance holding his hand, for he had leaned very far forward on the edge of the seat. Further and further, he would work on the edge of his seat at every expectant moment—as when Peter Pan comes flying into the Darling house. Then he would leap off the chair to his feet in such scenes as the "Never, Never, Never Land," as if suddenly he were witnessing the realization of his own dream. Greater and greater grew his excitement until all of us on the stage seemed to feel only the presence of that little black haired boy.

"We were making his dreams come true, giving lively substance to his active imagination. We

could hear in succession his startled Ohs! his delighted coos, and his muffled laments at Peter Pan's adventures. Then as Tinker Bell drinks the poison meant for Peter Pan, and I rush down to the audience and cry 'Do you believe in fairies? Oh, say you do!' I got no further but my little black haired inspiration shouted in his shrill, high-pitched voice 'Hi—I do!' with the most emphatic emphasis on the last word. The incident was evidently too much for his mother who did not relish the curious gaze of the rest of the audience. She checked the little lad, lowly scolding him as I could see through the curtain. Imagine my pain as I saw my imaginative little friend sit back in his seat with a surprised countenance puckered up all ready to cry, but he did not. I saved him as he had saved Tinker Bell. We received the usual curtain call before the curtain. Never did I more promptly respond. Then with a toss of a kiss directly to the little black haired boy, I saw a wonderful sight; the downcast mouth, the damp eyes and dejected figure all vanished as if by magic and the little chap again jumped to the edge of his seat and burst out in delighted laughter."

LIFE.

Looking all around us
On the busy things of life,
We are sometimes tried and tempted
In this world's unequal strife.

Some we see whom God has favored
Far above the rest of men,
Yet some use these blessed talents,
Returning one, receiving ten.

Many a heart with care o'er-burdened,
Longing for one ray of love,
Wondering if such ones are knowing
How they grieve that Heart above.

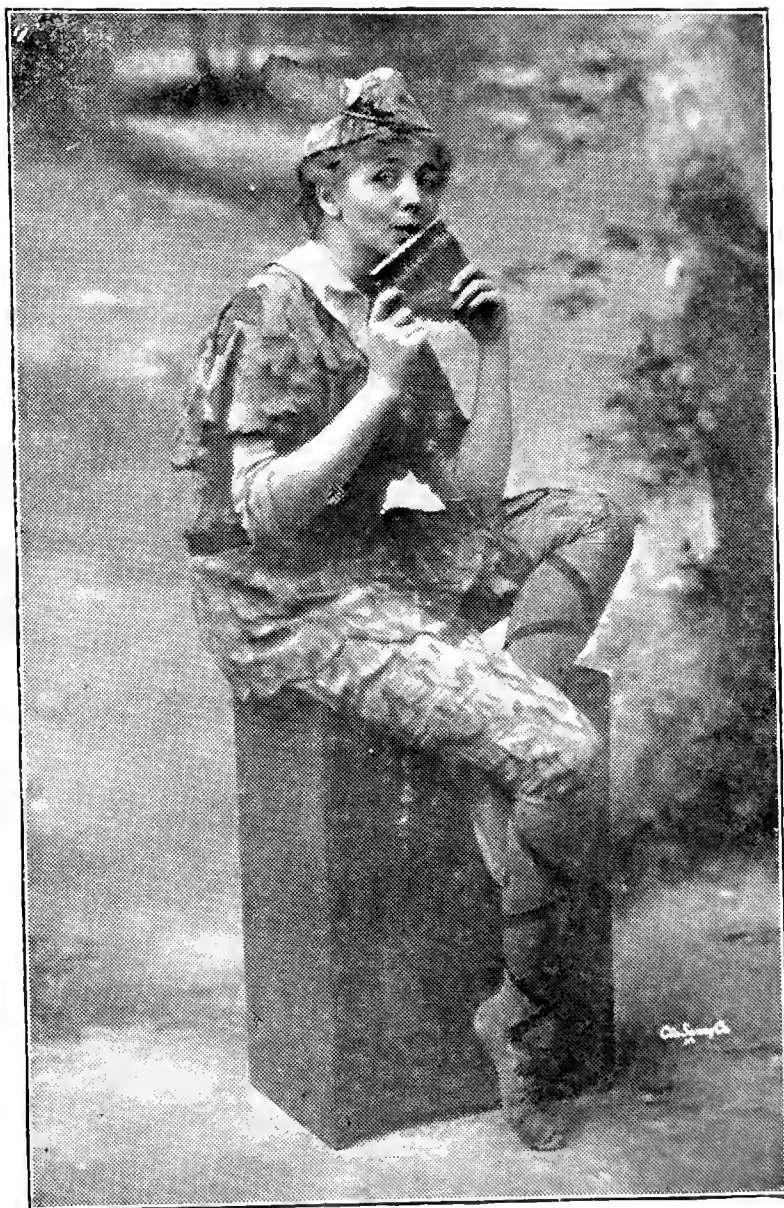
Wondering why some eat from tables,
While some hungry hearts are dumb,
Keenly watching, truly thankful,
Not for loaves, but just a crumb.

But God's ways are past our knowing,
Let this truth our hearts entwine,
Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding fine.

Men may use their strength and power
To crush the heart and soul that's weak;
Still the power of God remaineth,
And he loves the kind and meek.

He will lift the soul down-trodden,
For in Heaven the right shall win;
Then shall come the glorious victory
Of the righteous over sin.

South Willington, Conn., Oct. 16, 1906.



MAUDE ADAMS AS PETER PAN.



SOME LIBRARY HELPS.

Interesting Facts and Amusing Experiences—How Searches for Special Information are Made.

Written for The Hartford Monthly

By CAROLINE M. HEWINS, Librarian.

FIRST, how is a reader to know what new books the library has, and where to find them?

The new books usually come the last of the week, to be ready for the book committee on Saturday morning. Then the catalog-cards are ordered from the Library of Congress, but if a book is needed at once a dummy card is made and replaced later. The cards after the book-numbers are put on are filed once a week. The new books, unless they are very valuable, are kept at the counter or on the shelves in the corner.

Second, how is the reader to find an article in a magazine?

Poole's Index, in the reference room, indexes articles of more than three pages. There are five volumes, and besides, two volumes of an abridgment, including thirty-seven of the most common magazines, up to 1899. The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, 1900-1904, with a separate volume for 1905, is much fuller, and includes short articles and poems, besides periodicals like *The Delmeator*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The numbers for 1906 are in the reading room, and there is a very fair chance of finding up-to-date magazine articles on any subject.

The indexes to *Harper's Magazine*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Popular Science Monthly*, although several years behind, are of great value for the earlier volumes, and the index to *Harper's Magazine* includes many portraits. It is curious sometimes how a very small mistake or misunderstanding prevents you from finding a story or a poem. For example—Years ago, one summer when I was in the country, I read in an old number of *Harper's Weekly*, a fearsome ghost-story called, as I remembered it,

"The Dumberdene," but I never could find it anywhere (although I suspected that it was taken from some English magazine), until I saw in one of Laura Richards's stories for girls an allusion to it under its proper spelling, as "The Dumberdene," and looked for it in Poole to find that it was in a number of *Belgravia* which we had on our shelves.

One of the most useful of late reference books is Edith Granger's *Index to Poetry and Recitations*, published by McClurg in 1904. This volume of nearly a thousand pages has an index of the authors, titles and first lines of the poems and recitations in more than three hundred volumes, collected or by individual authors. For example, if, as sometimes happens, one person asks for the "Burial of Moses," another for a poem beginning "By Nebo's lonely mountain," and a third for Mrs. Alexander's poem on Moses, we are able to find it directly by turning to the title, first line or author index.

The puzzle comes when the searcher knows none of them, and has only a vague idea of the subject, like the man who asked not long ago for a poem that was in his school reader about a man who went to a place and again to the same place a thousand years later. Fortunately, although the poem is not in the index, somebody on the staff remembered Rickert's "Chidhar the Prophet, Ever Young." We have a large collection of old school readers and "speakers," and are able to turn out "How big was Alexander, pa?" or "It was a day of triumph in Capua" at short notice.

Of course it is very important to have the latest editions of encyclopaedias, dictionaries and atlases. Last week I heard a talk from a librarian of much experience, who thinks that many references in the card-catalog may be saved when readers learn to look for the names of the best books on a subject at the end of an article on that subject in the latest encyclopaedia. For instance: The most exhaustive account of the Dreyfus case that I know, with a long bibliography attached, is in the fourth volume of that monumental work, full of information to be found nowhere else in English, the *Jewish Encyclopaedia*.

There are some magazines not in Poole, to which the library has made its own card indexes: the Connecticut Magazine, St. Nicholas, Wide Awake, Our Young Folks, and Harper's Young People or Round Table. It is building up a reference set of magazines, duplicates that do not go out.

One important aid to readers is a collection of lists prepared for club use, covering such subjects as The Elizabethan Period, Modern Fiction, Problems of Immigration, Italian history, the early American Colonies, European history, 1800-1820, various schools of art, etc.

Another help is a large number of lists made for holidays by libraries all over the country, that enable us to find a Christmas, Easter or Memorial Day story at once. Lists of books used for reference in debates are filed, for the revolving seasons usually bring the same familiar subjects, "Resolved, that iron is more useful than gold," or, "Resolved, that slavery is wrong."

The printed cards issued by the Department of Agriculture are of great use. The pamphlets are kept on file; and can be referred to easily when such subjects as flax, forestry, the Hessian fly, alfalfa, or jack-rabbits are asked for.

When everything else fails, a box of cards with notes on subjects that have been found with some difficulty is consulted. For instance, Lyman Abbott's trip abroad, once asked for, is "Impressions of a Careless Traveller," in the Outlook. The best accounts of "Old Abe" the war-eagle are in a child's book, "Blaisdell's Stories of the Civil War," and also in Mrs. Livermore's "My Story of the War."

The family name of Prince Albert may be found in "Notes and Queries." The order of Trollope's Barchester novels is given in the Providence Public Library Bulletin for October, 1897. There are bead-work patterns in a Report of the Bureau of Ethnology. Bertha, the beautiful spinster, to whom Longfellow makes John Alden compare Priscilla, may be found in Guerber's Legends of the Rhine. The Legend of the Blind Gentian, that once led us all a weary dance, is in a child's book where we never thought of looking for it. Pratt's "Fairyland of Flowers."

We can all say automatically now that Webster's speech against Hayne is indexed in his works under "Speech on the Resolution of Mr. Foot," but it took us a long time to find it.

Some of the most useful helps to readers are the various dictionaries and cyclopaedias of history, though it is necessary to have several of them. Some one once asked us for the date of the burning of the steamship Lexington, but Little's Cyclopaedia of classified dates was the only book where we could find it. The other day the question of the payment of a poll tax as a qualification for voting came up, but in only one book, Jameson's Dictionary of United States History, was it distinctly stated that in Massachusetts and some other states no man is allowed to vote without having paid it.

The English Notes and Queries is an inexhaustible mine of information, but we have to go to the Watkinson Library when we use it. American Notes and Queries was short-lived (1888-1891), but has a great many out-of-the-way facts and quotations.

We have lately been fortunate enough to find a

copy of a book printed in 1800, the title of which we could not find. It is, *Bombing, or Grounds for the Curious*, in the edition of 1815. There are more mis-spellings, but not odd and whimsical verse and prose, riddles, memory verses and such things in it than in any book I ever saw, and Carolyn Wells, in her new Whimsy Anthology, is greatly indebted to it. Anybody who knows the book by heart is a long way on the road to reference-room work.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

The New York Tribune is responsible for the following. At the inauguration of Dr. Flavel S. Luther, the new president of Trinity College, a student said:

"I want to tell you about a mishap that befell Dr. Luther one morning last month.

"He boarded one of our Hartford street cars, rode a mile or so with his eyes fixed on his newspaper, and, close on the end of his journey, looked up and spied one of his students crumpled in a corner.

"The student was in a wretched plight. His clothing was stained, his linen soiled, his hair unbrushed. His face was pallid, and his eyes were bloodshot and dull. He looked ill, he looked a wreck, and it was easy to see what the trouble was.

"Dr. Luther, fresh and vigorous from his bath and his good breakfast, arose to get off. As he passed the unclean student he said, grimly,

"'Been on a drunk.'

"The student's sleepy eyes rolled languidly toward Dr. Luther, and, in a dull and listless voice, the young man said,

"'So have I!'

THE DUTY OF WEALTH.

The Christian idea that wealth is a stewardship or trust, and not to be used for one's personal pleasures alone but for the welfare of others, certainly seems the noblest, and those who have more money, or broader culture, owe a debt to those who have fewer opportunities. And there are so many ways one can help.

The earnest workers who so nobly and bravely give their lives to promote the welfare of others, give far more than though they had simply made gifts of money, so those who cannot afford to give largely need not feel discouraged on that account. After all, sympathy and good will may be a greater force than wealth, and we can all extend to others a kindly feeling and courteous consideration that will make life sweeter and better. *Helen Miller Gild*

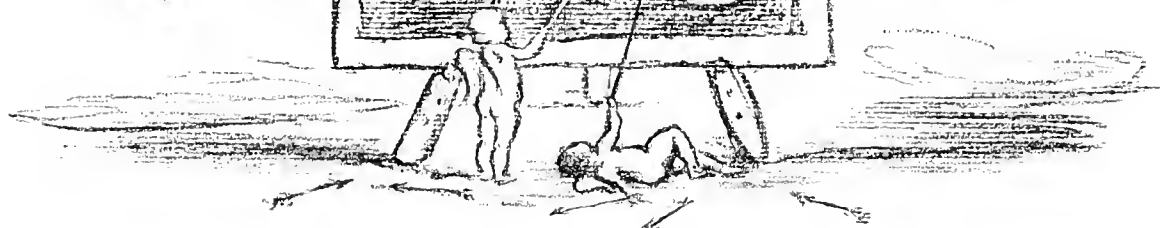
THE STUDY OF POETRY.

Never before was there so much study of poetry and the drama. This is due to the modern extension of education and to the spread of reading matter among the masses. Poetry is not the fashion of an hour; it is an eternal food of the soul; a need that grows with the increase of intelligence.

Helen Miller Gild

The happiness of a man in action, its test is what one is willing to sacrifice for it. *St.*

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CITY GUIDE Police Calls and Fire Alarm

How to Call a Policeman.

A key fitting all police call boxes will be furnished to any reputable citizen, free of charge, upon application at police headquarters, Market Street.

To call a policeman, and for this purpose only, insert key in key-hole marked "Citizen's Key," in center of outside door; push key in as far as possible; turn key to right as far as it will go, or one-quarter way around; let go of key and leave it there. Do not try to open the door nor to release the key; the key once inserted can only be released by a policeman.

Location of Police Call Boxes.

- 12, cor. Morgan and Front Streets.
- 13, " Morgan and Main Streets.
- 14, " Windsor and Avon Streets.
- 15, " Main and Pavilion Streets.
- 16, " Judson and Barbour Streets.
- 21, " Union Depot.
- 22, " Main and Ann Streets.
- 23, " Albany Avenue and East Street.
- 24, " Albany Avenue and Blue Hills Road.
- 25, " Asylum Avenue and Woodland Street.
- 26, " Sigourney and Collins Streets.
- 27, " Farmington Avenue and Laurel Street.
- 31, " State and Front Streets.
- 32, " Front and Sheldon Streets.
- 33, " Commerce and Potter Streets.
- 34, " Main and Arch Streets.
- 35, " Charter Oak and Union Streets.
- 41, " Pearl Street, Hook & Ladder House.
- 42, " Park and Broad Streets.
- 43, " Zion Street and Glendale Avenue.
- 44, " Broad and Howard Streets.
- 45, " Park Street and Sisson Avenue.
- 46, " Park and Laurel Streets.
- 51, " Wethersfield Avenue and Bond Street.
- 52, " Main and Congress Streets.
- 53, " Washington and Vernon Streets.
- 54, " Lafayette and Russ Streets.
- 55, " New Britain Avenue and Broad Street.
- 56, " Maple Avenue and Webster Street.
- 57, " Wethersfield Avenue and South Street.
- 61, " Selectmen's Office, Pearl Street.
- 62, " Trumbull St., near County Building.
- 63, " House of Comfort, Bushnell Park.
- 72, " Farmington Avenue and Smith Street.

How to Give a Fire Alarm.

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CITY GUIDE---Continued.

obtain a key to be kept on hand in case of need, by applying at the fire department headquarters, 43 Pearl Street.

To give an alarm, open the door of the box, pull the hook to the bottom of the slot once, and let go; then close the door. The key will be released and returned as soon as convenient. Do not pull the hook if the fire bell or the small bell in the box is striking, as that indicates an alarm has already been given. In using the keyless box, when the door has been opened, follow the same directions as given for ordinary box. Private boxes will only be pulled for fires on the premises where located. Always give the alarm from the box nearest to the fire. Key holders, upon changing their locations, will please notify the superintendent of fire alarm telegraph, at department headquarters.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

The numbers given below correspond with the strokes of the fire alarm bell. From the strokes and these numbers a fire can be very closely located, the strokes indicating the number of the box from which the alarm has been given.

- 12, Asylum St. and Union Pl.
- 13, Asylum and Farmington Aves., Junction.
- 14, Walnut St., opp. Chestnut.
- 15, Flower St., front Pratt & Whitney Co's
- 16, Hook & Ladder House, Pearl St.
- 17, Engine House, No. 4, Ann St.
- 18, Trumbull and Pearl Sts.
- 19, Trumbull and Main Sts.
- 122, Myrtle and Edwards Sts.
- 123, High St. and Foot Guard Place.
- 124, Ford and Asylum Sts.
- 132, Farmington Ave. and Beach St.
- 141, Lumber St.
- 142, Albany Avenue and East St.
- 143, County Jail, Seyms St.
- 144, Windsor Ave. and Florence St.
- 145, Highland Court.
- 161, So. N. E. Telephone Bldg. (Private).
- 21, Asylum and Trumbull Sts.
- 23, Main and Pearl Sts.
- 24, State and Market Sts.
- 25, Engine House, No. 3, Front St.
- 26, Grove and Commerce Sts.
- 27, Main and Pratt Sts.
- 28, Main and Morgan Sts.
- 29, Morgan and Front Sts.
- 213, Trumbull and Church Sts.
- 231, Main and Asylum Sts.
- 241, Market and Temple Sts.
- 251, Kilbourn and Commerce Sts.
- 271, Main and Church Sts.
- 31, Front and Arch Sts.
- 32, Main and Mulberry Sts.
- 34, Trumbull and Jewell Sts.
- 35, Main and Elm Sts.
- 36, Capitol Ave. and West St.
- 37, Colt's Armory.
- 38, Main and Buckingham Sts.
- 39, Engine House, No. 6, Huyshope Ave.
- 312, Charter Oak Ave. and Governor St.
- 313, Capewell Horse Nail Co. (Private).
- 314, Sheldon and Taylor Sts.
- 315, Old Screw Shop, Sheldon St.
- 321, Grove and Prospect Sts.
- 322, Acton Insurance Building
- 361, Capitol Ave. and Trinity St.
- 371, Edward Bait Co., Sheldon St. (Private)
- 381, Charter Oak Place.
- 41, Capitol Ave. front of Pope's.
- 42, Park and Washington Sts.
- 43, Russ and Oak Sts.
- 45, New Britain Ave. and Summit St.
- 46, Zion St., opp. Vernon.
- 47, Park and Broad Sts.
- 48, Broad and Vernon Sts.
- 49, Trinity College.
- 411, Hartford Machine Screw Co. (Private.)
- 412, Russ and Lawrence Sts.
- 413, Putnam St., opp. Orphan Asylum

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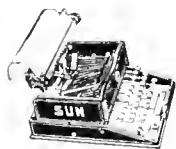
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CITY GUIDE---Continued.

- 421, Buckingham and Cedar Sts.
423, Washington and Jefferson Sts.
424, Broad and Madison Sts.
451, Fairfield Ave. and White St.
452, New Britain Ave. and White St.
461, Hamilton and Wellington Sts.
471, Engine House, No. 8, Park and Affleck Sts.
5, Engine House, No. 1, Main St.
51, Maple Ave. and Congress St.
52, Wethersfield Ave., opp. Car Barns.
53, Retreat Ave. and Washington St.
54, Wethersfield Ave. and Alden St.
56, New Britain Ave. and Washington St.
57, Retreat for Insane (Private).
512, Franklin Ave. and Shultas Place.
513, Franklin Ave. and Morris St.
514, Hartford Hospital (Private).
521, Wethersfield Ave. and Preston St.
522, Wethersfield Ave., opp. Capitol Park.
523, Engine House, No. 10, Bond St.
524, Franklin Ave. and Brown St.
531, New Britain Ave. and Broad St.
532, Julius and Crown Sts.
561, Maple Ave. and Bond St.
6, Asylum Ave., opp. Sumner St.
61, Farmington Ave. and Smith St.
62, Engine House, No. 5, Sigourney St.
63, Farmington Ave. and Gillett St.
64, Engine House, No. 11, Sisson Ave.
65, Capitol Ave. and Laurel St.
67, Capitol Ave. and Sigourney St.
611, North Beacon and Cone Sts.
612, Farmington Ave. and Oxford St.
613, Kenyon St.
614, Warrenton Ave. and Beacon St.
621, Cathedral, Farmington Ave. (Private).
622, Woodland St., opp. Niles.
623, Farmington Ave. and Laurel St.
631, Farmington and Sisson Aves.
632, Forest and Hawthorn Sts.
641, Smith and Davenport Sts.
642, Park and Heath Sts.
643, Bartholomew Ave.
644, New Park Ave. and Kibbe St.
645, New Park Ave. and Merrill St.
651, Underwood Typewriter Co., 581 Capitol Ave. (Private).
652, Electric Vehicle Co., Park and Laurel Sts. (Private).
653, Laurel and Willow Sts.
7, Albany Ave. and Williams St.
71, Woodland and Collins Sts.
72, Alms House (Private).
73, Garden and Collins Sts.
74, Albany and Blue Hills Aves.
75, Vine St., west side, front T. J. Blake's.
76, Albany Ave., west of Lenox Place.
711, Asylum Ave. and Gillette St.
712, Collins and Sigourney Sts.
713, Ashley and Huntington Sts.
714, Sargeant and May Sts.
715, Sargeant and Woodland Sts.
721, Vine and Capen Sts.
731, Sargeant and Garden Sts.
732, Garden and Myrtle Sts.
741, Blue Hills Ave.
742, Blue Hills Ave. and Holcomb St.
751, Albany Ave. and Burton St.
752, Albany Ave. and Garden St.
8, Windsor Ave. and Mather St.
81, Windsor Ave. and Capen St.
82, Clark and Westland Sts.
83, Windsor Ave. and Frankfort St.
84, Capen and Garden Sts.
85, Capen and Barbour Sts.
812, Mahl Ave., opp. Arsenal.
813, Suffield and Bellevue Sts.
821, Charlotte and Barbour Sts.
831, Opposite Engine House, No. 7, Windsor Ave.
9, Main and High Sts.
91, Engine House, No. 2, Pleasant St.
92, Windsor and Pleasant Sts.
93, Foot Windsor St., Smith, Northam & Co.

Fire Bell Signals.

Two single strokes is the recall or signal that the fire is out.

Ten strokes is the general alarm, calling out all reserve companies.

Two rounds of twelve strokes each is the military call.

The fire bell gives one stroke for 12 o'clock, noon daily, except Sunday; and one stroke for 9 o'clock p. m.

Art Exhibition

POSTPONEMENT

Owing to the amount of work necessary to place the paintings with their frames on exhibition, and also the difficulty experienced in securing the proper room for the hanging of them, the exhibition of the paintings of Maria Brooks which was to have been held the latter part of October under the management of F. U. Wells of the Wells Art Co., 177 Asylum Street, Hartford, has been again postponed. Up to the time of this article going to press the date and location have not been fixed but it will undoubtedly take place within thirty days. Although the postponement has been a disappointment to many it was unavoidable and it is hoped that the completeness of it when given will compensate the delay.

The following is the collection listed for the exhibition and sale. It includes some of her most valuable and noted paintings:

Down Piccadilly, Very Sweet, Shall I or Shall I Not, The New String, Juanita, For You, The Norwegian Haymaker, Isabelle, Gathering Roses, Village of Beauport, The Rev. Morgan Dix, Just Thinking, Study, Two Pretty Ones, Aspiration, Nice and Cool, Shucking Corn, Shelling Corn, Forget Me Not, Candies, I Can Say It, The Picture Books, Going to the Parish Flower Show, Alter a Good Set, The Toy Seller, Forty Winks, Mental Conflict, Early Summer, Rosebuds, Off to the Dance, Entouree De Rose, A Sketch, The Wayfarers, The Shell.

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Those who in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, neglect the common maxims of life, should be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; but that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.---*Johnson.*

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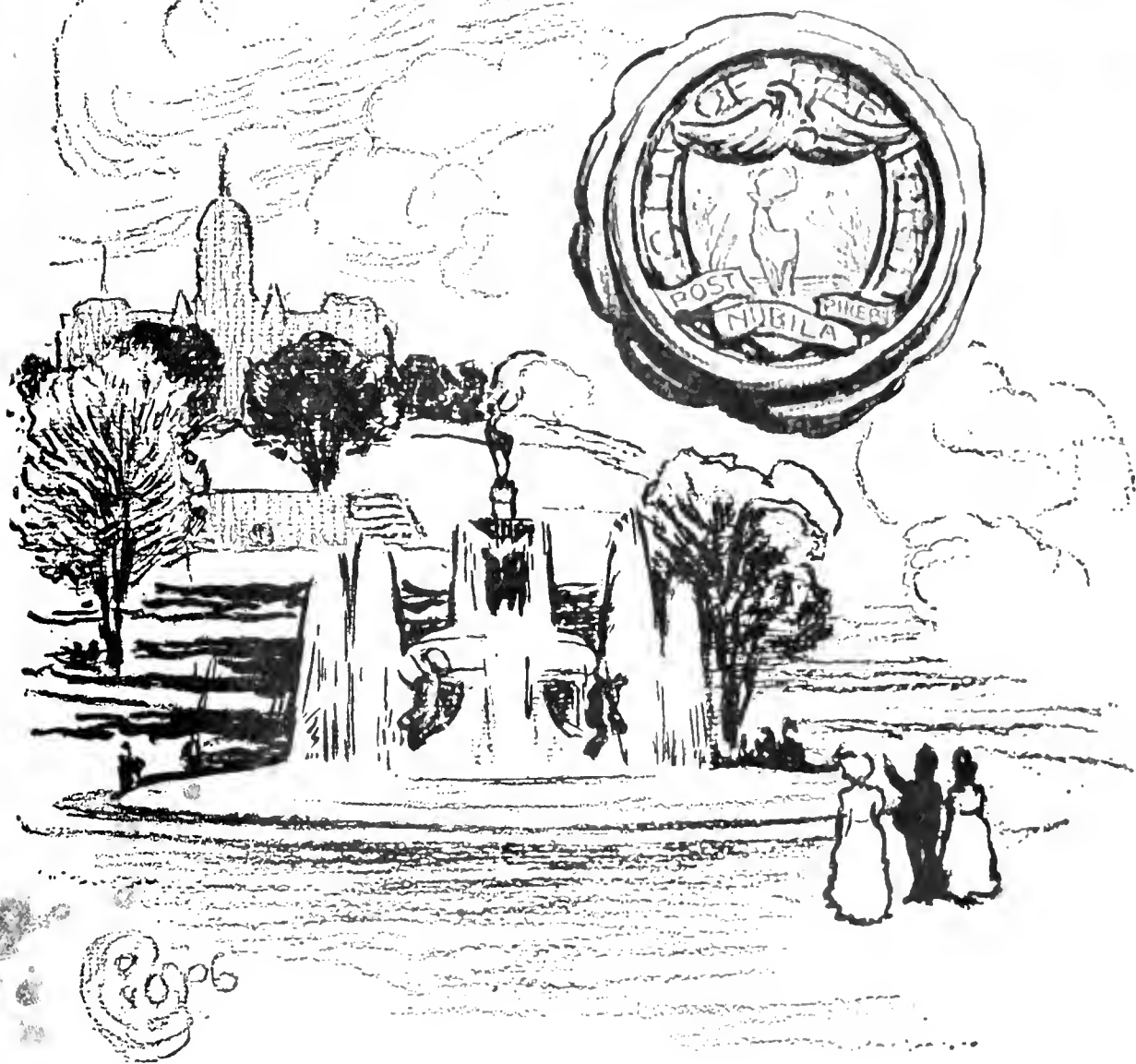
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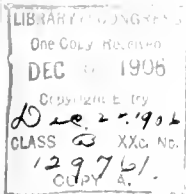
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THEN WHEREVER IT MAY BE
WELCOMED.



THE

HARTFORD MONTHLY



SOME SPECIAL FEATURES

of the

December Number.

Frontispiece—Christmas In The Settlement House

A Settlement Christmas—Cherry Story of Movement and Inspiration of Social Settlement of 1906
Illustrated
BY HEVY GRAHAM JONES

Captain Bobs' Santa Claus—A Christmas Story for The Little Folks
BY EDWARD ASAHEL WRIGHT

The Open Hearth—Interesting Story of How The Helping Hand is Given to The Poor and Sick
Illustrated
BY REV. C. H. JACKSON

The Good Will Club—What It is Doing for Bright Boys of Hartford—Christmas Eve

The Harbor of Venice—Painting
BY WALTER F. FANSH

Union For Home Work—Benign and Practical Aid to Needy Women—Christmas Eve

Charity Organization Society—Settlement House Reform and Protection of Laborers—Christmas Eve
BY ITS BOARD OF CHARITABLE WORK

The Flume—Painting
BY FREDERICK BALLARD WHEELER

The Village Street Mission—Some of the Pleasant Things—A Story of Social Progress
Not Going and Upcoming Ways—Christmas Eve
BY CAROL STELL BART

Reproduction of Pictures by Painters: Andrew Arnsperg, "Christmas Eve," and "When Baby Smiles," Paintings by C. F. F. Clark, "Social Mission," etc.

Press of C. M. Games

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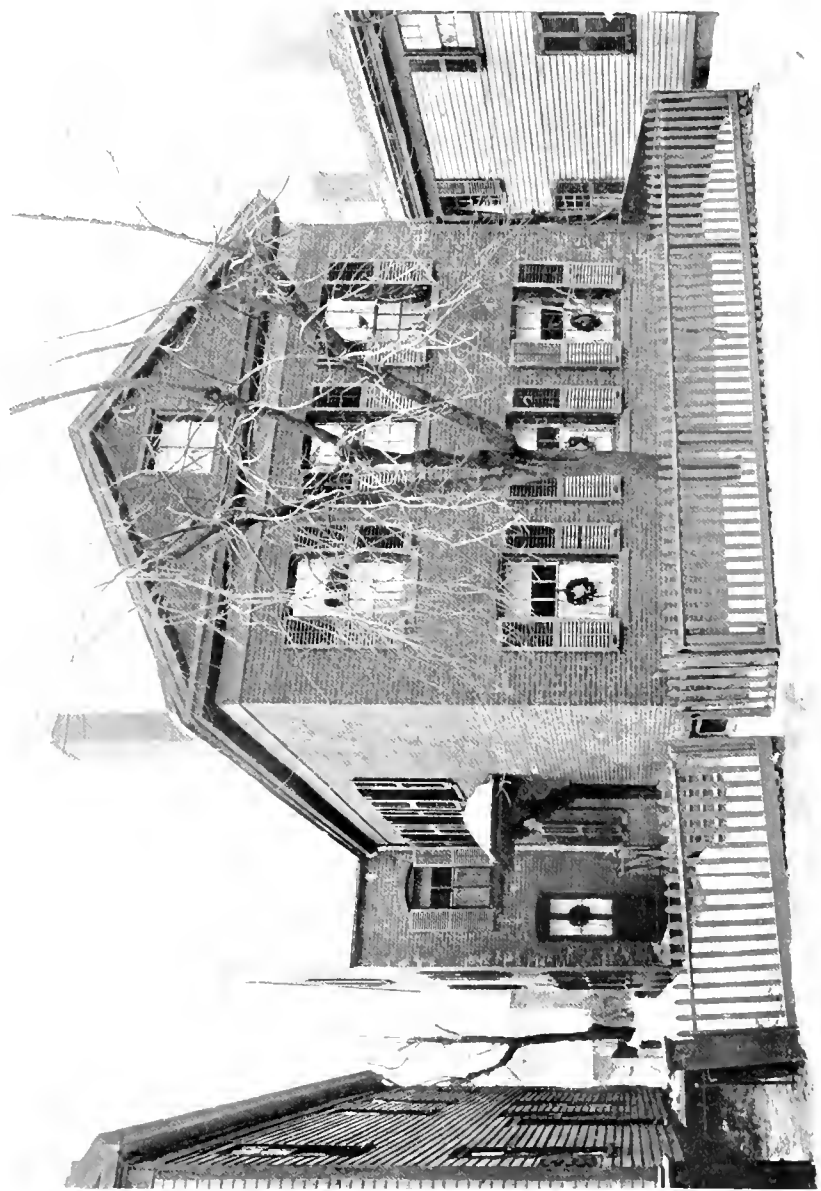
1906
Vol. 1, No. 7.

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\$1.00 a Year

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CHRISTMAS IN THE SETTLEMENT HOUSE.



I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men
Longfellow

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Instead of devoting its space to fanciful Christmas contents, The Hartford Monthly in its December number gives the free use of its pages for the benefit of practical local charities.

The Christmas season is a good time to read and think of what is being done right around us for the relief of suffering and for the betterment of those needing a helping hand, words of encouragement and opportunities for learning how to take care of themselves and improve their conditions.

It will not make Christmas any the less bright for us if we give a little time to considering what we can do to brighten the lives and lift the burdens of others.

In these articles, written by practical workers in different lines of charity and betterment work, will be found facts and suggestions that point out so many good ways for the bestowal of charity that no one need be at loss to know how or where the helping hand can be wisely given.

A Christmas Song.

Music — "In Twilight's Glow," from the August Number of
The Hartford Monthly

Blest star that shone o'er Bethlehem;
'Tis shining still for thee!
It points the way and guides the helm,
When lost on trackless sea.
Its steadfast light leads through the night,
To joyous, peaceful dawn;
To golden strand — the summer land
Of greeting and of song

[Refrain]

From heavenly lighted space,
The Christ star's shining grace
Fills the heart of man with joy and hope divine
O'er land and sea, it shines for thee.
In the sweetness of the blessed Christmas
time.

It shone o'er cradled innocence,

And faith without alloy

Brought gifts of myrrh and frankincense;

And angels sang with joy.

It shines tonight, in radiance bright

O'er home's gift-laden tree—

It shines tonight; the same blest light

That hallowed Galilee.

[Refrain]

CHRISTMAS TIME.

MUSIC and mirth are in the air on Christmas Eve; and about the hearthstone, blending with the aroma of spices and good things to be served on the morrow, there is the atmosphere of faith, the inspiration of hope; and over all the sweetness and warmth of home and family love.

It is well that this time of sacred celebration and of home gathering be made merry and bright. It is a time for the giving of thanks as well as for the giving of Christmas presents and of alms.

A cheerful giver is beloved in realms divine, whether it be the giver of tokens of love or of pity, or the giver of thanks for blessings received. And so let this good evening and its glad morrow be full of brightness and good cheer.

To make it thoroughly bright it may not be well for all of us to dwell too much upon the past. The day makes it natural for us to do so, for we peculiarly miss at these home gatherings companionships that have made their glory in the past, but which now are broken.

We must think of these separations as but temporary interruptions of our companionship, and look forward with nothing of foreboding or distrust to the reunions and the better days that are before us. If we must look back a little we shall find that memory is kind and will not let us be embittered at such a time as this; the rough edges will be smoothed for us and sad remembrance will be transformed by the spirit of Christmas time into chastened happiness and comforting hope.

But better than to rely upon either memory or hope for a merry Christmas is the effort to make the most of the present, by letting the generous Christmas spirit have its sway and lead us out of ourselves and our introspections into thoughts of others and of what we can do to bring comfort to those who need our help.

The bestowal of large, visible means of relief is not possible to many of us; but each is able to bestow at least a little study and sympathetic thought to the charitable work underway around us.

It need not sadden our Christmas time to know something of the needs of those less fortunate than ourselves and less happy at this Christmas time.

The needs are real, and to blind ourselves to

them may indulge a selfish desire for self-content but will not increase a genuine happiness within us. A study of charity work at the season of our own merry-makings, while we may not be able to do much at the moment to assist where our help is needed, will show us where we can best assist when we are able. When this is followed by the sincere resolve to do for good charities what we can in the future, then much has been done toward earning for ourselves a merry Christmas time and securing for others comforts that are needed in varied forms and at all seasons.

It is to afford opportunity for such intelligent study that these pages are so largely devoted this month to the aims and workings of local charities of the most practical kinds.

Now the tree is decorated with bright merri-ment, and song, and dance, and cheerfulness. And they are welcome. Innocent and welcome be they ever held beneath the branches of the Christmas Tree, which cast no gloomy shadow! But, as it sinks into the ground, I hear a whisper going through the leaves: "This, in commemoration of the law of love and kindness, mercy and compassion. This in remembrance of Me!"—*Charles Dickens*.



SUNDAY EVENING IN THE SETTLEMENT HOUSE.

A SETTLEMENT CHRISTMAS.

Cheery Story of Merriment and Fun in A
Happy Home.

Written for The Hartford Monitor
By MARY GRAHAM JONES.

OFF in an out of the way corner of Hartford is a little house just brimming over with joy and good-will and good-cheer. Every one who goes there finds it hard to get away; and when he does, he wants to go again.

Even Santa Claus isn't content with a hurried trip down the chimney. He waits until he

are grown up, and then they come and get together and all the rest.

What fun we had last Christmas! And how many people helped to give us happiness. When Santa Claus opened his pack, what an array of gifts for the Settlement our friends had sent us! There were oranges, and candy, and books, and clothing, and toys, and a most delightful little stove that will really cook, and around which our little housekeepers have passed many, many happy hours all through the year.

There were Christmas greens and good things to eat, and gifts of money that made it



KITCHEN GARDEN, SETTLEMENT HOUSE.

has been all over town in his gift-laden sleigh, and then puts his reindeer out to pasture, and comes and stays at No. 15 North street from Christmas Day till Twelfth Night, for every one of those settlement clubs and classes must have its party or entertainment or tree.

And does Santa Claus have to do it all, and give presents to all those four hundred and fifty people who belong to the Settlement? Oh, no indeed, that's the delightful part of it, he doesn't have to do anything but remind us of the needs and desires of the little children, and the weakness and loneliness of the people who

possible for all our parties to have ice cream, and enabled us to send tokens of good-will into the homes around us.

The fun began on Christmas afternoon, when the Regina Elena Club gave the "Bachelor's Dream" for the Marconi Club and its friends, followed by a dance and refreshments. Then came the Christmas supper party for the Settlement family and its guests—a mother and four daughters each of whom found the very thing she wanted hidden under the tolly and ribbons at her plate.

In the evening there was a party for the

Washington Club and the Young Shamrocks, and later a Young Men's Club gave a smoker, providing their own refreshments, and inviting their girl friends to partake of the good things.

The next day came the Hanukkah party for the members of the Bible Class with a talk on the temple illustrated with models of the temple furniture and the lighting of the Hanukkah candles, and followed by an hour of games and refreshments. That evening the Young Americans came to a Christmas supper, and a jolly time we had at it, and at the candy pull afterward, when others were invited in to share in the pulling and the games and fun.

remember. All through the week we were celebrating, and on New Year's Day the Merry Twenty Club gave a very delightful Dickens Party with elaborate scenes from *Nicholas Nickleby*, arranged with great skill by Miss Hewins.

The Christmas spirit of unselfish interest in the happiness of others prevailed in our clubs and was shown in all the plans for giving joy to young and old, and the Headworker was surprised and touched and made very happy by the many beautiful gifts from clubs and individuals, bearing messages of love and good-will that showed how truly they understood that it



THE FIRESIDE CLUB SETTLEMENT HOUSE.

A group of young ladies from the Park Church came the next afternoon to trim the Christmas tree, and to assist at a party for the Kitchen Garden Class and the Cooking School, and a boys' club came to supper and enjoyed a game party in the evening with boys from other clubs as guests.

And so the merry times kept up with dinner and supper parties, little children's parties in the afternoon, conducted by members of older girls' clubs, or by up-town and out-of-town friends, who helped materially in entertaining and in providing the simple gifts for the little ones that made the days such happy ones to

is the putting of oneself into the gift that makes it precious.

The last, but not the least delightful of all the good times, was the Twelfth Night Party, given by Miss Hewins for the Library Clubs, with its stories and games, and the cutting of the fateful Twelfth Cake, which decided the momentous question who should be crowned king and queen of the feast.

For several years the Christmas parties have ended with the blessing of the house on Twelfth Night, when a long procession of girls with lighted tapers winds silently in and out of the darkened rooms, and up and down the

He lived with the Indians quite happily and had good times in many ways. They taught him how to shoot with a cunning little bow and arrow they made for him. When summer came they let him fish for trout in the mountain brooks. They were very fond of him, for he was a manly little fellow and always good-natured; but he never forgot his old home and the ones so dear to him there.

Many times he was longing to go home when his dusky friends thought he was happy by the brookside, with his fish-pole in his hands and his bow and arrows lying near him on the mossy bank.

So he lived and roved from place to place with the Indians, who were always trying new hunting grounds and fishing places among the mountains. Three winters and three summers he lived in this way, until he thought he was large enough to run away and be a Bonner boy again in his log-cabin home away off somewhere in a pretty clearing in the woods, he knew not where.

In the Indian camp there was a little dog that looked some like a small wolf but was more like a fox in his bright and cunning ways. He was not snappy and cross like a wolf. The dog's name was Foxy. This dog was not at all like Bruno, the great, sober St. Bernard, who was Captain Bobs' playmate in his old home.

Captain Bobs and Foxy were great friends and constant companions. They played and hunted rabbits together.

One day when they were out in the woods the boy longing for his home said, "Oh Foxy, let's go where Christmas trees grow and try to find my own father and mother and Santa Claus and the boys."

Foxy wagged his bushy tail and jumped about, trying to say, "All right, come on!"

So they went back to the camp to get ready for their journey. While the squaws were busy Captain Bobs hunted about among the huts and found cakes and dried venison enough to fill a pretty little willow basket that the Indians had made for him.

Then with the basket in one hand, his bow and arrows in the other and a bright colored blanket trailing from his shoulders and dragging on the ground behind him, while Foxy followed capering about in great glee and excitement, Captain Bobs started out in search of his home.

Of course he did not know just which way to go or how far he would have to go. But something he had heard a sly old Indian whisper to

his squaw one night just after they came to this camping place made him think it was not so very far away.

The whispering he had heard was about silver that the Indian thought he could get for the boy pretty soon, because they were nearly back to the old hunting grounds where he had found the little "paleface papoose." When the Indian whispered, the stars were shining, and he pointed out the big dipper in the sky and jerked his head, as much as to say "over that way."

The little boy and his dog had no trouble in getting away from the camp. They used to go off hunting so often without asking any one that they would not be missed anyway until night time. And besides, that night there was to be a big pow-wow party in camp and they might not be missed at all until the next day.

There was snow on the ground, for it was in December, but the day was sunny and bright and not very cold. Captain Bobs had on good, thick clothes, a deer-skin jacket and warm leggings. He was warmer than he wanted to be most of the time, as he trudged along with his blanket hanging from his shoulders. Of course Foxy was always warm in his shaggy, long-haired coat.

They chased rabbits some, but as best he knew, Captain Bobs kept leading the way out towards where he thought the big dipper would be shining when the stars came out.

And so they travelled on and on, all through the day. When the sun went down they were hungry and tired some. The little companions ate their suppers under the shelter of some scrub pine trees. When they were thirsty they ate and lapped snow, which was not a very good thing for them to do.

They rested a little while and when the darkness began to settle down upon them in the deep woods Captain Bobs was ready to start again. But his legs were stiff and the woods were gloomy. He thought of wolves and bears and would have cried a little, if he had not been a very brave boy.

But when the moon came up and the stars twinkled and the snow shone like polished silver in the moonlight and the starlight, he was brave again and the two wanderers plodded on. They could go but very slowly through the woods and brush. They went as nearly as they could toward the big dipper, but only glimpses of it could be seen from time to time through the treetops.

So hour after hour they slowly worked their way along, stopping now and then to eat a

little from what was left in the willow basket. But of course no little boy or dog can walk all day and night without being tired out at last.

All of a sudden Captain Bobs' aching legs gave out and when he stumbled and fell he thought he could never get up out of the snow again. It seemed as though he must just lie there and go to sleep.

Foxy ran around and around him as though trying to make him come along. Then the dog lapped his face and pawed the snow excitedly. The drowsy boy tried once more and stood on his feet again to see if he could find the big dipper, his only guide. But the treetops were so thick he could not find it.

Then suddenly he cried out, "Oh Foxy, over there is a bright light better than a star! It must be warm, and they must have things to eat where that light is, and I guess there's room for a little boy and a little dog!"

Reaching out his hands toward the light he tried to walk on but staggered and dropped in the snow. He could go no farther. He called Foxy, curled up with him in the blanket and fell into a sleepy stupor before he felt the awful pain of freezing that must cause him never to wake up again, unless somebody came soon to save him.

And just then the strangest thing happened! The sound of jingling bells rang sweetly in his ears. The bells seemed to be a long way off at first; ringing along down the mountain side, coming nearer and nearer every minute, very fast and making such merry, merry music! Then it seemed as though the light that he had seen before he went to sleep grew larger and brighter until it filled the whole woods with a cheery glow and brightness, such as he had never seen before.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted a jolly little fat man as he tumbled out of a funny load of toys and candy and all sorts of nice things to play with and to eat. He wore a bright red toque and a huge coat of fur; and he had a laugh that made the woods ring with a music, hearty and good indeed for a worn-out, freezing boy to hear.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the jolly man. "What's the little dog making such a fuss about? Here, sir, stop that noise or I can't leave my reindeer! Well, well, I guess here's a Christmas surprise for some one!"

He grabbed up the boy in the blanket, rubbed him and shook him and when he found he couldn't wake him up poured something hot and biting in his mouth, saying "that will warm him up, I guess, while I hurry and make

a Christmas present of him to the Bonners over in the log cabin."

When Captain Bobs awoke he found himself snugly wrapped up in freshly warmed blankets. He was held fondly and closely in his mother's arms.

A beautiful Christmas tree was standing by the huge stone fireplace, from which the big, burning logs were throwing out a grateful warmth and filling the room with a cheery glow. Fragrant odors of forest woods mingled with the delicious smell of good things cooking for the merry-makings of the glad tomorrow.

Great, kingly Bruno and tiny, little Foxy, brave and faithful spirits both, were sleeping on the hearthstone, like tired heroes after hard work nobly done for others. Little Foxy lay with his pretty head resting on Bruno's soft and shaggy neck, while his own little sides were still twitching from the constant work and nervous strain of the night's adventures.

The father and the boys moved about restlessly, pretending to be putting things around the windows and the Christmas tree and fixing a cot in a cozy corner. But they were really trying to keep back signs of their excitement. They were waiting eagerly for the time when Captain Bobs would be well enough to tell the story of his wanderings and of his marvelous return to them on this blessed Christmas Eve.

But the mother, who knew what was best for her dear, priceless Christmas gift, over which she had mourned and prayed through so many, many weary months while her heart was breaking, would not let Captain Bobs talk that night.

When not hugging and kissing him, with tears of joy and thankfulness streaming down her smiling face, she was preparing warm drinks for him, to keep off the fever, and trying to rub and soothe away the soreness and the pains.

It was nearly sunrise before she had him quietly sleeping in the cot. Then while the father and the boys were trying to have a little sleep before "chore time," the happy mother went hurriedly to work to put surprises on the tree for her baby boy that God had given back to her again.

She could hardly think of him as having grown to a boy big enough to hunt and fish. So she went to the drawer where she had kept the presents that Santa Claus intended he should have at that sad Christmas Day when he was lost; and she found many pretty things to hang on the tree for him. She also took a fine sled that long ago had been given to one

of the other boys and painted it brightly and placed it by the tree for him.

It was early evening of Christmas Day when Captain Bobs woke up. He was feeling fine and Foxy was all right again.

No Christmas tree could seem more grand and no home more bright and lovely than the tree which the "paleface papoose" saw lighted up before him when he first opened his eyes, thinking he must try to find the big dipper to guide him out of the lonely woods; no home lovelier than this to which he had been brought from out of that awful, freezing cold.

Oh, but it was a merry, merry night that Christmas night in the big log cabin in the clearing away out in the wild forests of the west!

You know what Thanksgiving Days and Christmas Days can do to bring good times and fun. But can you imagine what good times and fun there would be if Christmas trees and Thanksgiving dinners, and the merriment and sport of both should all happen to come on the same day?

Well, that's what happened out there in the log cabin. Of course no one can describe such a night as that!

Just think of the merriest Christmas you ever knew, and then add your nicest Thanksgiving to that, mince pies, turkey, candies, nuts and all such things, and you will have some idea of the Bonner Christmas and the celebration of Captain Bobs' return.

And by the way, don't you think it would be nice if there were always ever so much of thanksgiving as well as fun and presents at Christmas time?

Of course the crowning thing of all that night was Captain Bobs' story of his adventures, told after that grand dinner, while the dogs dozed on the hearthstone, while the father smoked his pipe in the chimney corner, while the boys listened eagerly, and while the mother—well, while the mother just couldn't keep her hands off her baby boy, her manly little hero.

Captain Bobs told his story far better than it has been told here, and they understood it all pretty well—all up to what he told about Santa Claus coming to him when he was freezing in the woods. They couldn't understand about that, for they said the way it really happened was through Bruno, who was lying by the fire late at night on Christmas Eve, when all of a sudden he had aroused them all by barking loudly.

They said that when Harry, the oldest brother, got up Bruno rushed to the door ex-

citedly, and when the door was open sprang out and ran as fast as he could into the woods barking all the time as though calling out "I'm coming! I'm coming!" Harry could hear the sharp barking and a pitiful whining for help from what he thought must be a small dog far off among the silent trees.

Harry had waited at the door a long time; then he saw Bruno coming slowly back, dragging something wound up in a blanket, with poor, little, tired Foxy trying to help by keeping up his barking, tugging at the blanket now and then and getting into Bruno's way.

Well, of course, you know what was in that blanket, don't you? The boys tried to make Captain Bobs think he was mistaken about Santa Claus saving him. They said he probably dreamed it.

You've heard the story, anyway, just as Captain Bobs thought it was about his Santa Claus. Whichever story may be nearest true, we can believe that it all came about through the good spirit of Christmas time; the spirit which makes men and women and boys and girls, and perhaps even good-hearted dogs, want to do good and lovely things.

So we'll not bother to find out whether the boys or the "paleface papoose" was right about it. The most we care to know is that Captain Bobs found his home again all right and that out in the big log cabin they all had a very merry and a very thankful Christmas; and may you all have the same, whoever and wherever you may be, on blessed Christmas times present and to come!



AUDREY.

Painting by Carle L. Blenner. By Permission, James D. Gill. Copyrighted.

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will.
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

—Scott.

When Baby Smiles.

By CAROLINE E. CLARK

No matter what the clouds may be,
No matter if it rains today,
The sun comes out and seems to say
When baby smiles

No matter if the heart is sad,
And dreary hours seem to lag,
They shorten soon and I am glad
When baby smiles

Hartford, Nov. 1, 1906.

"What Kind of 'Kee Are You?"

A little Jap was on the car
So swiftly coming down the street.
When, lo! before he'd travelled far,
A quizzing bore he chanced to meet

"And now a question may I ask
Of you who deign to be so here
Would you but kindly loose your task
And let the truth be fully told,

"What kind of 'key' may you but be,
We very sure would like to know;
If 'monk-' or 'donk-' or plain Yankee?
"I would please us much to tell us so.

This bore who thought himself so smart
Soon found he'd business far away;
And all the crowd did full their part
To laugh and speed him on his way
Rev. H. G. Buckingham



HARBOR OF VENICE

Painting by Walter F. Lausil. By Permission, James D. Gull. Copyrighted.

This bore he thought him very smart,
As mischief sparkled in his eye,
And thought to amuse to do his part
The many travellers sitting nigh.

And so he asked the little Jap,
With broad and full confiding smile—
This little Jap with funny cap
And so devoid of mirth and guile.

"My little friend, will you but try
To us who much desire to know
What kind of 'nese' or 'Jap' or 'Chi-'
To tell, are you, and please us so?"

The little man made straight reply,
"From Yokohama late I came;
My father had an almond eye,
And I, a Jap, have just the same

The Christ-Child Lives!

By CAROLINE E. CLARK

In every child I meet
I see a picture fair,
The picture of the Christ-Child
I see reflected there.

In every pair of childish eyes
That gaze at me so bright,
I see His soul shine out once more
With Heaven's beauteous light"

"Though I speak with the tongues of men
and of angels, and have not charity, I am be-
come as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

"To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is
Godlike." *Horace Bushnell*



THE PRESENT OPEN HEARTH.

THE OPEN HEARTH.

Helping the Man Who is Down—Shelter From "The Wintry Blast"—The Kindly Helping Hand That Helps Men to Help Themselves—Interesting Story of What Is Being Done For Unfortunate Men and Poor Children By One of Hartford's Most Humane Charities.

Written for The Hartford Monthly By REV. J. H. JACKSON, Superintendent.

THE most effective charity is that which helps a man to help himself; that seeks to cultivate self-reliance, and beget within the soul of the man a love of virtue and a hatred for vice. Indiscriminate charity has been severely condemned; but it has been made too much of.

We are spending thousands of dollars a year to prevent the indiscriminate giving of a hundred.

We ought not allow this talk to alarm us, but continue on our even way acting always with such judgment and common sense as are vouchsafed us. We shall never do much harm by our indiscriminate giving. The great Master will be very pleased to forgive any sins we may commit along this line.

At the same time we all recognize that charity to be effectual must be systematic. It is infinitely better to give a man a chance to work out his own salvation at some useful labor than to "investigate" him. It is far better to bring him out of unhealthful surroundings, and set him in a cleaner moral environment than it is to get an elaborate statement of his pedigree.

This great, generous and hospitable community has its dark, dismal plague spots. There are wretched tenements and unsanitary conditions which should never be tolerated in such a civilization as ours. The conditions in Hartford do not differ from those existing in other large cities. Slums and immorality are, unhappily, evils which are well-nigh univer-

sal, but this fact does not lessen our responsibility, but should act as an incentive to greater effort to mitigate the evils of the slums.

Nearly twenty years ago a few young men constituting St. Paul's Guild of Christ Church became deeply concerned about the unfortunate condition of the large number of men who had been victimized by drink. An attempt was made to reach this class; an attempt which resulted in the establishment of a home where the man desiring to get away from old associates and degrading associations could find a safe retreat. Since that time the continuous aim and effort of the Open Hearth has been to receive the most wretched and miserable specimens of humanity and to use its best efforts to restore them to a condition of respectability and self-reliance and also inspire within them a desire after the higher and better life.

That the work has been successful no thoughtful observer will attempt to deny. Numbers of poor lost men have been found and restored to home, family and friends. Many a weary and heart-broken wanderer has drifted into the Open Hearth, because it was the only place where he could find a shelter from the "wintry blast," every hope dead within him, position lost, health undermined, relatives estranged—the whole character tottering toward its final fall. We do not wish to sail under any false colors, and so are bound to confess with sad heart that many of them drift out again, hopeless wrecks. No power on earth

can save them from the damning influence of drink, and sometimes we are driven to such desperate straits that we even doubt the ability of the Gospel to save these human wrecks from the body and soul destroying power of drink.

With what delight and joy do we turn to the many living illustrations of the splendid rescue work accomplished at the Open Hearth. Many a man now living in this city (not to speak of the large number in other parts of the country) came to the Open Hearth in rags and want; physically, morally and spiritually bankrupt, with bleared eye, flabby muscle and shattered nerve. Under the kindly treatment and urgent loving appeal a new hope was inspired in his heart. New ambitions were awakened and desire to regain his lost position moved him to resolute action. And now thoroughly master of himself, in control of his own affairs and fortified by divine grace, he is able to ward off all attacks of the old enemy and live a sober and honorable life.

Time would fail me to tell in detail of the men reclaimed, the separated families restored to peace and harmony, the homes made bright and happy, self-respect regained, manhood rehabilitated and good citizens added to the community. We have changed waste material into wealth producing machinery. We have transformed (as agents) vehicles of depravity into moral elevators. We have arrested physical decay, and sent the tissues racing back after health. We have cheated the saloon, the poor-house, the jail, the lunatic asylum and the undertaker, and even hell itself has suffered from our depredations.

We crave the privilege to make the egotistical boast that we are indispensable to a city like Hartford, whose generous citizens desire to do their full duty toward the unfortunate, the erring and the sinful. There is no work like rescue work so well adapted to reveal the real qualities of the Christians in a community. Some professing Christians not only despise the poor drunkard, the thief, the harlot, but even carry their contempt to those who are giving their lives to win back to God these unfortunate ones for whom Christ died.

This institution which is operating for the general good of the whole city, is supported by a comparative few, and it redounds to their eternal credit. They have the joy of knowing when they retire to the chamber of repose that there is provision made for any homeless wanderer who may happen to reach the city and need shelter from the "pitiless blast."

The present home of the Open Hearth is

situated near the "cry heart" of the East Side; a more favorable location could not be found. Within fifty yards of Front street and between the districts of Sheldon and State streets, and yet free from all the noise and disturbance incidental to those localities, it is admirably adapted to the work it has in view; the Rescue of Men.

The East Side is a dumping ground where are deposited the victims of drink who fall an easy prey to voracious scoundrels who infest the neighborhood and rob and beat these besotted and senseless ones. Here the poor people live in wretched and often filthy tenements; here children are damned into life, become familiar from babyhood with sights and sounds that can only demoralize. Later hundreds of them drift into a life of crime and shameful lust. On every hand we find some miserable hole licensed as a saloon, because as our newspapers frequently tell us, this is a cosmopolitan community and must need liquor.

This is not a residential section; only the poor and the helpless and the vicious live here. The residents are on the west and the north and the south sides of the city, so that the blighting and withering saloon is not allowed to plant its vile hoofs in these "residential sections" it matters not how it thrives and corrupts in the midst of these miserable dwellings of the poor. So much for our surroundings.

The Open Hearth.

It is a stately old colonial building, standing within extensive grounds measuring two hundred feet on the street and two hundred and fifty feet deep. To the left is a large lawn dotted here and there with trees, affording a welcome shade in the hot weather to the many children and mothers who resort there. Joining this is a croquet ground and stretching beyond is a playground for the very little ones where we find the sand yard, the ocean beach where they can dig and delve in the sand to their hearts' delight, or build fairy castles in the shade of the old pear trees. Here also we find swings and such like apparatus with which the children may amuse themselves. Directly back of the house stretches a beautiful garden guarded by a summer house, over which climbs the delicious grape vine. In the summer and autumn this is a bower of delight; its wealth of flowers being the pride and joy of the men.

The Chapel.

On the right of the garden stands a building in which services are held at 9.15 a. m. and 7.15 p. m. This room is ill adapted to the purposes

of a chapel and we are greatly handicapped in our religious work for want of a better place. The aggregate attendance at our services last year was twenty-six thousand, four hundred and ninety-two.

The Wood-Yard.

"If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Men temporarily out of employment come here and work until a place is found for them. That these men are worthy though unfortunate is proven by the fact that we have no trouble with them. They are always ready to go to work when work is to be had. Many of these poor fellows are unfortunate in their singular lack of ability to find a job for themselves.

costs only five cents and a good healthy "feed" may be obtained for ten cents. No sick or physically infirm man is ever sent away hungry.

The Lodging House.

In the "home" we have accommodations for fifty-seven men. Many of those patronizing this department earn but little wages, and must necessarily live at small cost. But for the Open Hearth many of these men would be compelled to seek an abiding place in the ten-cent lodging houses, which on the East Side are not models of "cleanliness." Our prices are ten and fifteen cents. Some time ago a man walked up to the clerk's desk, paid ten cents for



REV. J. H. JACKSON.
Superintendent The Open Hearth.

Reading Room.

We have a commodious room in the building used by the men as a reading and smoking room. Visit this place in the evening and you find it crowded with men reading, smoking and playing games, etc. Only for such a warm and cheerful resort these men would have no alternative but the saloon unless, indeed, they stood and shivered on the corners of the street.

Lunch Room.

In the lunch room a meal may be purchased for either "money or work." A plain meal

a bed and then said, "I would like to take a bath." His needs in this direction were attended to; a little later he informed the man in charge that he would like to be called at five o'clock; all for ten cents.

The Employment Bureau.

This department exists to help the men and accommodate such of our friends as need help for an hour or "forever." Large numbers of men find temporary employment through this agency. Many men on leaving the jail find their way to the Open Hearth, knowing that if

they desire to do better a chance is always given. These men as a rule are not bad, but weak men; they seem to be absolutely incapable of resisting any temptation. Like chips on the ocean of life, they are driven here and there by wind and tide and current. We try to help and save them.

Children's Work.

The children in this district seem to live the "free life." They are apparently under no restraint and regard nothing too sacred for their destructive fingers and coarse, foul utterance. In the Chapel every Thursday evening a Gospel service is held, when the children sing songs and listen to a talk by the superintendent. Sometimes we have a "Play-night" when the children meet together and enjoy themselves in rollicking style. We already observe signs of great improvement in the bearing and conduct of the children during service, and we trust that the influence of the Open Hearth will save many of them from following in the footsteps of those with whom they constantly associate.

The Annex.

Sometimes the newspapers speak very ungraciously of the Open Hearth as a "Tramp House" and thus cast a slur on many hard working men, who seek the Open Hearth as a refuge from temptation and look upon it as a home where there is safety. The newspapers are too generous towards us to misrepresent us willfully, but such appellations are always misleading.

We certainly work for the tramp, but then the tramp has to work for us, and it seems to me that the entire community should be grateful to us for keeping the tramps all night in safety and for keeping them busy three or four hours a day at work, actual work. The poor tramp in many cases is like the poet, born not made. He tries to do some things and because of lack of ability he is passed on; he tries at the next place with the same result, and finally he settles down to the life of a tramp, because no one wants his blundering labor as a gift.

The Open Hearth does care for the tramps. If it did not the city would have to in an expensive Municipal Lodging House. Then those who now only sneer would have to pay for the maintenance of such an institution. The "tramp" quarters, however are separate from the "Home," in a building by itself. These men have a reading room in which they may sit until ten o'clock when they "retire" to warm, clean beds. In the morning a breakfast is

served to them. For all our faults they pay by labor in the wood yard. Many of our tramps with a little help and encouragement turn out to be pretty good fellows and by the blessing of God are restored to a standing of usefulness in the community.

The Open Hearth seeks to help the man who is down, whatever his antecedents may be. It seeks to make laborers instead of loafers, bread-producers instead of panhandlers. It works to arrest degeneracy and disease and build up the physical, mental and spiritual health. It appeals to all who are interested in the welfare of fallen humanity, to lend a hand to lighten the burden of human woe and add to the mass of human joy.



OUTWARD BOUND.

Painting by Walter L. Dean. By Permission,
James D. Gull. Copyrighted.

THE UNION FOR HOME WORK.

Beautiful and Practical Aid to Women and
Children—The Principle of Self Help
—Friendly Visitors. Day Nursery.
Sewing and Kitchen Classes.

FOR nearly thirty-five years the Union For Home Work, under the superintendency of Mrs. E. L. Shyster, 249 Market street, has been working in many practical ways for the relief and uplifting of needy and over-burdened families.

Its efforts are devoted to women and children; not only to assisting them in regard to their physical needs but to improving their intellectual, moral and spiritual conditions. An important feature of the work is the personal visitation of homes, through which actual facts are obtained to be used as a reliable basis for determining the best methods of relief.

The departments of work have all been

evolved gradually from experience, no department having been undertaken from plans previously adopted elsewhere; though in many cities organized charity work on similar lines was being considered and started at the time of organizing the Union For Home Work.

The work of the Friendly Visitors, the day nursery, sewing classes and the kitchen garden are among the most interesting specialties of this very practical institution.

In the day nursery a child from six months to eight years of age can be left in good care for the day, from 6.15 a. m. to 6.30 p. m., upon the payment of five cents. The mother must be going out to work and must leave the address to which she is going. Those of the children who are old enough go to nearby schools; younger ones have an hour every morning and afternoon at the kindergarten table. Daily baths are given and much time is spent in the open air.

The number seeking the benefits of the free nursery is far greater than the accommodation and the number of care-takers can provide for. When the building was erected twenty-two years ago the nursery was planned for ten children. The limit of proper accommodation is now twenty, but in the busy season from twenty-five to thirty children are received daily. No record has been kept of the number applying for admission, but of necessity refused; but the number is unfortunately large.

Under these limitations the selections must be carefully made. Preference is given to those who are not only most in need, but also most likely to be permanently benefited.

Last year the number of admissions was four thousand, seven hundred and twenty four; three hundred and seventy-four more than in any previous year, representing sixty different children and forty-one families, Swedish, French, German, American, Irish-American, Italian, Jewish, and colored.

Surely at Christmas time the care of these little ones, which will permit needy and overburdened mothers to go out and work for a living for themselves and their babies, is worthy the thought of all and of such assistance as can be given!

In the sewing classes and kitchen garden instruction is given in a great variety of methods and lines. In these two departments the children are taught in healthful, practical and entertaining ways, not only in such work as the names of their classes imply but in all possible domestic and sanitary matters. While there is no direct religious work among them, the

effort is made to imbue the children with the spirit of kindness and the desire to live more wholesome and better lives.

Two hundred and nine different children registered in the schools last year, and were instructed by thirty-three regular assistants. One teacher gave instruction in singing and gymnastics while another furnished piano music. Besides the regular assistants, a number of substitutes worked in the different schools and clubs.

There is urgent need for more volunteer workers, who will devote a few hours each week to visitation work or to instructing children in ways in which the volunteers may be best qualified or inclined by training and natural tastes.

The Union For Home Work is wholly unsectarian in its principles and in its workings; and the superintendent says she has learned, by working on the unsectarian methods of this society, the insignificance of creeds and dogmas when it becomes a question of doing good to all men.

Some of Mrs. Sluyter's words, after thirty-five years' experience in this work, express much of beautiful Christmas sentiment, appropriate reading for this season, while clearly presenting the self-help principle of the society. She says:

"Its founders never considered it a public charity to which all alike might come. There were already charities sufficient to permit this society the privilege of selection for special undertakings. Except in sickness or other disability, only those who have borne the test of self-help have become, as it were, members of our community. The result has been that instead of helping many promiscuously, with indefinite or deteriorating consequences, we have taken the few at a time that our resources permitted and by example, by instruction, by provision of work and by Christian friendliness, have helped them to help themselves.

"And now, it is given me in some measure to see 'What has God wrought' through the work of this society. For myself I may add that not only in retrospect, but day by day in doing it, I have counted myself thrice blessed and honored in being chosen to promote it. And how much I have learned in doing it! Before it taught me better I had not seen beneath the outward difference of the rich and poor. Now I see the real oneness of all classes and that the character which is built up through the discipline of poverty is no less to

be desired than that which is gained by the opportunities of wealth.

"I find in the real poor—God's righteous poor, in distinction from the pauperized poor, or those susceptible to pauperism—a quality of humbleness, of acceptance of God's will, and a dignity of endurance that is better than riches. I sometimes dare to think I understand how, when Christ came into this world to save us, it was not alone of necessity, but of choice that He had not a place of His own to lay His head."

It is admiration and that ~~leading~~ ^{leading} ~~instinct~~ ^{instinct} within you, which, perhaps at Christmas time more than at any other, stirs you to want to participate in the good times the boys are having and to have a hand with others in providing pleasant and helpful evenings for them, all through the year.

The Good Will Club does not appeal for money or charitable gifts so much as it does for volunteer workers in its classes. Its special mission is not the relief of suffering and need.



MEMBERS' ROOM GOOD WILL CLUB.

THE GOOD WILL CLUB.

What It Is Doing for the Bright Boys of Hartford—Volunteer Instructors, Speakers, Readers and Entertainers Wanted.

EVERY one likes the boys, manly boys, and is interested in their doings; all the more so if they are working boys, striving to pull themselves up the ladder and in good ways getting the most out of boy life as they pull.

The Good Will Club is a cheery institution. Its influence upon one looking into its work is brightening rather than depressing.

It does not draw you through pity into a desire to assist it. Pity is by no means called for from among these lively boys, playing and working in bright and creditable ways.

It is that of encouraging and assisting boys to develop the best that is in them; to give them wholesome pleasures while educating and training them in useful trades and other occupations and helping to make of them good men and good citizens.

The club needs volunteer instructors for classes in many of its interesting and varied departments. It greatly needs them, both women and men; not necessarily professional or expert instructors, but such as are willing to do what they can to interest and entertain the boys evenings.

A business man, who can drop into the Good Will building on Pratt street occasionally, of an evening and have an informal chat with a group of boys on good business methods as he understands them, can be very helpful in this work. Another person, man or woman, who

will be present in the gymnasium or in the room where games are being played can be of great assistance, if only as an occasional visitor, by manifesting an interest in what the boys are doing and by helping to preserve order.

These are only two simple illustrations of opportunities for helping the club. Almost every one of fair acquirements and experience in trades, business, travel, science, literature, music, art, sports, games, etc., will find that their one talent or any part of their talents can be used very helpfully, if they will offer their services for some of these winter evenings.

The aim of the club is the improvement of its members mentally, morally and physically. Work for this improvement is conducted on the most practical and the broadest lines possible. All departments of work are strictly unsectarian in aim and are conducted entirely regardless of religious prejudice or preference.

Any boy eight years of age or upwards may become a member of the club on trial. A pledge of good conduct is required, in which among other things the boy agrees to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, excepting as a medicine, from the use of tobacco in every



INITIATING MEMBERS GOOD WILL CLUB

The interesting story of the Good Will Club, from its origin, about twenty-six years ago when Miss Mary Hall used to gather a few boys around her and instruct them and entertain them as best she could, up to the days of present importance as a strongly established institution, has been so often told that for the purpose of this writing it would seem only necessary that a brief outline of the aims of the club and its workings be given.

The Good Will Club is devoted to the help of boys who show an honest desire to help themselves and a determination to improve the opportunities given them.

Race or religious training or belief have nothing to do with a boy becoming a member of the club and receiving its fullest advantages.

form and from profanity and vulgarity. No admission fee is required and all the privileges of the club are given to the boys free of charge.

From the time of the origin of the club up to the present the total regular membership has reached seven hundred and twenty-eight. A boy once joining, if he keeps his pledge and lives up to the other requirements of the club, is considered a member until he is twenty-one years old. Membership tickets have been given out this year to five hundred and fifty different boys.

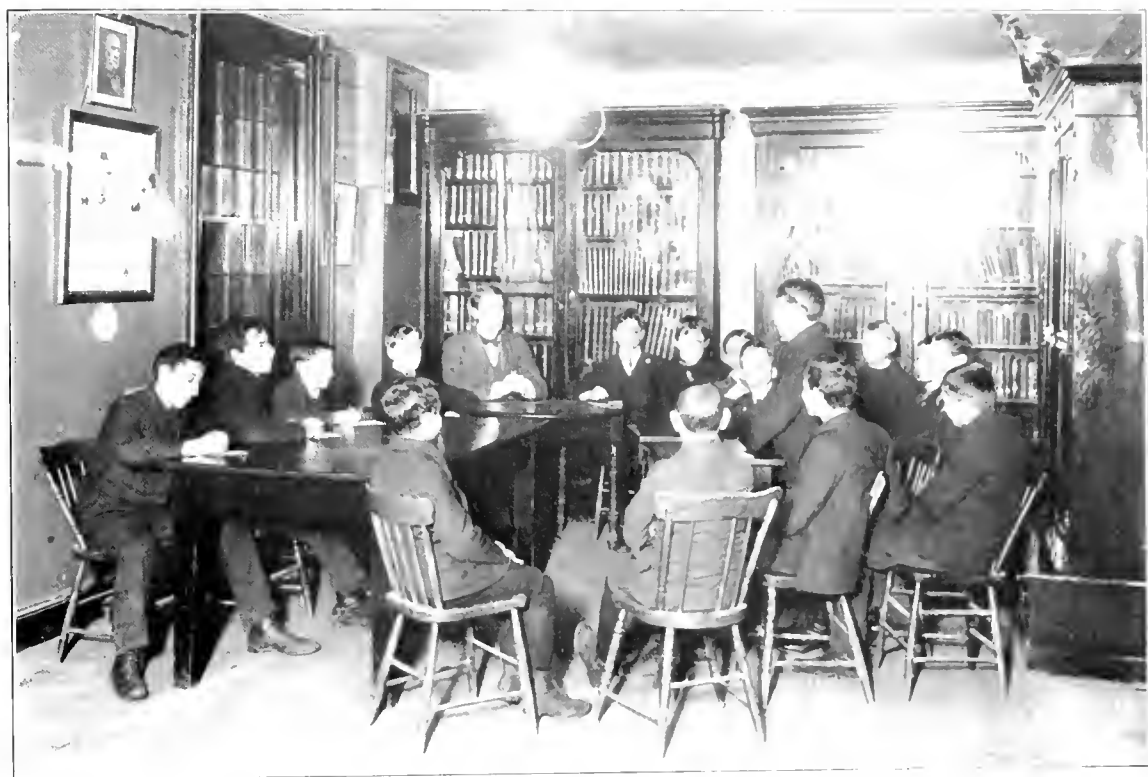
The Good Will building is a two-story and basement, brick structure, heated by steam and lighted by electricity and gas. All the industrial work is done in the basement. On the first floor are the office, members' rooms, li-

brary and some of the class rooms. On the top floor, in addition to class and study rooms, are two large halls, which provide accommodations for gymnastics, military drill and band music practice; also for public entertainments given from time to time.

The building and site have historic interest, as the Catherine Beecher place. Seventeen or eighteen years ago it was purchased for the Good Will Club for \$11,000; an offer of \$60,000 has been made for the property. The site is valuable for business purposes; a less valuable

sionally or as an evening or a semi-weekly meetings to instructing and entertaining the boys.

Some of the boys after a comparatively few seasons of instruction develop into valuable class assistants and even instructors. When the writer was obtaining information for this article he chanced to meet in the office of the club a young man, an Italian, who had joined the club when a small boy. He took up wood working or cabinet making, and through the opportunities for learning and practice here afforded him, has become so proficient that he



DEBATING SOCIETY—GOOD WILL CLUB

one might answer for all practical purposes of the club.

The following are among the classes or occupations in which the boys are given free instruction: Carpentry, cooking, clay work, wood carving, printing, plumbing, drawing, painting, military, music, reading, writing and general evening school instruction. The boys have the benefit of a penny provident bank, of great value in encouraging them to save their earnings. Good citizenship is also taught them in practical and interesting ways.

New lines of study are being taken up continually as instructors can be provided. Speakers and readers on scientific and popular subjects, and on interesting topics of the day occa-

sionally or as an evening or a semi-weekly meetings to instructing and entertaining the boys. He is now one of the club's regular instructors.

A bright little sheet, "The Good Will Star," is issued by the club from time to time, containing among other interesting things, information as to what is being done in the different departments and reports of excursions, entertainments, etc., in which the boys participate.

From an editorial on the Good Will building published in one of the club's papers, we quote as follows:

"Our city changes and we must change with her, would we continue to do her service. In those old days when this tall big first looked out on a very different Pratt Street, public schools were much below their present state.

dard, and private schools proportionately needed; while in the smaller city of that time, and the more quiet life, young people for the most part stayed at home after the darkness fell.

"Nowadays the town instructs our children excellently well during school hours, while on the other hand, a drifting cloud of children,—unknown to the old Hartford—seeks through the lighted streets evening amusement, which the Good Will Club exists to furnish of fit and proper sorts."

In contrasting the club work done in the early days of the occupancy of the building with that of recent years, the article closes with these words of prophecy and hope:

"At first a number of rooms were rented but,

as the attendance increased, more space was needed; and now, on all weekday evenings, rows of bright windows shine and scores of boys are busy on all three floors of the deep building, while a complicated hum, as from a gigantic beehive, proclaims to all passersby our whereabouts. Long may that hum continue. And if, in years to come, some as yet undreamed-of change in our fair city requires a change of method in our work, may this old building, or a successor more commodious, still shelter as useful a friend to boys of Hartford as is the Good Will Club."

Surely here is opportunity for volunteers to work in simple ways, it may be, but in practical lines rich in actual results and full of promise!



A COOKING CLASS—GOOD WILL CLUB.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETY.

THE great work of this society, with its influential and strong organization, is so broad in its scope that the variety of its departments make undesirable an attempt to particularize as to its most valuable and interesting features.

The society was organized fifteen years ago. It has among its executive officers, standing committees and directors so many of Hartford's representative men and women of all professional, business, social and religious

circles, and its activities have so abundantly proven their usefulness, that no words are necessary to justify its claim upon the public for the voluntary gifts by which it is supported.

It has proven itself of inestimable value to the community, not only by directly assisting those needing help and promoting investigation and work for the improvement of sanitary and general housing conditions of the crowded tenement districts, but also in assisting the charitable to dispense charity intelligently and

in ways most permanently helpful to the suffering and needy.

During last year, in addition to its constant work of investigating and disposing of the cases of applicants for help, of which three thousand, seven hundred and ninety-two were recorded during the year, the society devoted much consideration and effort to tenement house reform and to measures for the prevention of tuberculosis and to the relief of sufferers from that disease.

The public has abundant evidence of the success of the plans of work adopted by the society at the time of its formation. This has established full confidence in the society's ability to handle in the best manner and with the most successful results new lines of work that are naturally developing in these days of increasing interest in modern methods of humanitarian and social betterment work.

In his last report David I. Green, superintendent, says: "We note the constantly increasing use of the facilities of the society, both by the charitable public and by those who are in need, the gradually increasing income that has made it possible to meet the increasing demands, and especially we note with satisfaction the marked decrease in pauperism, with its accompaniment of indolence, deceit, and degradation, and the growth in noticeable measure of the spirit of independence and the recognition of family and neighborly responsibility. We have no doubt of our right to claim that much has been accomplished, and yet we are conscious of an urgent demand for greater activity in the lines of work that we have in hand. The poor of Hartford are still suffering from neglect. There is still urgent need for enlarged service, both paid and volunteer, in their behalf.

"The primary concern of a charity organization society is in individual case work. When the economic life of a family has broken down the work of repair is too delicate to be successfully done by machine methods. The characteristics and surroundings of each family must be studied with sympathetic and diligent interest, and the progress toward better conditions must often be guided through a long period of time and many changes of circumstance. But while this individual case work presses its claim for the entire time of our office force, we are constantly reminded that the welfare of the poor demands our effort in furthering more general enterprises in their behalf, such as the improvement of housing conditions, and the curbing of the ravages of tuberculosis."



VILLAGE STREET MISSION

The Song of Bethlehem.

Soft, through the twilight's gathering gloom,
When fancies wake, and memories throng
Through the dim silence of my room,
There floats the echo of a song
The old, sweet song of Bethlehem

Once more, by firelight's fitful glow,
A child upon my mother's breast,
She softly rocks me to and fro,
And sings the song I love the best—
The song of star-lit Bethlehem

Again, the old familiar place,
The shadows flickering on the wall,
The firelight shining on her face,
While on my ear the sweet notes fall
"The star—the star of Bethlehem"

That tender face! I see it now
In halo like the holy light
That crowned the Hebrew mother's brow
Who on that wondrous starry night
Caressed the Babe of Bethlehem

The embers die upon the hearth,
And turn to ashes, dull and gray
But, through the twilight, still I hear
Like one who sings, far, far away
The old, sweet song of Bethlehem

The vision fades—my dream is past
On the same hearth the fires still glow
Would God the shadows that they cast
Were the same shapes as long ago
When her sweet voice sang "Bethlehem"

Given is the song—and she who sang
Is numbered with the vanished years
At twilight hour, at day's beginning
I listen, longing, through my tears
For her who sang of Bethlehem
Edna H. Johnson, Hartford, Conn.

THE VILLAGE STREET MISSION.

~~~~~  
**Interesting Story of An Active Local Mission  
 —Helping All Sorts and Conditions of Men,  
 Women and Children in Many Bright  
 and Beautiful Ways—Good  
 Christmas Cheer.**

Written for The Hartford Monthly  
 By CAROLINE L. BARTLETT.

**I**T is related in one of the gospels that our Lord beheld the city and wept over it, and out of His compassion for the suffering and sinning multitudes whom He came to save, He gave to His disciples the command which still holds good: "Go ye,—make disciples of all nations; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you;" and to endeavor to carry out this command, as much as in us lies, is the purpose of the Village Street Mission.

A poor German scrub-woman, of New York City, who felt an earnest desire to obey this command of the Master, thus relates her experience: "For twelve years I pray, 'Father, make me a foreign mishener; I want to go to foreign lands and preach.' One day I pray that and Father say, 'Sophie, stop. Who lives on the floor above you?' 'A family of Swedes.' 'Und on the floor above them?' 'Why some Swiss.' 'Und in the rear house are Italians und a block away some Chinese. Now you never said a word to these people about my Son. Do you think I will send you a thousand miles away to the foreigner und the heathen when you got them all around und you never care enough about them to speak with them about their soul?'"

A like opportunity for being a "foreign mishener" is offered in Hartford; for in the one hundred and sixty families, comprising in all over seven hundred individuals, with whom we came in repeated contact during the past year, are included Swedish, Italian, Irish, Jewish, German, Colored, French, Danish, Polish, Swiss and Hungarian nationalities, many of them without any real knowledge of the Gospel message; and in the face of these facts, we realize the need of helping them to know Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour.

In regard to the methods through which we are striving to meet the needs of these families we would say that our aim is to reach every member of the family; and though our first responsibility is to point them to a Christian life, we would remember also, that, as they have very limited opportunities in other di-

rections, we must not neglect their mental and social needs.

Only a brief glance can be given at the week-day work which is so much in evidence from November to May, leaving scarcely time between the meetings to change from small to large chairs or vice versa, so quickly does one class or club follow upon another.

If you would visit our work on almost any Monday afternoon during the fall and winter months, you would find a group of boys gathered into a club in the David Hawley Room; over one hundred girls from six to fourteen years of age in this room engaged in work, from the first stitches in sewing up to learning to make garments for themselves; and in the bright, sunny room upstairs you would find from fifteen to twenty little boys, coloring pictures or listening to a story or learning the Sunday School hymns.

At five o'clock you would see a young man in the David Hawley Room, taking the money the boys and girls save in the Penny Provident Bank, or cashing their books so they can buy shoes or other necessities for themselves. If you would come again at 7.30 you would see the David Hawley Club in the room bearing the same honored name, playing games with their Sunday School teacher and down stairs in the basement, a number of young men playing basket ball. If it were the first Monday in the month, you would find at 8 o'clock from eighty to one hundred people gathered for the monthly entertainment, which is a very pleasant feature of our work, as was evidenced a short time ago, when a young girl asked when the first Monday in the month was going to begin.

A visit on Tuesday afternoon would find boys and girls, both upstairs and down, learning Bible stories and how to find them for themselves in the Bible; and again, at 6.30 you would hear the steps of twenty pairs of boyish feet at our side door, impatiently awaiting an entrance and a little later would find them giving vent to their superfluous activities in gymnastic exercises; and later still regaling themselves with shower baths, while at the same time some of the older girls would be found upstairs making garments for themselves and learning Shakespeare from their leader, while their younger brothers, who act as their escorts, are in a club, self-named the "Young Star Club," in the David Hawley Room.

On Wednesday afternoon the visitor would find almost every room in the building in use

for about forty boys and girls are then gathered in this room playing games under the leadership of a trained kindergartner; while older boys in the Hero Club are learning about John G. Paton and his noble work. Upstairs twelve or fifteen girls are setting tables or learning to sweep, and to wash dishes properly; while others who have finished this preliminary course are preparing savory dishes in the kitchen, that their own homes may be made better and happier by the ability of these girls to cook simple and inexpensive meals in the right way. While all this is going on upstairs, still other girls are profiting by the facilities for bathing, in the basement; and it may be some very tiny tots, for whom it is as yet impossible to make provision at this time, would be found crying outside because it is hard for them to see "so many good times and they not in them."

Scarcely are all these children safely disposed of, when we again hear the voices of the older boys outside, assembling for their evening drill in military tactics and a little later the pleasant sound of the singing of hymns is

heard from the room where our Italian friends are gathered for their hour of worship.

And so the busy life here goes on through the week, helping, we trust, to make the neighborhood where we live a little better, because of the instruction and recreation afforded in this place.

At the Christmas season, special festivities appropriate to the time will be held in our various departments, and will, we trust, bring joy to many hearts and draw them nearer to Him, whose coming to earth brought us the gladness of the Christmas time. Our people will not only receive good cheer for themselves, but will bring offerings to send the Christmas story to other lands where so many have not yet heard it; and will, we trust, learn the blessedness of a true Christmas like old Scrooge, in Dickens' "Christmas Carol," of whom it was said at last, "that he knew how to keep Christmas well if any man alive possessed the knowledge." May that be truly said of us and of all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us, every one!"



THE FLUME.

Painting by Frederick Ballard Williams. By Permission, James D. Gill. Copyrighted.

At Christmas-tide the open hand  
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,  
And none are left to grieve alone,  
For Love is heaven and claims its own.

—Margaret Sangster.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,  
For Christmas comes but once a year.

—Tusser.

This happy day whose risen sun  
Shall set not through eternity;  
This holy day, when Christ the Lord  
Took on him our humanity.

Phoebe Coker.

The drying up a single tear has more  
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore

Byron

# SOME GOOD BUSINESS



There was a young lady from birth  
Who had a big mole looked like dirt,  
Miss Goodrich burned it off by elec-  
tricity they say—  
And every wrinkle she had rubbed  
away.  
So to the Connecticut Mutual Build-  
ing she goes every day.

Hair-coloring      Marcel Waving  
Hair-dressing      Manicure

Weddings and Other Social  
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## CITY GUIDE Police Calls and Fire Alarm

### How to Call a Policeman.

A key fitting all police call boxes will be furnished to any reputable citizen, free of charge, upon application at police headquar-  
ters, Market Street.

To call a policeman, and for this purpose only, insert key in key-hole marked "Citizen's Key," in center of outside door; push key in as far as possible; turn key to right as far as it will go, or one-quarter way around; let go of key and leave it there. Do not try to open the door nor to release the key; the key once inserted can only be released by a policeman.

### Location of Police Call Boxes.

- 12, cor. Morgan and Front Streets.
- 13, " Morgan and Main Streets.
- 14, " Windsor and Avon Streets.
- 15, " Main and Pavilion Streets.
- 16, " Judson and Barbour Streets.
- 21, " Union Depot.
- 22, " Main and Ann Streets.
- 23, " Albany Avenue and East Street.
- 24, " Albany Avenue and Blue Hills Road.
- 25, " Asylum Avenue and Woodland Street.
- 26, " Sigourney and Collins Streets.
- 27, " Farmington Avenue and Laurel Street.
- 31, " State and Front Streets.
- 32, " Front and Sheldon Streets.
- 33, " Commerce and Potter Streets.
- 34, " Main and Arch Streets.
- 35, " Charter Oak and Union Streets.
- 41, " Pearl Street, Hook & Ladder House.
- 42, " Park and Broad Streets.
- 43, " Zion Street and Glendale Avenue.
- 44, " Broad and Howard Streets.
- 45, " Park Street and Sisson Avenue.
- 46, " Park and Laurel Streets.
- 51, " Wethersfield Avenue and Bond Street.
- 52, " Main and Congress Streets.
- 53, " Washington and Vernon Streets.
- 54, " Lafayette and Russ Streets.
- 55, " New Britain Avenue and Broad Street.
- 56, " Maple Avenue and Webster Street.
- 57, " Wethersfield Avenue and South Street.
- 61, " Selectmen's Office, Pearl Street.
- 62, " Trumbull St., near County Building.
- 63, " House of Comfort, Bushnell Park.
- 72, " Farmington Avenue and Smith Street.

### How to Give a Fire Alarm.

There are 136 fire alarm boxes, located conveniently for use throughout the city. A few of them are "keyless," requiring no key to give an alarm. Any reputable citizen can

## DON'T WAIT!

When you've got a job to do,  
Do it NOW.  
If it's one you wish was through,  
Do it NOW.  
If you're sure the job's your own,  
Just tackle it alone;  
Don't hem and haw and groan,  
Do it NOW.

Don't put off this pleasing work,  
Do it NOW.  
It doesn't pay to shirk,  
Do it NOW.  
If you want to fill a place,  
And be useful in the race,  
Just get up and take a brace—  
Do it NOW!

Go to Ludlow Barker & Co.'s for  
that Piano for the Christmas time.  
Sold on time with easy payments.  
You will save 10 per cent. by buying of

**LUDLOW BARKER & CO.,**  
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## CITY GUIDE---Continued.

obtain a key to be kept on hand in case of  
need, by applying at the fire department head-  
quarters, 43 Pearl Street.

To give an alarm, open the door of the red  
box, pull the hook to the bottom of the slot  
once, and let go; then close the door. The  
key will be released and returned as soon as  
convenient. Do not pull the hook if the fire  
bell or the small bell in the box is striking,  
as that indicates an alarm has already been  
given. In using the keyless box, when the  
door has been opened, follow the same direc-  
tions as given for ordinary box. Private boxes  
will only be pulled for fires on the premises  
where located. Always give the alarm from  
the box nearest to the fire. Key holders, upon  
changing their locations, will please notify  
the superintendent of fire alarm telegraph, at  
department headquarters.

### Fire Alarm Boxes.

The numbers given below correspond with  
the strokes of the fire alarm bell. From the  
strokes and these numbers a fire can be very  
closely located, the strokes indicating the  
number of the box from which the alarm has  
been given.

- 12, Asylum St. and Union Pl.
- 13, Asylum and Farmington Aves., Junction.
- 14, Walnut St., opp. Chestnut.
- 15, Flower St., front Pratt & Whitney Co's.
- 16, Hook & Ladder House, Pearl St.
- 17, Engine House, No. 4, Ann St.
- 18, Trumbull and Pearl Sts.
- 19, Trumbull and Main Sts.
- 22, Myrtle and Edwards Sts.
- 23, High St. and Foot Guard Place.
- 24, Ford and Asylum Sts.
- 32, Farmington Ave. and Beach St.
- 41, Lumber St.
- 42, Albany Avenue and East St.
- 43, County Jail, Seyms St.
- 44, Windsor Ave. and Florence St.
- 45, Highland Court.
- 61, So. N. E. Telephone Bldg. (Private).
- 21, Asylum and Trumbull Sts.
- 23, Main and Pearl Sts.
- 24, State and Market Sts.
- 25, Engine House, No. 3, Front St.
- 26, Grove and Commerce Sts.
- 27, Main and Pratt Sts.
- 28, Main and Morgan Sts.
- 29, Morgan and Front Sts.
- 213, Trumbull and Church Sts.
- 231, Main and Asylum Sts.
- 241, Market and Temple Sts.
- 251, Kilbourn and Commerce Sts.
- 271, Main and Church Sts.
- 31, Front and Arch Sts.
- 32, Main and Mulberry Sts.
- 34, Trumbull and Jewell Sts.
- 35, Main and Elm Sts.
- 56, Capitol Ave. and West St.
- 37, Colt's Armory.
- 38, Main and Buckingham Sts.
- 39, Engine House, No. 6, Huyshope Ave.
- 312, Charter Oak Ave. and Governor St.
- 313, Capewell Horse Nail Co. (Private).
- 314, Sheldon and Taylor Sts.
- 315, Old Screw Shop, Sheldon St.
- 321, Grove and Prospect Sts.
- 322, Aetna Insurance Building.
- 361, Capitol Ave. and Trinity St.
- 371, Edward Ball Co., Sheldon St. (Private).
- 381, Charter Oak Place.
- 41, Capitol Ave., front of Pope's.
- 42, Park and Washington Sts.
- 43, Ross and Oak Sts.
- 45, New Britain Ave. and Summit St.
- 46, Zion St., opp. Vernon.
- 47, Park and Broad Sts.
- 48, Broad and Vernon Sts.
- 49, Trinity College.
- 411, Hartford Machine Screw Co. (Private).
- 412, Ross and Lawrence Sts.
- 413, Putnam St., opp. Orphan Asylum.

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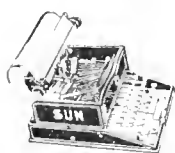
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## CITY GUIDE---Continued.

- 421, Buckingham and Cedar Sts.  
423, Washington and Jefferson Sts.  
424, Broad and Madison Sts.  
451, Fairfield Ave. and White St.  
452, New Britain Ave. and White St.  
461, Hamilton and Wellington Sts.  
471, Engine House, No. 8, Park and Affleck Sts.  
5, Engine House, No. 1, Main St.  
51, Maple Ave. and Congress St.  
52, Wethersfield Ave., opp. Car Barns.  
53, Retreat Ave. and Washington St.  
54, Wethersfield Ave. and Alden St.  
56, New Britain Ave. and Washington St.  
57, Retreat for Insane (Private).  
512, Franklin Ave. and Shultas Place.  
513, Franklin Ave. and Morris St.  
514, Hartford Hospital (Private).  
521, Wethersfield Ave. and Preston St.  
522, Wethersfield Ave., opp. Capitol Park.  
523, Engine House, No. 10, Bond St.  
524, Franklin Ave. and Brown St.  
531, New Britain Ave. and Broad St.  
532, Julius and Crown Sts.  
561, Maple Ave. and Bond St.  
6, Asylum Ave., opp. Sumner St.  
61, Farmington Ave. and Smith St.  
62, Engine House, No. 5, Sigourney St.  
63, Farmington Ave. and Gillett St.  
64, Engine House, No. 11, Sisson Ave.  
65, Capitol Ave. and Laurel St.  
67, Capitol Ave. and Sigourney St.  
611, North Beacon and Cone Sts.  
612, Farmington Ave. and Oxford St.  
613, Kenyon St.  
614, Warrenton Ave. and Beacon St.  
621, Cathedral, Farmington Ave. (Private).  
622, Woodland St., opp. Niles.  
623, Farmington Ave. and Laurel St.  
631, Farmington and Sisson Aves.  
632, Forest and Hawthorn Sts.  
641, Smith and Davenport Sts.  
642, Park and Heath Sts.  
643, Bartholomew Ave.  
644, New Park Ave. and Kibbe St.  
645, New Park Ave. and Merrill St.  
651, Underwood Typewriter Co., 581 Capitol Ave. (Private).  
652, Electric Vehicle Co., Park and Laurel Sts. (Private).  
653, Laurel and Willow Sts.  
7, Albany Ave. and Williams St.  
71, Woodland and Collins Sts.  
72, Alms House (Private).  
73, Garden and Collins Sts.  
74, Albany and Blue Hills Aves.  
75, Vine St., west side, front T. J. Blake's.  
76, Albany Ave., west of Lenox Place.  
711, Asylum Ave. and Gillette St.  
712, Collins and Sigourney Sts.  
713, Ashley and Huntington Sts.  
714, Sargeant and May Sts.  
715, Sargeant and Woodland Sts.  
721, Vine and Capen Sts.  
731, Sargeant and Garden Sts.  
732, Garden and Myrtle Sts.  
741, Blue Hills Ave.  
742, Blue Hills Ave. and Holcomb St.  
751, Albany Ave. and Burton St.  
752, Albany Ave. and Garden St.  
8, Windsor Ave. and Mather St.  
81, Windsor Ave. and Capen St.  
82, Clark and Westland Sts.  
83, Windsor Ave. and Frankfort St.  
84, Capen and Garden Sts.  
85, Capen and Barbour Sts.  
812, Mahl Ave., opp. Arsenal.  
813, Suffield and Bellevue Sts.  
821, Charlotte and Barbour Sts.  
831, Opposite Engine House, No. 7, Windsor Ave.  
9, Main and High Sts.  
91, Engine House, No. 2, Pleasant St.  
92, Windsor and Pleasant Sts.  
93, Foot Windsor St., Smith, Northam & Co.

### Fire Bell Signals.

Two single strokes is the recall or signal that the fire is out.

Ten strokes is the general alarm, calling out all reserve companies.

Two rounds of twelve strokes each is the military call.

The fire bell gives one stroke for 12 o'clock, noon daily, except Sunday; and one stroke for 9 o'clock p. m.



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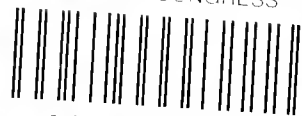
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